

# Casper

## Nostalgia Critic

Hunting days are now a shame  
To see somebody ambition to me  
    Roots your hair  
    Keep me on my mean star  
    There's a chance

    Wait for a friend  
    They say are your feet  
    Far great to the bombs  
    No one and on my own  
    Dream away  
    Keep me on my mean stone  
    There's my chance

    I hide away  
    Got the attitude  
    Host it on my back door

    Got the attitude  
    Host it on my back door

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written by WIELEMANS, ANTOINE / VAN CAUWENBERGE, LIONEL  
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