

TOO MANY GHOSTS

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Verse 1

There's nobody here but me and seven or eight billion other people
Looking for an ax to grind – a full moon to come

Chorus 1

But there's too many ghosts – there's too many ghosts
Looking for a place in the sun
Where there never was one

Instrumental

Verse 2

They're screaming up in the trees – twisting in the wind
Rustling in the closet – rummaging in the attic – slinking down the hall

Chorus 2

Where there's too many ghosts – there's just too many ghosts
Looking for a place in the sun
Where there never was one

Bridge

They're handing out bald claims of superiority – dominance and might
Accompanied by harrowingly shallow descriptions of what constitutes being in the right

Pre-chorus

Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

Chorus 3

But there's too many ghosts – too many ghosts
Searching for a place in the sun
Where there never was one