

Haunting Me

Birmingham Sunday

Everywhere I go, I see your face
Every sound I hear is the sound of your voice
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why can't I let you go, go? Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me? Everything about me is a lie
At least it feels that way when I look in your eyes now
The truth scares the shit out of me
Whoever said love is real and love is blood
Has never felt the way that I do What does it matter?
What's done is done and I should get on with my life Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me? Well, I don't know what it means
But I can't seem to make myself forget
Was it something that you said?
Was it all the guilt inside my head? Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me? Why are you haunting me?
Why are you haunting me?

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