

## 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  
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Don't feel like some kind of ghost