

# The Ghost Inside

## Symbian

She sold her love to a modern man  
'Cause solid currency's the hardest to love  
All other modern helps you cover your eye  
Don't let the lady finger blow in your hat, dee-dee-da  
For that daughter  
She's a star tonight  
Without warning  
She gave up the ghost inside  
Just like a whiskey bottle drained on the floor  
She got no future, just a love to endure  
This gives some matter to shaking her hide  
Too late to leave him are the songs in her car, dee-dee-da  
For that daughter  
She's a star tonight  
Without warning  
She gave up the ghost inside  
They call it chivalry, never pull a punch for free  
You ever wonder why they had to move on  
This phony article, they put you on the floor  
A double standard you evoke when you want  
For that daughter  
She's a star tonight  
Without warning  
She gave up the ghost inside  
Was it all for show to turn into all of them?  
Turning a page, trust me darling  
I'm carving 'em up through the dust in your town  
Crawling over rubble just to sound me out  
Tend to wonder why

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