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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