

Beyoncé - Ghost

Tom: E

Dbm
 And I've been drifting off on knowledge
 Dbm
 Cat-calls on cat-walks
 Dbm
 Man these women getting solemn
 Dbm
 I could sing a song for a Solomon or Salamander
 Dbm
 We took a flight at midnight
 Dbm
 And now my mind can't help but wander
 Dbm
 'How come? '
 Dbm
 Spoon-fed pluralized eyes
 Dbm
 To find the beaches in the forest
 Dbm
 When I'm looking off the edge
 Dbm
 I preach my gut it can't help
 Dbm
 But ignore it
 Dbm
 I'm climbing up the walls
 Dbm
 Cuz all the shit I hear is boring
 Dbm
 All the shit I do is boring
 Dbm
 All these record labels boring
 Dbm
 I don't trust these record labels I'm touring
 Dbm

All these people on the planet
 Dbm
 Working 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 The 9 to 5, just to stay alive
 Dbm
 All the people on the planet
 Dbm
 Working 9 to 5 just to stay alive
 Abm Dbm
 How come?
 Dbm
 What goes up, ghost around
 Abm
 Goes around around around around
 Dbm
 What goes up, ghost around
 Abm
 Ghost around around around around

 Abm
 Soul not for sale
 Probably won't make no money off this
 Oh well
 Reap what you sow
 Perfection is so... Mm

Acordes

