

# Ghost

Halsey

I'm searching for something that I can't reach.

I don't like them innocent  
I don't want no face fresh  
Want them wearing leather  
Begging, let me be your taste test.  
I like the sad eyes, bad guys  
Mouth full of white lies  
Kiss me in the corridor,  
but quick to tell me goodbye.

You say that you're no good for me  
Cause I'm always tugging at your sleeve  
And I swear I hate you when you leave  
But I like it anyway.

My ghost  
Where'd you go?  
I can't find you in the body sleeping next to me  
My ghost  
Where'd you go?  
What happened to the soul you used to be?

You're a Rolling Stone boy  
Never sleep alone boy  
Got a million numbers  
And they're filling up your phone, boy.  
I'm off the deep end, sleeping  
All night through the weekend.  
Saying that I love him but  
I know I'm gonna leave him.

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Cause I'm always tugging at your sleeve  
And I swear I hate you when you leave  
But I like it anyway.

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