

Ghost & Sons

"Memory Is A Weird Thing"

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Out in the West iâ€™™ ve seen your face and it takes me
back to a special place thats over
Memory served me right this time, and I know I had
told it to die when it thought of you
The mind keeps making new memories. These
torturous versions of tragedies linger on
The heart will fool me once again, as I know it would
rather feel love than let itself mend

Out we will go
Out we will know
Out we will go
Out we will know

Painted pictures show your way, these memories takes
me where I wish I could stay
It is always you and your chinese sweater and the
weather where we new it was so much better for you
I would say â€œno need to fret my dear, this world is
more beautiful because your soul is hereâ€
A color brought to a palette of paint, singing all with the
sound of a saint

Out we will go
Out we will know
Out we will go
Out we will know

On the corner of 5th and 3rd it was the way youâ€™™ d
laugh, not knowing I heard a word
Distance can not measure the miles, the dreams of you
seem so alive tonight
As your brought from night to day, I realize iâ€™™ ve
fallen in love with a memory
So Sadly

Out we will go
Out we will know
Out we will go
Out we will know
Out we will go
Out we will know

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