Ghost

Charlene Soraia

Hey, stop on a dime
Take both your hands
Reach them above, one at a time
Are you alone in here?
I heard the voice so clearly
I tried not to breathe
Tried not to speak
Clamping my tongue between my teeth
Are you alone in here?
I heard the voice so clearly say
Well, there are fine lines I've seen
We are stuck in between
With separate eyes to use and throw aside
How we die, nobody wants to know
Who decides where everybody goes?
Where everybody goes?
Well, no, this can't be it
I start to sweat
Haunted by all the things I'd miss
This can't be right
I realized right then, that
It's me or him, yeah
There are fine lines I've seen
We are stuck in between
With separate eyes to use and throw aside
How we die, nobody has to know
Who decides where everybody goes?
What if I don't?
Oh, no, I can't believe this
I don't know why
This had to happen
I had no choice
Well, it was me or him
Well, it was me or him
There's a fine line
Between what is justified or just obscene
Fragile eyes to use and throw aside
How we die, nobody wants to know
Who decides where everybody goes?

Where everybody goes?
How we died, no one will ever know
Who decides where everybody goes?
Who decides where everybody goes?
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