

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 Bh Fh Bh

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

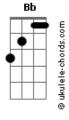
Eb Bb

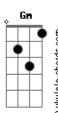
Got on my buttercream silk shirt and it's Versace Hand me my triple weight So I can weigh the work I got on your girl (Too weird to live, Miami, Amsterdam too rare to die)

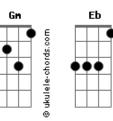
Tokyo, Spain, lost No I don't really wish I don't wish the titties was yours No, have I ever Have I ever let you get caught

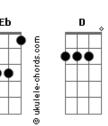
Lost Lost in the heat of it all Girl you know you're lost Lost in the thrill of it all Miami, Amsterdam Tokyo, Spain, lost

Acordes









Los Angeles, India Lost on a train, lost

She's at a stove (Who?)

Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope

Fb I promise she'll be

Whipping meals up for a family of her own some day

Nothing wrong

Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)

No nothing wrong with a lie

Eb

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

Through the sky

Up in the sky You and I Just you and I

Lost in the heat of it all Girl you know you're lost Lost in the thrill of it all

Los Angeles, India Lost on a train, lost

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

Love lost