

Motorama

"Ghost"

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My hopes, my will
Were never a part of you
Those days were sad and cold,
I'll never want them back again

But in this moment we are close to each other again
It's like a merge of different colors
In a silver mountain lake
And I'm home again
It's like dancing in the room with a female ghost
It's like falling from the edge
To the bed with cold clean pillow

Your voice, is pure and soft
It's calling me back to my hopes
My ears were deaf and cold
Please hold me tight in your arms again

But in this moment we are close to each other again
It's like a merge of different colors
In a silver mountain lake
And I'm home again
It's like dancing in the room with a female ghost
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