Living with Ghosts

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

saturday morning cartoons running bounds on your chest
sounding the crack of your belt and we knew what was bestyou can laugh it away
you can cry and you mightremember how proud that you were and the look on your face
watching me play thinking we might get out of this placeyou can wash it away
try with all your might
but you can't make them disappear
but you can take all their pictures down
one thing 'bout living with ghosts
well they're always aroundmister i don't do anything
mister you got your voice so sing
of the man that i'm going to be
but i'm not lost inside...of mespin the backyard dancing circles to sounds in your head
took me years to make up my own so i sleep in your bedyou can pack it away
you can seal the box tight
you can take all my pictures down
but you can't make me disappear
one thing 'bout living with ghosts
is they're nothing to fearmiss confused about everything
misses bound by a wedding ring
hope he's a man that you wished i could be
'cause you're not lost inside...of meyou can laugh it away
you can try and you might
you can run straight away
stand your ground with no fighti've learned to embrace my fears
and keep most of my demons down
i'm one in a miriad of ghosts
in myself i have foundsometimes i don't feel anything
except the goodness in heart you bring
cannot plan what were going to be
'cause i'm not lost inside...of me
no i'm not lost inside...of me
no you're not lost inside...of me

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