

The Head And The Heart - Ghosts

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Tom: F
                                                                All my friends are talking about leavin, about leavin.
                                                                But all my friends are sittin in their graves.
                                             E )
 (com acordes na forma de
Capostraste na 1ª casa
                                                                refrão
Boys in the streets are talking about leavin, they're leavin.
                                                                Is is any wonder why we all leave home?
Looking for places to go.
                                                                People say ?I knew you when you were six years old!"
Boys in the streets are talking about leavin, they're leavin.
                                                                But I`ve changed, I`ve changed, I`ve changed.
Looking for places to go.
                                                                Mom and dad, if only you could see me now.
Andy built his coffin down in Carolina,
                                                                Been here for a year and now I own this town.
told me he was running from somethin.
                                                                Cause I`ve changed, I`ve changed, I`ve changed.
I think he's just out chasing girls.
                                                                Pre-Chorus
                                                                Chorus
And Erin moved all of her shit to Chicago.
her mother made sure that she left with a bible,
                                                                One day we'll all be ghosts.
but you won't find her face on sundays.
                                                                Trippin around someone else's home.
Pre-Chorus:
                                                                One day we'll all be ghosts, ghosts, ghosts.
Dbm B A Ab
                                                                Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts.
Dbm B A Ab
                                                                One day we'll all be found.
tabrefrão
                                                                No longer lost, we're just hanging around.
All my friends are talking about leavin, about leavin.
                                                                One day we'll all be found, found, found.
But all my friends are sittin in their graves.
                                                                Found, found, found.
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Acordes

