

# Ghost

## Bush

Hey, stop on a dime  
Take both your hands  
Reach them above, one at a time  
Are you alone in here?  
I heard the voice so clearly  
I tried not to breathe  
Tried not to speak  
Clamping my tongue between my teeth  
Are you alone in here?  
I heard the voice so clearly say  
Well, there are fine lines I've seen  
We are stuck in between  
With separate eyes to use and throw aside  
How we die, nobody wants to know  
Who decides where everybody goes?  
Where everybody goes?  
Well, no, this can't be it  
I start to sweat  
Haunted by all the things I'd miss  
This can't be right  
I realized right then, that  
It's me or him, yeah  
There are fine lines I've seen  
We are stuck in between  
With separate eyes to use and throw aside  
How we die, nobody has to know  
Who decides where everybody goes?  
What if I don't?  
Oh, no, I can't believe this  
I don't know why  
This had to happen  
I had no choice  
Well, it was me or him  
Well, it was me or him  
There's a fine line  
Between what is justified or just obscene  
Fragile eyes to use and throw aside  
How we die, nobody wants to know  
Who decides where everybody goes?

Where everybody goes?  
How we died, no one will ever know  
Who decides where everybody goes?  
Who decides where everybody goes?

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