

# 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?)

Can't believe I got her out here cooking dope **Bb**

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

**Gm**  
 Nothing wrong  
 Nothing wrong, ain't nothing wrong)

Nothing wrong with a lie **Bb**

Nothing wrong with another short plane ride **Eb**  
 (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

