

## **The Globes**

### **"Ghost"**

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Black crow perched on a wire  
Calls out the names of the demons I've known  
And his voice echoes onward  
Deep through my heart, through skin and hard bone

I feel a ghost  
Inside my lungs  
Telling me to run

I want to feel young and hopeful  
But no spark inside me will ever catch fire  
When I die  
I fear that I'll die alone  
If I lose my grip on the people I've loved

To be a ghost  
Oh to be alone  
With no where left for me to go  
I fall back to your arms

With every day with each long night that passes by  
I feel my ghost, my fears, fall into place

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