

Ghost

Beyonce

C#m

And I ve been drifting off on knowledge

C#m

Cat-calls on cat-walks

C#m

Man these women getting solemn

C#m

I could sing a song for a Solomon or Salamander

C#m

We took a flight at midnight

C#m

And now my mind can t help but wander

C#m

How come?

C#m

Spoon-fed pluralized eyes

C#m

To find the beaches in the forest

C#m

When I m looking off the edge

C#m

I preach my gut it can t help

C#m

But ignore it

C#m

I m climbing up the walls

C#m

Cuz all the shit I hear is boring

C#m

All the shit I do is boring

C#m

All these record labels boring

C#m

I don t trust these record labels I m touring

C#m

All these people on the planet

C#m

Working 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

The 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

The 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

The 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

The 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

The 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

The 9 to 5, just to stay alive

C#m

All the people on the planet

C#m

Working 9 to 5 just to stay alive

G#m C#m

How come?

C#m

What goes up, ghost around

G#m

Goes around around around around

C#m

What goes up, ghost around

G#m

Ghost around around around around

G#m

Ah-rou-ou-und ah-rou-ou-und

Ah-rou-ou-und ah-rou-ou-und

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G#m

Soul not for sale

Probably won't make no money off this

Oh well

Reap what you sow

Perfection is so... Mm