

I am going away for a while,
But I'll be back, don't try and follow me,
'Cause I'll return as soon as possible.

See, I'm trying to find my place,
But it might not be here where I feel safe.
We all learn to make mistakes.

And run from them, from them,
With no direction.
We'll run from them, from them,
With no conviction.

'Cause I'm just one of those ghosts, traveling endlessly.
Don't need no roads, in fact, they follow me,
And we just go in circles.

Now I'm told that this is life,
And pain is just a simple compromise.
So we can get what we want out of it.

Would someone care to classify
Our broken hearts and twisted minds,
So I can find someone to rely on.

And run to them, to them,
Full speed ahead.
Oh, you are not useless,
We are just ...

Misguided ghosts, traveling endlessly.
The ones we trusted the most pushed us far away,
And there's no one road.

And we should not be the same,
But I'm just a ghost,
And still they echo me.

They echo me in circles.