

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

