

# Ghost, The Exhibition

We've got good minds in bad health  
I think you know that  
All our friends like us more than we like ourselves  
Drinking in style like the laughing stock  
We sing in the key of this door but we still knock  
Set the clocks back and set my thoughts ahead  
We could rewrite this old book stepping through chapters half dead  
Someone said before, I'll say it again  
It's not just how you play it's how your listenting  
A head in the ground  
Feet in the sky  
You fell when no one watched as you learned how to fly  
It's the simple things that have all gone wrong  
When you stop to catch your breath your moving on  
Graffiti just like a calendar  
July ice, now it's melting there  
Drinking in style like the laughing stock  
We sing in the key of this door but we still knock