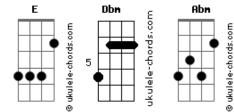
Beyoncé - Ghost

Tom: E

Dbm And I've been drifting off on knowledge Dbm Cat-calls on cat-walks Dbm Man these women getting solemn Dbm I could sing a song for a Solomon or Salamander Dbm We took a flight at midnight Dbm And now my mind can't help but wander Dbm 'How come? ' Dbm Spoon-fed pluralized eyes Dbm To find the beaches in the forest Dbm When I'm looking off the edge Dbm I preach my gut it can't help Dbm But ignore it Dbm I'm climbing up the walls Dbm Cuz all the shit I hear is boring Dbm All the shit I do is boring Dbm All these record labels boring Dbm I don't trust these record labels I'm touring Dbm

Acordes



All these people on the planet Dbm Working 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm The 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm The 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm The 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm The 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm The 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm The 9 to 5, just to stay alive Dbm All the people on the planet Dbm Working 9 to 5 just to stay alive Abm Dbm How come? Dbm What goes up, ghost around Abm Goes around around around around Dbm What goes up, ghost around Abr Ghost around around around

Abm

Soul not for sale Probably won't make no money off this Oh well Reap what you sow Perfection is so... Mm