

# Bluem (Calumet Street Light People)

## Give Up The Ghost

Let me say that I know when I should be confessing  
I'm counting everything- my change and blessings  
Chemists cursed me imbalanced  
I ran through the streets until my legs gave in  
"Hey, even without light I could see that we were failures"  
And I am coming clean of dreams that don't exist  
Oh God, it's in the air when it should be  
Safe between our hands  
"And love, even without light I could see that we would fail"  
Let me say what I mean  
Let me sleep on your floor  
Let me learn to love  
Cause I can feel my face sinking  
Through bruised bones, barely hiding my mind  
Failure fascination - I got a count on all I'll never have  
And I am dying to not give up on this (And I confess, my fixation is my fix)  
And I've been running around trying to find my home  
Twenty years on the run trying to find my own  
(And I confess, a house is not a home)  
My head is red- my bones black and blue  
Fever burns- choke on words at the thought of you  
(And I confess, fixation is my fix) Sing a song for the disenchanting  
Hum a hymn for the misdirected  
A little love for the sons and daughters  
Shadow-sitting life in forgotten corners  
(and then)  
I fell hard over myself again  
I confess my love for everything  
I woke up and needed to sleep again  
With the music bleeding in my veins  
Goddamn the yesterdays  
With the love of all there is to love  
We're who you're dreaming of  
With the music bleeding in my veins  
Goddamn the yesterdays  
With the love of all there is to love  
You're the one who we're dreaming of  
I confess...

Songwriters

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