

Some Kind of Ghost

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Tied to the crossroads, you lay
Sweet Lord I'm coming home to stay
Sworn your last turn you thrown
Sweet Lord I'm comin' home for good

Home, sweet Lord I'm comin' home
Home, when I gonna get to go

The sweetest of souls get their fill
If you telling me they're blessed, Lord
You're nothing but a chill

Pain, they say every name got a page
Sweet Lord, it's written on every face

Home, when we gonna get to go
Home, sweet Lord I'm comin' 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