

# Noah (Ghost In A Sheet)

**Fionn Regan**

There's nobody out there, it's just the noise of the wind  
There's nobody out there and nobody getting in  
I hope that happiness finds its way to your little houseCause while you were sleeping  
I, I played a ghost in a sheet  
When our frames collide  
There's nothing left to beThere's nobody out there, the rain is just starting to pour  
You get so much there you weary yourself thin  
I hope that happiness finds its way to your little houseCause while you were sleeping  
I, I played a ghost in a sheet  
When our frames collide  
There's nothing left to beThe skeletal wings of birds, I'll take the stairs  
The ghosts of tiny animals with the tiniest of feet  
The forecast is going down a storm, a storm

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