

The Ghost Inside

"Left For Dead"

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Back door, through the club
I'm sick of seeing all the same kids at shows
Fall in by the bar
Burn down the one you love or trust

Strike one, strike two
Drinking whiskey never was quite like you?
Strike three, strike four
Stop your fussing put your feet to the floor

She screams, 'baby know that I'm way to much for you'
She screams, 'baby boy am I not enough for you'

What is it were looking for?
Have I left this way to late?
I'm sick and tired of all these jokes running round
putting out
What more can any one really say?
What is it were looking for?
Have we left this way to late?
I'm sick and tired of you

We've just been left for dead
We've been left for dead
We've been left for dead

This time, it's said
All my live I've been left for dead
This time, it's true
All our lives we looked up to you

What is it were looking for?
Have I left this way to late?
I'm sick and tired of all this drama bubbling over
What is it were looking for?
Have we left this way to late?
I'm sick and tired of you

We've just been left for dead
We've been left for dead
We've been left for dead

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