I Think You See Where This Is Headed

Hotel Books

There was an ache in the back of my head when I sat down at the table
And realized the silence from last night would bleed into the morning
Fading into a familiar story
With every new ache in my body I remember when I promised myself I would be in love by the time my body started to ache
But it's just another pattern formingYou are the ghost
And I am the wall that you could not walk through
You are the ghost
And I am, I am the wall that you couldn't walk through
There's a time and place for fostered truth and half glass full of emotional prostitutes
Positioned to let go and find hope in a bitter chokehold
A branding of understanding and ranting and raving won't lead to enchanting and saving and saving
Unless you are ready to let go of the feelings of old
I feel more alone when I think of the way that you love meYou are the ghost
And I am the wall that you could not walk through
You are the ghost
And I am, I am the wall that you couldn't walk through
Fragile skeletons trying to find our warmth
I hate that I'm sick but at least I know I was warned
You once were my reason to runaway
Now you are just the excuse
Fragile skeletons trying to find our warmth
I hate that I'm sick but at least I was warned
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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