

# Ghosts

Tim McMillan

He walked down a busy street  
Staring solely at his feet  
Clutching pictures of past lovers at his side  
Stood at the table where she sat  
And removed his hat  
In respect of her presence  
Presents her with the pictures and says  
These are just ghosts that broke  
My heart before I met you  
These are just ghosts that broke  
My heart before I met you  
Opened up his little heart  
Unlocked the lock that kept it dark  
And read a written warning  
Saying I'm still mourning  
Over ghosts, over ghosts  
Over ghosts, over ghosts that broke  
My heart before I met you  
Lover, please do not fall to your knees it's not  
Like I believe in everlasting love  
He went crazy at nineteen  
Said he'd lost all his self esteem  
And couldn't understand why he was crying  
Cry, crying, crying  
He would stare at empty chairs  
Think of the ghosts that once sat there  
The ghosts who broke his heart  
All the ghosts that broke my heart  
The ghosts that broke his heart  
All the ghosts that broke my heart  
The ghosts, the ghosts, the ghosts  
The ghosts, the ghosts, the ghosts  
The ghosts that broke my heart before I met you  
Lover, please do not fall to your knees  
It's not like I believe in everlasting love  
He says I'm so lost, not at all well  
Do as though there is nothing left to be  
Well, it turned out I'd been following him  
And he'd been following me

Do as though after it was over  
We were just two lovers crying  
On each other's shoulders  
And I said, lover please do not fall to your knees  
It's not like I believe in everlasting love  
Lover, please do not fall to your knees  
It's not like I believe in everlasting love

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