

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?)

Bb

Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope

Eb

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

Gm

Nothing wrong
Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)

Bb

No nothing wrong with a lie

Eb

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

Gm

Through the sky
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

