

# 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

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