

Being A Ghost Isn't That Great

Furthermore

Being a ghost isn't all that
Haunting to do because we're jealous of you
I'm unloved, what? Undreamed of, what?
Nothing to say, we cry, "Oh, why? Oh, why?" Being a ghost is the most boring
I'm full of holes when the rain is pouring
I saw Poltergeist, but it's no where as nice
'Cause every wall I walk through, someone I can't talk to I'm not too excited to be a apparition and all
Have faith, and have delighted
After all afterlife's not fair
I'm not into been to being one with thin air I have the hardest time trying to scare away
My presentations passed off as hallucinations
On a vacation from the 5 senses as well as the 6th sense of humor
At least that's the rumor Being a ghost isn't all that
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Holding a rookie that doesn't hold you
While we're shower, I wish I wasn't watching you
Through this one way window in Limbo No where to go, I have no potential though
Have any goals, and no residential
Eventually a change of part will start me off
With the back to wash off feet invisible If I only I could be more colorful
But lines to stay inside, would I laugh?
Let's flash back to the world when I was in it
(He'll be dead in 60 seconds)
Well he'll have to wait a minute Being a ghost isn't all that
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I made a date with God to discuss if I could
Rejuvenate back to my late physical form
I had to fill out a form And my appearance was born into the true me, new me
Remodeled me, disembodied now I'm embodied with flesh

Out on the beach I forgot what it feels like
To make a imprint in the sand underneath
Going deep in the water buff
Waves crashed in, smashed in my head, smack dab on the rocks
So my body is lying in the box
And I'm sad to say I'm back in the same spot, ghost

Songwriters

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