

Charlene Soraia**"Ghost"**

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I'm the tap that keeps on dripping
The dog that's scratching at your door
I'm that nagging guilty feeling
You can't find a reason for

I'm the rattle of your window
That always keeps you half awake
I'm the ink stain on her love letter
I'm the cold you just can't shake

And every day I cry for you
And wish that you were crying too

But you don't feel my pain
You don't see my sorrow
And the thing that hurts the most
Is I'm just a ghost

I'm the frayed thread from your old jacket
That always links you to the crime
I'm your victim and your accomplice
Forever frozen here in time

And I live in the shadow lands
Of hopeless dreams and shifting sands, but

You don't feel my pain
You don't see my sorrow
And the thing that hurts the most
Is I'm just a ghost

I miss the way you used to taste
I miss your touch and your face
Your secret place but

You don't feel my pain
You don't see my sorrow
And the thing that hurts the most
Is I'm just a ghost

You don't feel my pain

You don't see my sorrow
And the thing that hurts the most
Is I'm just a ghost,

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