

Frank Ocean - Lost

Tom: **Bb**

Gm Bb Eb Bb

Double **D**
 Big full breasts on my baby (Yo we going to Florida)
 Triple weight
 Couldn't weigh the love I've got for the girl
 And I just wanna know
 Why you ain't been going to work
 Boss ain't working you like this
 He can't take care of you like this

Gm Bb Eb Bb

Now you're lost
 Lost in the heat of it all
 Girl you know you're lost
 Lost in the thrill of it all
 Miami, Amsterdam
 Tokyo, Spain, lost
 Los Angeles, India
 Lost on a train, lost

Gm Bb Eb Bb

Got on my buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace
 Hand me my triple weight
 So I can weigh the work I got on your girl (Too weird to live,
 too rare to die)
 No I don't really wish
 I don't wish the titties was yours
 No, have I ever
 Have I ever let you get caught

Lost
 Lost in the heat of it all
 Girl you know you're lost
 Lost in the thrill of it all
 Miami, Amsterdam
 Tokyo, Spain, lost

Los Angeles, India
 Lost on a train, lost

Gm
 She's at a stove (Who?)

Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope **Bb**

I promise she'll be **Eb**
 Whipping meals up for a family of her own some day

Gm
 Nothing wrong
 Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)

Nothing wrong with a lie **Bb**

Nothing wrong with another short plane ride **Eb**
 (Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)

Through the sky **Gm**
 Up in the sky
 You and I
 Just you and I

Lost
 Lost in the heat of it all
 Girl you know you're lost
 Lost in the thrill of it all
 Miami, Amsterdam
 Tokyo, Spain, lost
 Los Angeles, India
 Lost on a train, lost

Love lost ?
 Love love
 Love lost ?
 Love love
 Love lost
 Love love
 Love lost

Acordes

