

# Ghosts

Vincent Liou

I left my lights on  
When you get home  
You won't be stumblin' 'round  
If that was really  
Your voice on the call  
I won't be answerin' anymore And I'm holdin' on as tightly as I can  
Won't you help me to be a finer man Oh,  
I fear the ghosts that are bored enough to haunt this place She turns her lights down  
When he gets home  
He'll know exactly who it's for  
One more bottle, another growler  
I'll be the one stumblin' 'round And I'm holdin' on as tightly as I can  
Won't you help me to be a finer man Oh,  
I fear the ghosts that are bored enough to haunt this place  
I fear the ghosts that are bored enough to haunt this place Oh,  
I fear the ghosts that are bored enough to haunt this place  
I fear the ghosts that are bored enough to haunt this place

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