

# Ghosts

## Aquariums

The voices resonate from below  
With word of ideas and concepts I'll never know  
Conversations on world affairs  
Emanate from under my stairs

There's jelly on my counter  
And spoons on my floor,  
A box in the attic  
With no locks on my door

Look in my window and  
Peer through the shades  
There's not much in here  
And hasn't been for days,  
Just the box in my attic  
And spoons on my floor  
Come on in there's no locks on my doors.

---

Lyrics submitted by Martin.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>