

the ghost
and
gerald
see it all,
looking for a home,
here and now,
in the sunrise

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The Ghost

Let's pretend, for a moment I can hear
anything from miles away, and to me, it's crystal clear.

So, yesterday, I met some people on a train...
we didn't really meet—but I heard what they said, anyways.

One guy was talking to his friend about his ex,
and his god-complex, and how she missed the best.

He said she was crazy and needed help.
Then, came the stories about what they did and, next,

behind their row was a group of girls
wearing their estate pearls,
seemed like they hate the world...
arguing about the ugliest
girls on the internet,
so they could forget

all of their insecurities,
passed rumours as the train passed cities,
made an anonymous account
to bully this girl they barely knew about.

And right next to me,
two boys said to this girl, "you're not pretty,"
calling her names, like it's a game:
who can say the worst
to make her hurt.

Oh, you never know
what's going on in someone else's life.
It's easy to judge, but
easy isn't always right

Oh, you never know
the struggles, the pain, the hurt they feel,
cause what you see
isn't always real

I confess, I've been holding back some truth:
these were people I already knew,
all along
The guy's ex, the bullied girl on the internet,
and one called names, well could you guess?
They were all the same girl.

And yes, I said 'were,' cause if
if I said 'are,'
that'd be a lie.
To be in the present tense,
she'd have to be alive,
but she died

See truth is she was strong,
but walking on the edge of a knife
until the hate took her heart, and then, her life

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what's going on in someone else's life.
It's easy to judge, but
easy isn't always right

Oh, you never know
the struggles, the pain, the hurt they feel,
cause what you see
isn't always real

Does it really matter
what she was going through?
Cause what made the difference,
is no one took a minute to ask.

And I must confess, again,
there's no need to pretend
for a moment I can hear
Anything from miles away, and to me, it's crystal clear.

Cause, that's just how it works
for the dead.
That's one of the perks,
get it yet?
The girl who was hurt, the girl that died...
look at me, open your eyes.

I'm not alive,
I'm a ghost of sorts.
Look in my eyes,
my soul's a corpse.
They say I should be tough,
but who said the world should be cruel to the touch?

Cause even if you know me,
you only know a piece.
You barely know a chapter
from a book still unreleased.
So even if you read a few lines, don't say you can
know who I am,
Or was and used to be. Cause

Oh, you never know
what's going on in someone else's life.
It's easy to judge, but
easy isn't always right

Oh, you never know
the struggles, the pain, the hurt they feel,
cause what you see
isn't always real

Geraldo

His name is Geraldo.
He works in a cafe.
He once told her,
but if you ask, she'll never say.

They think he doesn't know her,
except for her order.
She gets coffee before and after school,
falling like a fool.

But I know
the secret glances she takes,
little does he know,
that she's got a taste.
She's got a taste.

She likes em sweet,
six feet, brown eyes,
and kind,
She likes the lies,

and doesn't
let 'em know her crush,
but she sees him,
And I see her blush.

His name is Geraldo.
He works in a cafe.
He once told her,
but if you ask, she'll never say.

Geraldo,
doesn't live in her area of town.
She owns a condo,
along with her marvelous frown.

She goes to the café
on Wednesday
to stay his shift,
and goes back home
when he finishes.

He hangs at the diner.
She goes there with liner
and wears something tighter
and carries a lighter.

She's wearing designer,
ao much she desires.

Go back, the headliner
is that: she's a minor.

Geraldo.
He works in a cafe.
He once told her,
but if you ask, she'll never say.

Geraldo,
doesn't live in her area of town.
She owns a condo,
along with her marvelous frown.

Her mother worries,
cause she's in a hurry
to leave so early
and come back so late.

She's getting curv,
and she's getting flirty
with a guy who's thirty.
Now, she's got a date.

But who else is nervous
that she gets his service?
And who else is curious
about his life?

That undercover,
it's true that he loves her.
Maybe his mother,
or maybe his wife.

I'm his wife in despair.
I knows of the affair
I go to the store,
say I'm out for my hair.

Later that day,
people at the café
notice he's not around.
But didn't you hear of the murder today?

His name was Geraldo.
He worked in a cafe.
He once told her,
but if you ask, she'll never say.

Geraldo,
doesn't live in her area of town.
She owns a condo,
while he's deep in the ground.

Oh, Geraldo, Oh, Whoa

Don't fire! Don't fire!
She was yelling,
she was telling,
but I was tired.

Bang, bang, gone!
I knew all along.
Her liner was falling down,
as Geraldo bled out on the ground.

His name was Geraldo.
He worked in a café.
I always saw her,
but if you ask, I'll never say.

See It All

Is it just me,
or does it seem
like the world's
an illusion?

A fantasy,
A wildest dream.
And in my
conclusion,

we're all in a simulation
of the greatest jubilation—jokes!
It's all an irritation.
To live in a world with no appreciation,
where fairness has no navigation,
and goodness is good as gone in its vacation.

But, no!
Why have you agreed with me,
this whole time?
Get out of the box that is your mind.
Yes the world has catastrophe,
but the only mistake is that we
don't change at all.
Who said there's no,
who said there's no
good in the fall?
Cause there is good,
if we just could,
if we just would see it all.

Looking for a Home

You walk down Highway 14
looking for home.
Around town, you're wandering,
feeling so alone.

And then, you see a porch light turn on,
and there steps out your mom.
But you don't say hello like you want,
you blink, and then, she's gone.

You walk past Avenue 5,
looking for more,
Then, you laugh at a joke in your mind,
as you walk by and roam.

So, tell me
What are you looking for?
What do you need?
You look like a living ghost.
You look empty.

What's the world that you're looking for?
Is it a home you need?
You won't find that in a wooden house,
so follow me

You walk down roads where you used
to wander with friends.
But now, they all moved.
You wonder if you'll see them again.

But, tell me
What are you looking for?
What do you need?
You look like a living ghost.
You look empty.

What's the world that you're looking for?
Is it a home you need?
You won't find that in a wooden house,
so follow me

Who are you looking for?
Cause they're not here
Don't live in what was before,
but what will be.

Cause they're not here anymore,
set yourself free.
If it's a home that you're looking for,
Then, follow me

What are you looking for?
What do you need?
You look like a living ghost.
You look empty.

What's the world that you're looking for?
Is it a home you need?
You won't find that in a wooden house,
so follow me

Here and Now

All good things must come to an end,
so greater things have a chance to begin.
Though, I know it seems hard to understand,
there's a plan.

All good things can't last forever.
Cause, they might be good but they'll never get better,
and somewhere beyond the gates,
I know so much more awaits
Here and Now.

Hello, goodbye.
It's been fun, a crazy ride.
This might end,
but I won't pretend,
I'll always keep this time in mind.

Goodbye, salut.
Well I guess that it's my cue
to leave right now,
and take my bow,
but I'll always remember Here and Now.

All good things must come to an end,
so greater things have a chance to begin.
Though, I know it seems hard to understand,
there's a plan.

And all good things can't last forever.
Cause, they might be good but they'll never get better,
and somewhere beyond the gates,
I know so much more awaits
Here and Now.

Take a piece of my heart,
and I'll take a piece of yours.
We might leave, but if you need,
anything, just knock on the door.

And I'll let you in
if you need a friend.
I'm always always here, but now,
all good things must come to an end
so greater things have a chance to begin.
Though, I know it seems hard to understand,
there's a plan.

All good things must fade away
so we can be reborn to a brighter day,
and take what we learned to what will be.
I'll live in the present,
but I won't forget for a second
Here and Now

All good things must come to an end
so greater things have a chance to begin.
Though, I know it seems hard to understand,
there's a plan.

All good things, flawed as they may be,
are pieces that make up you and me,
but all good things are temporary.
So before we can take our bow,
let us stand in the Here and Now

In the Sunrise

Close your eyes
the world will be the same
in the sunrise
Problems—all fair game
so for tonight,
Dream, and dream away,
it's only right.

Fade into the empty
that is peace.
Fall and call, silently, till you'll be
where it will freeze,
and the world will cease
to lie
and hide behind lullabies
to cover the cries,
and utter the goodbyes,
and all will fall die,
till the sunrise.

Take apart,
break your heart,
in the dark
till you see the spark,
and leave the pain,
let it lie in vain
for the night.
And you can feel
the hurt and heal
in the sunrise