

Some Kind of Ghost

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Down two crossroads you lay
Sweet lord I'm coming home to stay
Sworn your last turn thrown
Sweet lord I'm comin' home for good
Oh whoa sweet lord I'm comin' home
Oh oh whoa where are ya gonna go The sweetest souls get there fill
If you tell me the best, know your number chill
Famous name they got paid
Sweet lord it's written on their face
Oh oh whoa where are ya gonna go
Oh oh oh sweet lord come home Don't feel like some kind of ghost
Don't feel like some kind of ghost
Don't feel like some kind of ghost
Don't feel like some kind of ghost

Songwriters

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