

## The Ghost

### "Red Slippers, Red Wheels"

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In a traffic jam with sweaty hands  
The kids we hype up just to drop  
These few pretty faces in ugly places  
The small towns where we would never stop  
Shitty scenes and tired schemes  
All this art it makes me sick  
And I always wrote better than I spoke  
You couldn't even read my lips  
Home is where the heart is  
Mine is scattered by miles and time  
On this slow suicide with a pack of smokes and cheap  
bottle of wine  
Passing trends and passing friends  
Magnets floating in a metal sea  
In a world of ghosts all overdosed  
Placebo pills at the pharmacy  
Arguments and your two sense  
All this talk it makes me sick  
And I always wrote better than I spoke  
You couldn't even read my lips  
In this empty room  
I will live with my mistakes  
Hold this straw until it's gold  
It will or I will break

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