Kanye West - Ghost Town

Tom: F Some day the drama'll be gone, and they'll pray, no, oh, no Am7 Sometimes I take all the shine, talk like I drank all the wine **D7** F Fh Some day, some day Years ahead but way behind, I'm on one, two, three, four, five Gm7 Gm7 C7 Dm7 Some day I'll, I will wear a starry crown No half-truths, just naked minds, caught between space and time C Gm7 Am7 C Some day, some day Rh Bb F Am7 This now, with the world in mind, but maybe some day Some day I wanna lay down, like God did, on Sunday Am7 Am7 Hold up, hold up I've been tryin' to make you love me Eb Fb Dm7 Gm7 Rh Dm Some day, some days But everything I try just takes you further from me Gm7 Am7 I remembered this on a Sunday Am7 Woah, once again I am a child Bb C Gm7 Am7 Back way, yeah, way, way Fb Dm7 Bb I let it all go, of everything that I know, yeah С Burning, mhm-mhm Gm7 Am7 Bb Am7 Of everything that I know, yeah Uh, some day, well, I wanna tell everybody, some days Gm7 Am7 Bb C C And nothing hurts anymore, I feel kinda free Eb I wanna hit the red dot, I'll never find F We're still the kids we used to be, yeah, yeah Am7 Dm7 Some days, ohh I put my hand on a stove, to see if I still bleed Dm7 (Heatstroke) Gm7 Am7 Bb С Gm7 Am7 Bb Yeah, and nothing hurts anymore, I feel kinda free Now that I'm livin' high, I'm smokin' marijuana Am7 We're still the kids we used to be, yeah, yeah Bb Gm7 Am7 Now that I'm livin' high, I do whatever I wanna, oh, yeah Gm7 Am7 Bb Fb Dm7 I put my hand on a stove, to see if I still bleed C Gm7 Am7 Bb C Am7 I've been tryin' to make you love me Yeah, and nothing hurts anymore, I feel kinda free Bb Dm7 Gm7 Am7 Fb But everything I try just takes you further from me We're still the kids we used to be, yeah, yeah Eb Dm7 Gm7 Am7 Bb I put my hand on a stove, to see if I still bleed Am7 Some day we gon' set it off, some day we gon' get this off Gm7 Am7 Bb С С F Yeah, and nothing hurts anymore, I feel kinda free Fb Baby, don't you bet it all, on a path of Fentanyl N.C We're still the kids we used to be, yeah, yeah Dm7 Gm7 Am7 Bb You might think they wrote you off Eb Dm7 Gm7 Am7 I put my hand on a stove, to see if I still bleed They gon' have to rope me off Gm7 Am7 Bb C С Yeah, and nothing hurts anymore, I feel kinda free Bb Gm7 Am7 Bb C F

Am7

Acordes

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