

~~ghost text~~

belfast

two dead the past is never fair
regrets the quarter millionaire

you're the mast and I'm the coast
i'm your johnny one note ghost

once i thought i lost it all
but really threw it away
once i thought i had it all
but i was born on the wrong day...

spokes of a wheel rolled past by
my water baby lullaby

five things missing from my soul
the things I do to fill the hole

once i thought i lost it all
but really threw it away
once i thought i had it all
but i was born on the wrong day
once i thought i lost it all
but really threw it away
once i knew i had it all
but i was born on the wrong day

imagination is the crutch
kingdom of matches
so soon would burn the things i touch
and love, well,
appears to be too much

imagination is my crutch
bones and matches
bring a burn to all i touch
and love, well, is just too much

D:

Gm Bb7 Am C

BELFAST

TAB

Dm7

Bb7

C (o222)

C (o224)

TAB

ch:

Em11 Em7 Em11 CA7

TAB

Ba:

TAB

TAB

TAB

TAB

Ba: Dm Em F G