

# 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 best you can laugh it away  
you can cry and you might remember how proud that you were and the look on your face  
watching me play thinking we might get out of this place you 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 around mister 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 me spin the backyard dancing circles to sounds in your head  
took me years to make up my own so i sleep in your bed you 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 fear miss 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 me you can laugh it away  
you can try and you might  
you can run straight away  
stand your ground with no fight i've learned to embrace my fears  
and keep most of my demons down  
i'm one in a myriad of ghosts  
in myself i have found sometimes 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>