Ghosts

Philip Selway

Strange, broken sleep, voices, voices.
Calls, from the street, voices, voices.
Reaching out through the dark.
Reaching out from the past.
Voices, voices guide me back.
Guide me back.Is there someone there watching as I sleep?
I've woke and I struggle to breath.
Something weighed me down, riding on my back.
Ghosts, ghosts, crowd at my windows and doors.Go, back to sleep, voices, voices.
Leave me in peace, voices, voices.
Reaching out through the dark.
Reaching out from the past.
Voices, voices guide me back.Is there someone there watching as I sleep?
I've woke and I struggle to breath.
Something weighed me down, riding on my back.
Ghosts, ghosts, crowd at my windows and...
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