Ghost Story

Whitney Woerz

Young girl
Why you cryin'
Sit me down
Comfort my aches and pains
Wipe your tears
And breathe
Breathe the air you were made to breatheWhen your world's a ghost story
And your heart's made of ashes
Your eyes, a shade of black
You don't know where the nightmares begin
And where the daydreams endHey girl
Sit up straight
You can't be late
For this life
You were given
Throw the blades down
To your surprise things just got better'Cause when your world's a ghost story
And your heart's made of ashes
Your eyes, a shade of black
You don't know where the nightmares begin
And where the daydreams end

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