

Abigail's Ghost "Windows"

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Rainy Sunday
There's a gray November in her eyes
Hopeful Monday
Just the kind that cannot tell you lies
Busy Backstreet
All alone she sits and dreams of you
In the backseat
It's the only place she feels renewed

With her toes curled
She writes down all the things she meant to say
In her own world
Caught up in the shame of yesterday

Lost for miles
Takes her thoughts and throws them all away
Rarely smiles
If I only knew I'd found a way

With her toes curled
She writes down all the things she meant to say
In her own world
Caught up in the shame of yesterday

Open your window and let her come into your heart

In a white sheet
Bowed in bed she cries herself to sleep
On a cold street
Out the window in a lonely heap

With her toes curled
She writes down all the things she meant to say
In her own world
Caught up in the shame of yesterday

Open your window and let her come into your heart.

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