

# Ghost In This House

Michael Johnson

I don't pick up the mail  
I don't pick up the phone  
I don't answer the door  
I'd just as soon be alone  
I don't keep this place up  
I just keep the lights down  
I don't live in these rooms  
I just rattle around

I'm just a ghost in this house  
I'm just a shadow upon these walls  
As quietly as a mouse I haunt these halls  
I'm just a whisper of smoke  
I'm all that's left of two hearts on fire  
That once burned out of control  
It took my body and soul  
I'm just a ghost in this house

I don't care if it rains  
I don't care if it's clear  
I don't mind stayin in  
There's another ghost here  
She sits down in your chair  
And she shines with your light  
And she lays down her head  
On your pillow at night

I'm just a ghost in this house  
I'm just a shell of the man I was  
A living proof of the damage heartbreak does  
I'm just a whisper of smoke  
I'm all that's left of two hearts on fire  
That once burned out of control  
It took my body, my soul  
I'm just a ghost in this house

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