

~~ghost text~~

belfast

two dead the past is never fair  
regrets the quarter millionaire

you're the mast and I'm the coast  
i'm your johnny one note ghost

once i thought i lost it all  
but really threw it away  
once i thought i had it all  
but i was born on the wrong day...

spokes of a wheel rolled past by  
my water baby lullaby

five things missing from my soul  
the things I do to fill the hole

once i thought i lost it all  
but really threw it away  
once i thought i had it all  
but i was born on the wrong day  
once i thought i lost it all  
but really threw it away  
once i knew i had it all  
but i was born on the wrong day

imagination is the crutch  
kingdom of matches  
so soon would burn the things i touch  
and love, well,  
appears to be too much

imagination is my crutch  
bones and matches  
bring a burn to all i touch  
and love, well, is just too much