Ghosts (Words & Music by Kjetel A Idland)

Listen to a backyard bird, speaking In tungs
Got her own sound, she's no nun
Hear her numbness, what tears don't say
Though the disappointment, we ramble on

Waiting for all your ghosts are gone
15 minutes won't be a crime
Coming through all of your hollow grounds
The birds are here 1 of May

Listen to a backyard bird, keep It close
Reading through Freud, as we drown In rum
Subconscious moments, another lost fable
In her own words, to make the cradle

Waiting for all your ghosts are gone
15 minutes won't be a crime
Coming through all of your hollow grounds
The birds are here 1 of May
Waiting for all your ghosts are gone
15 minutes won't be a crime
Coming through all of your hollow grounds
The birds are here 1 of May

Will the absent of trust, give a conscious choice
Leave the nothing worth, maybe she's giving up

Waiting for all your ghosts are gone
15 minutes won’t be a crime
Coming through all of your hollow grounds
The birds are here 1 of May
Waiting for all your ghosts are gone
15 minutes won’t be a crime
Coming through all of your lonely towns

Always a renegade
Always a renegade
Always a renegade