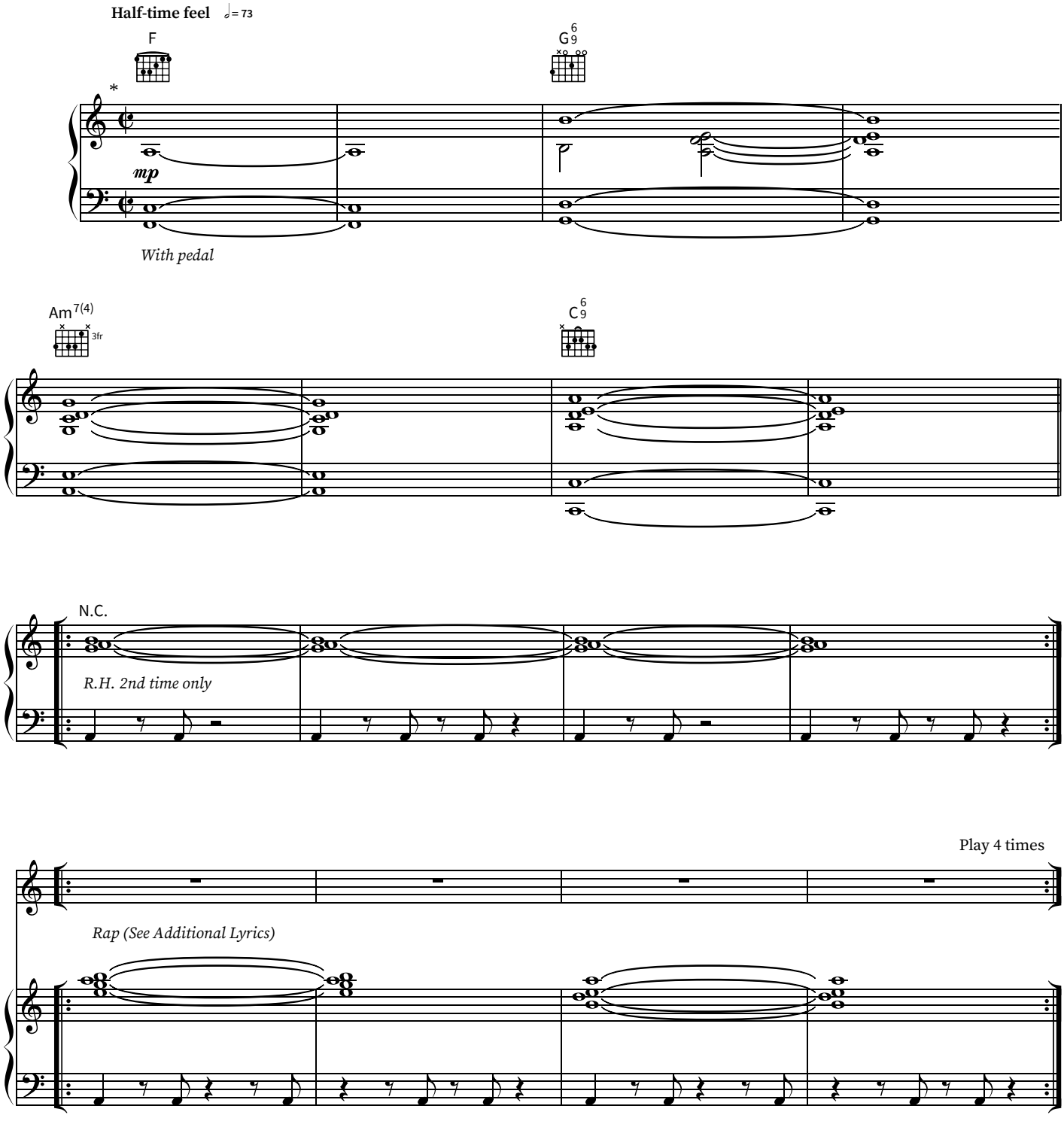
HAUNTED

Words and Music by BEYONCÉ KNOWLES
and BOOTS



** Recorded a half step lower.*

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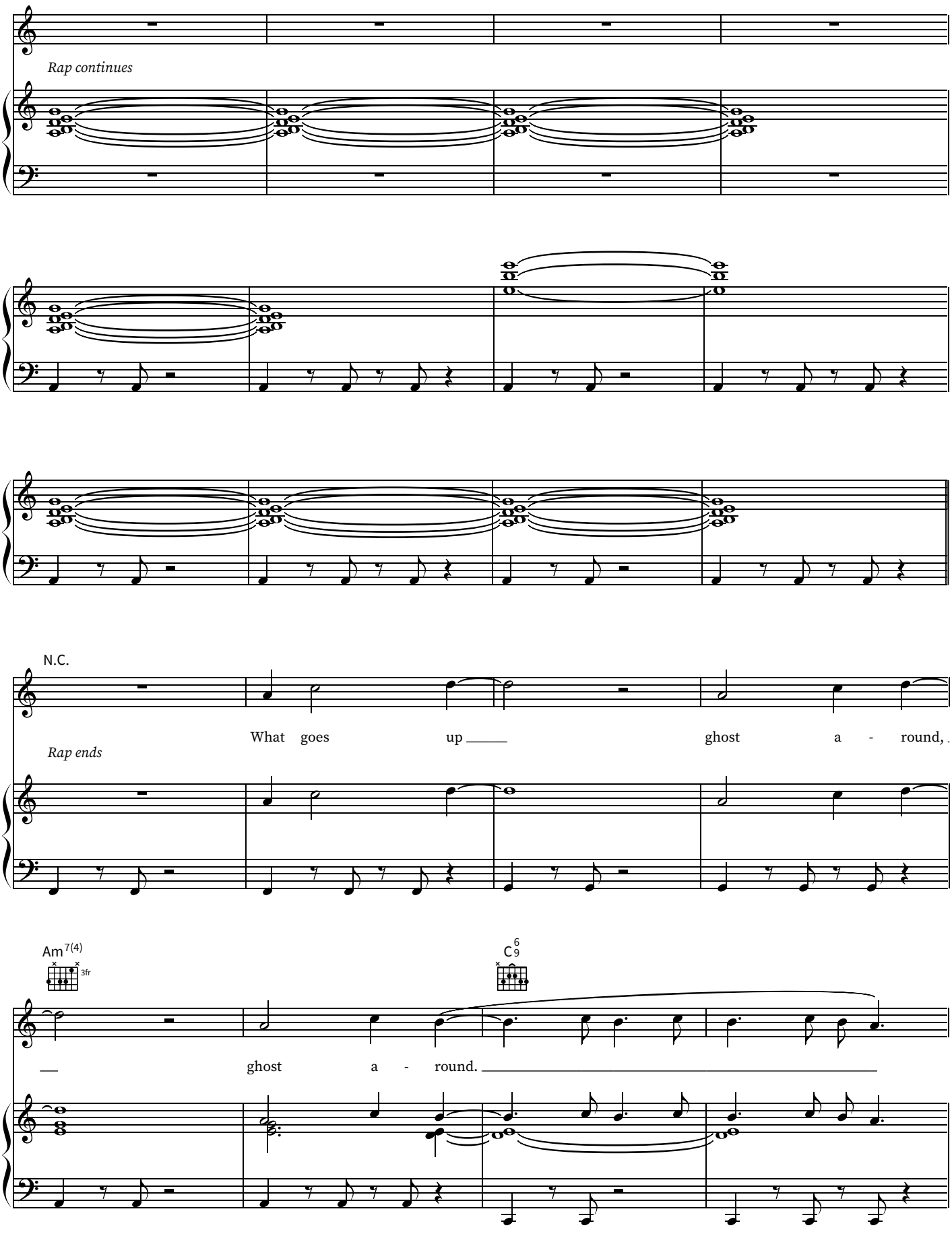
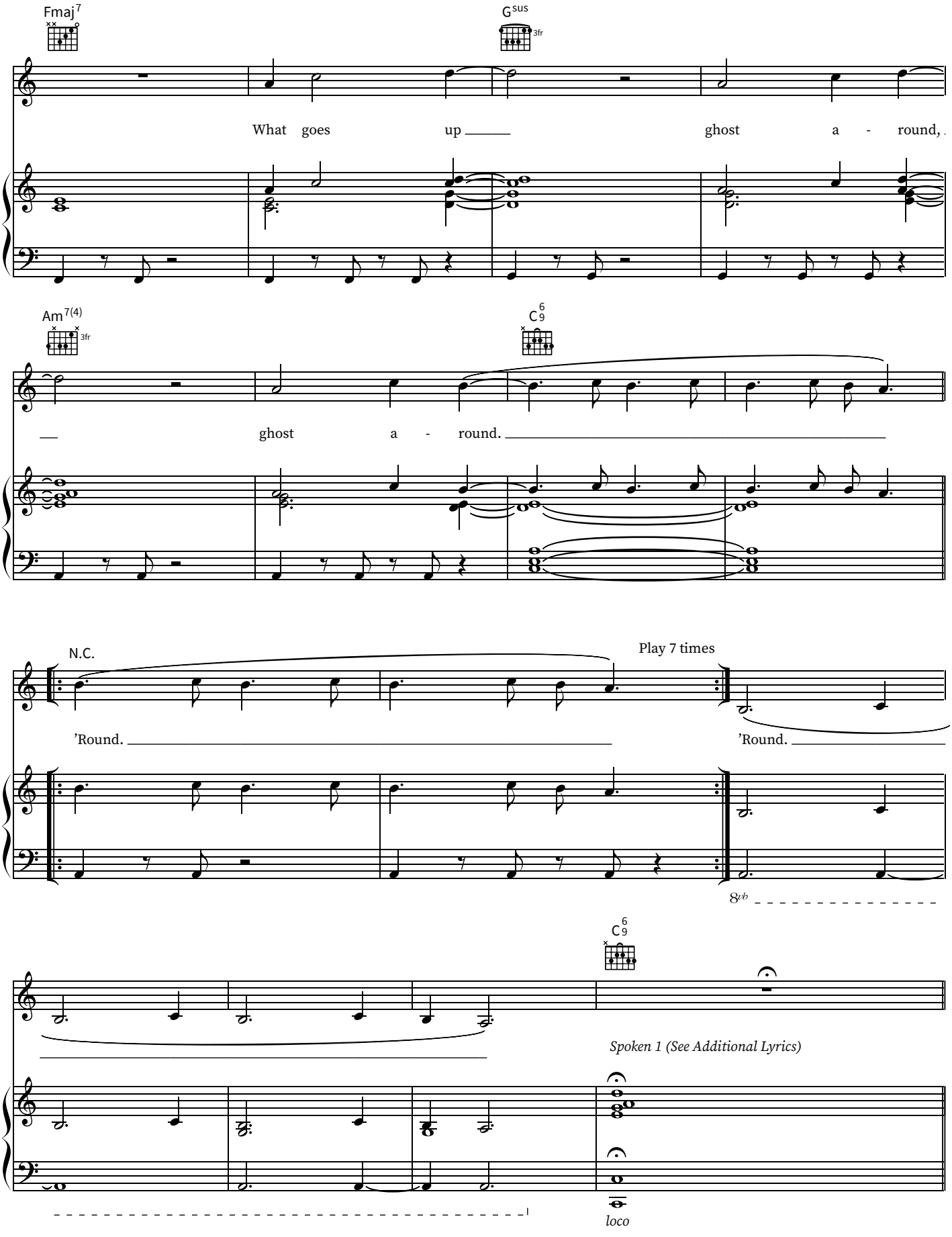
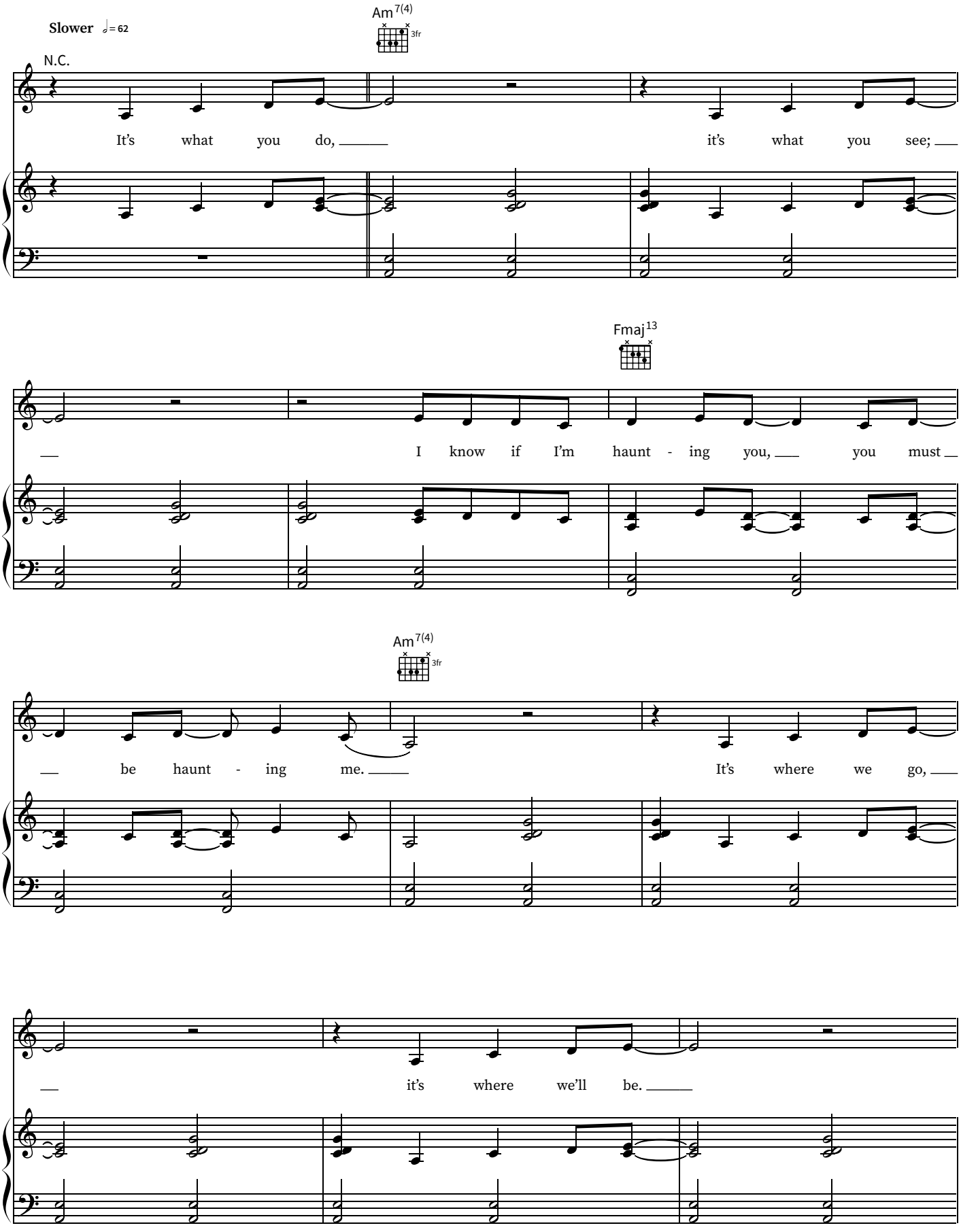
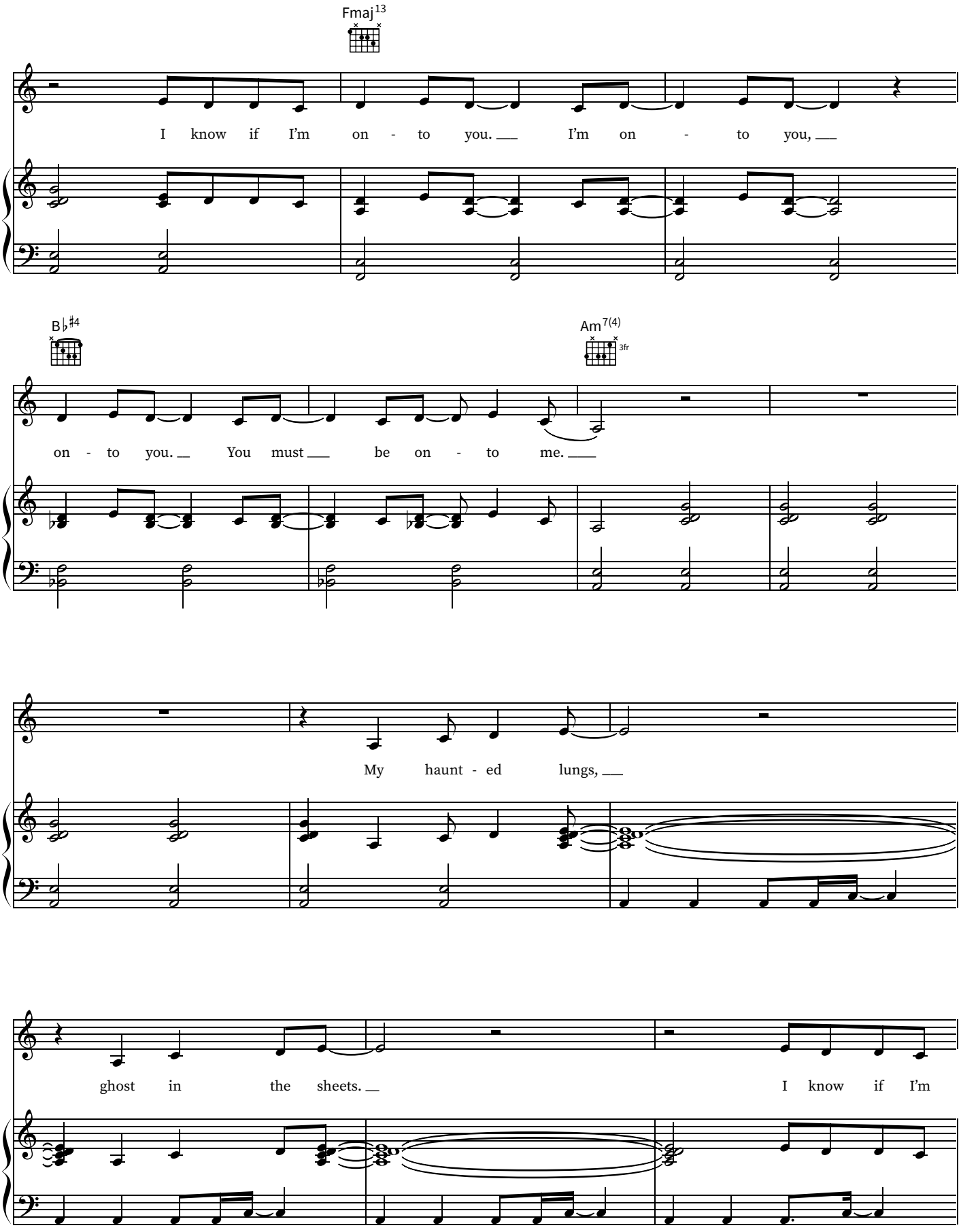
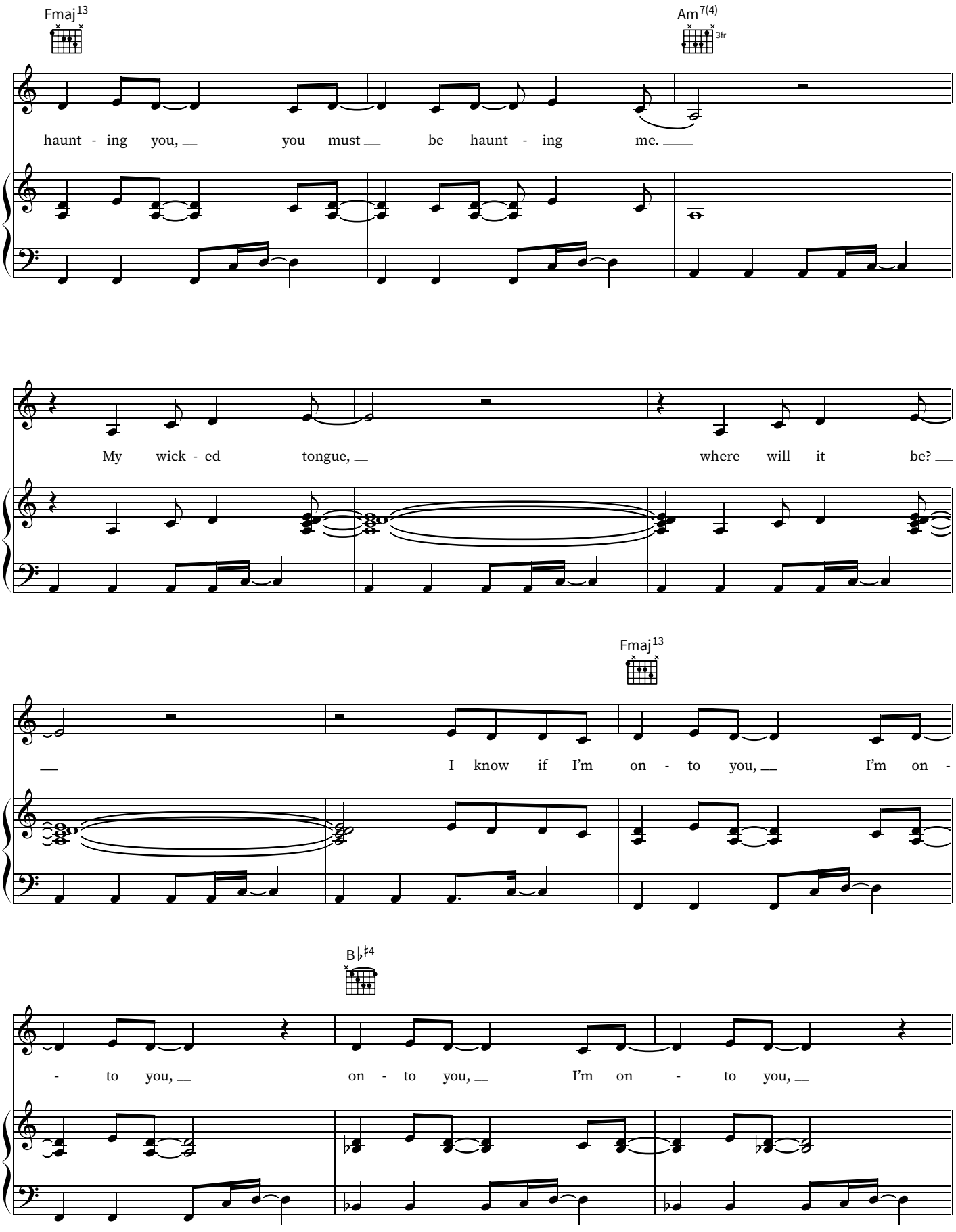
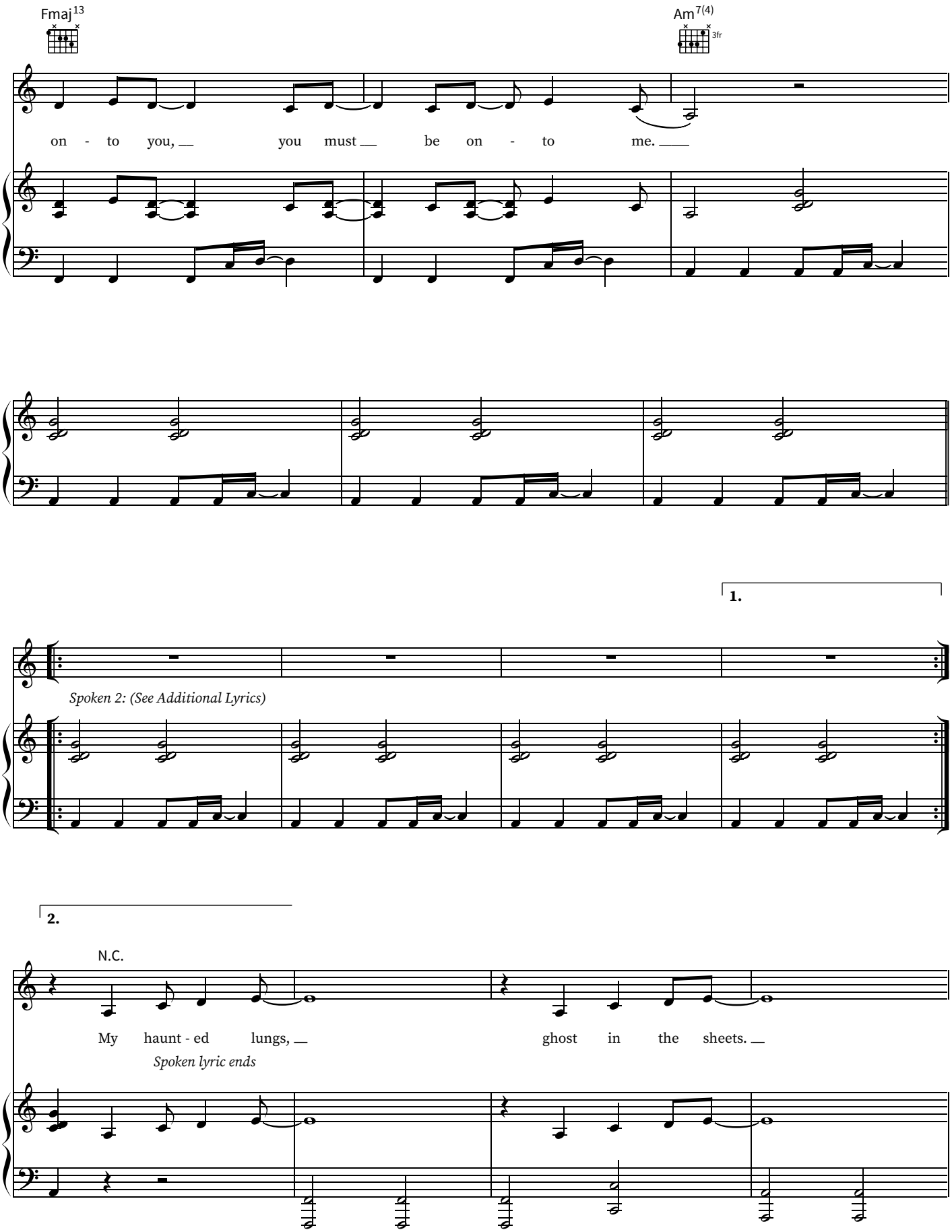

Rap continues
N.C.
What goes up ghost a - round,
Rap ends
Am7(4)
3fr
C9 6
ghost a - round.

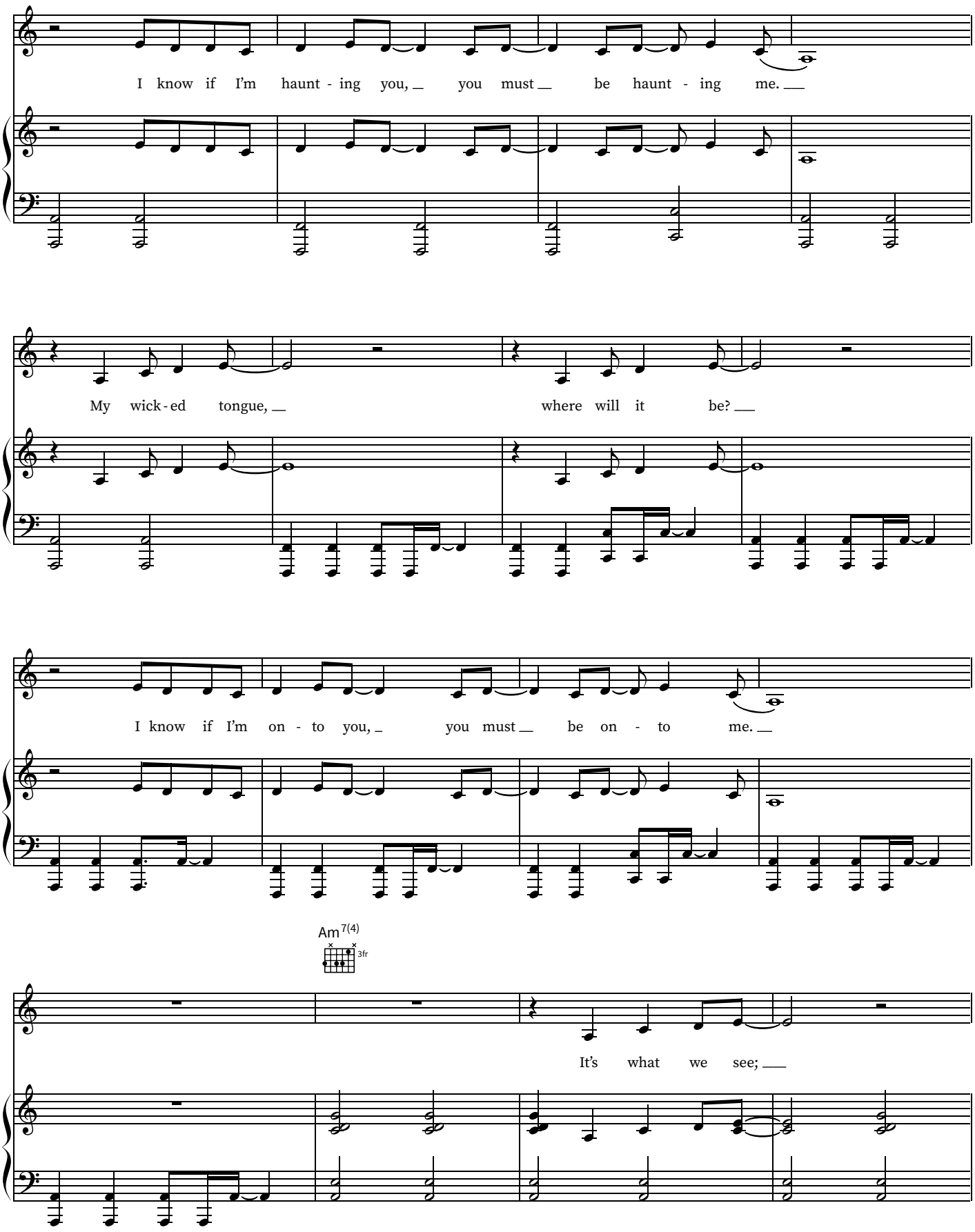

Fmaj7
Gsus
3fr
What goes up ghost a - round,
Am7(4)
3fr
C9 6
ghost a - round.
N.C.
Play 7 times
'Round.
'Round.
8vb
C9 6
Spoken 1 (See Additional Lyrics)
loco

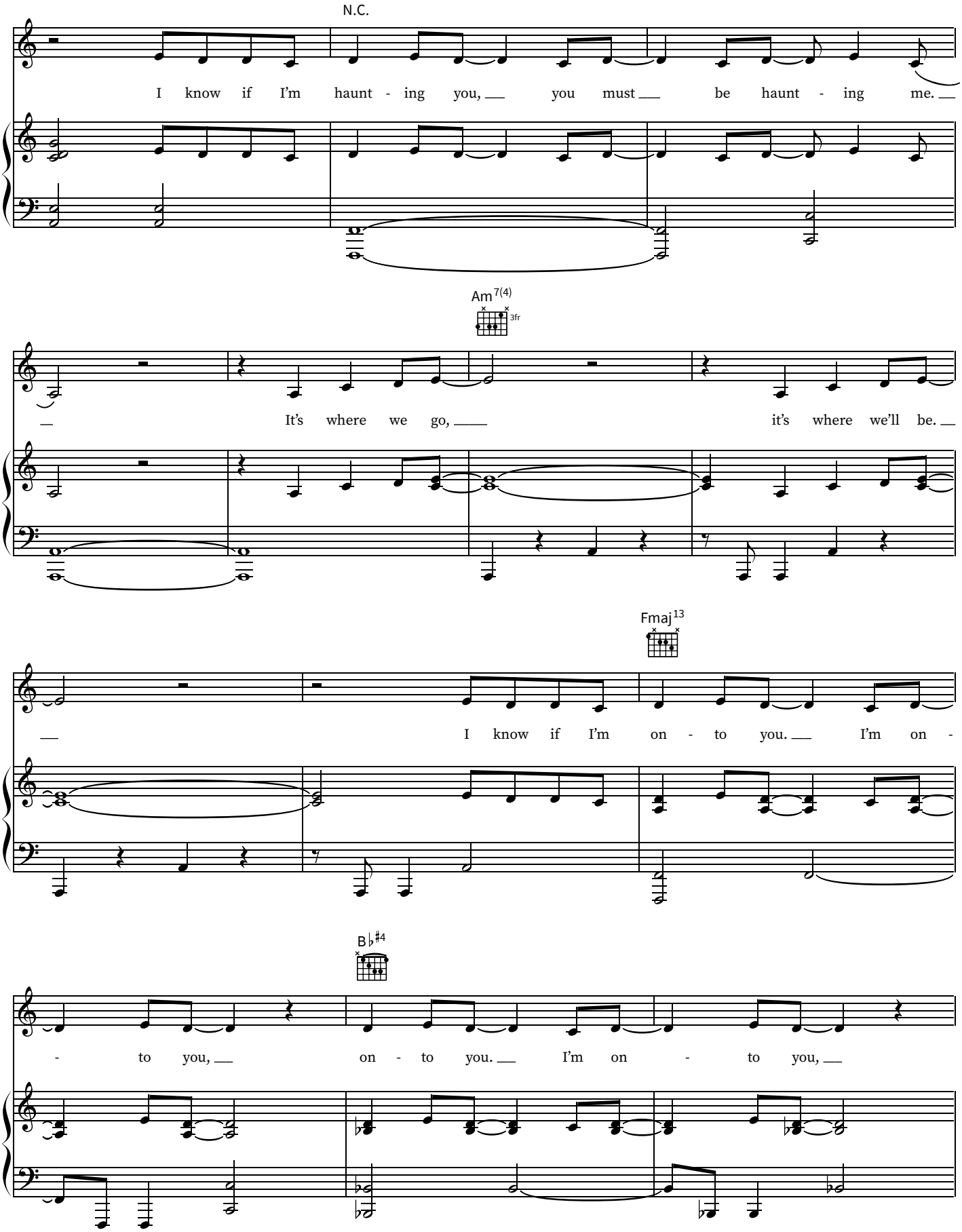

Slower ♩= 62
N.C.
Am7(4)
3fr
It's what you do, it's what you see;
Fmaj13
I know if I'm haunt - ing you, you must
Am7(4)
3fr
be haunt - ing me. It's where we go,
it's where we'll be.

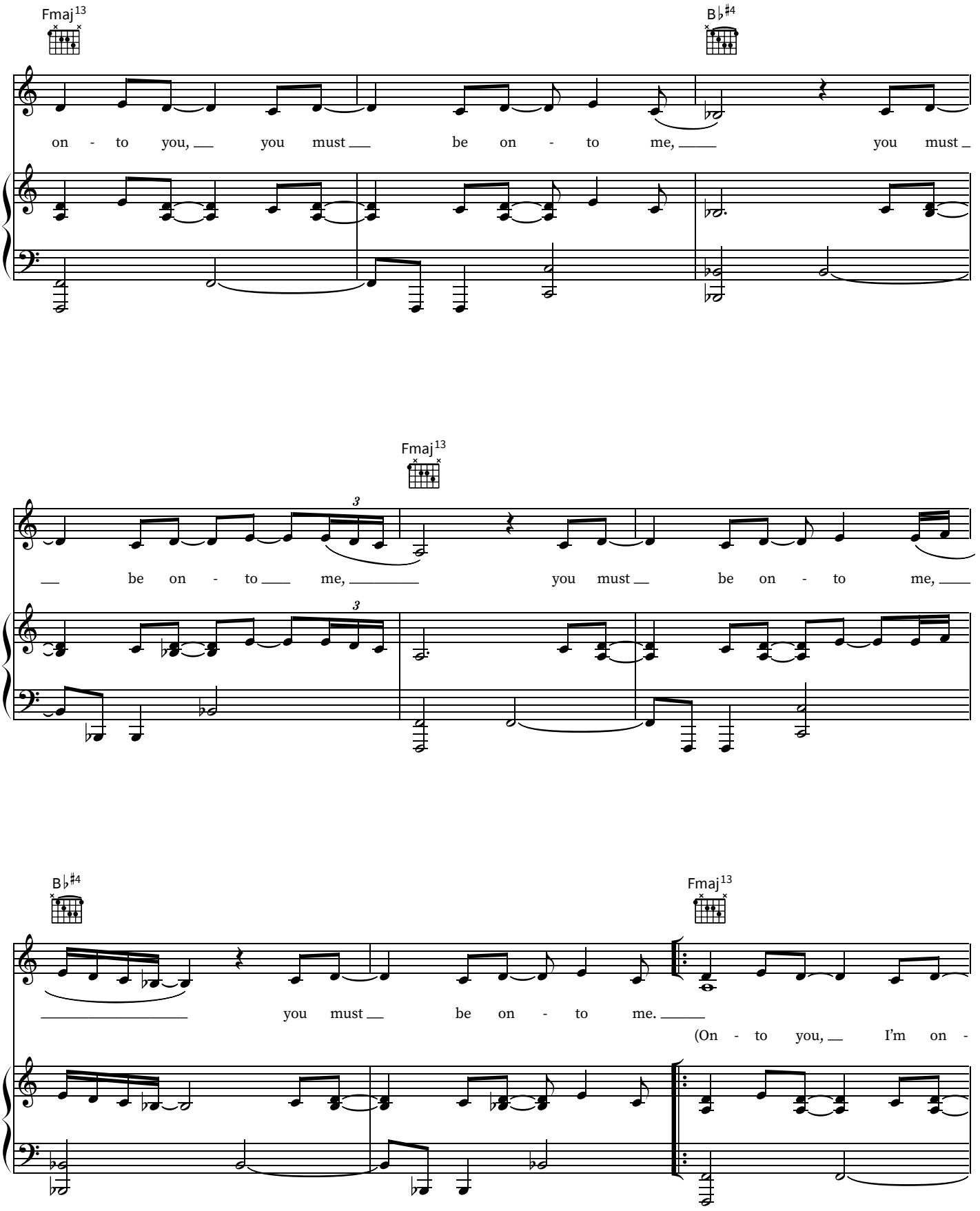

Fmaj13
I know if I'm on - to you. I'm on - to you,
B♭♯4
Am7(4)
3fr
on - to you. You must be on - to me.
My haunt - ed lungs,
ghost in the sheets. I know if I'm

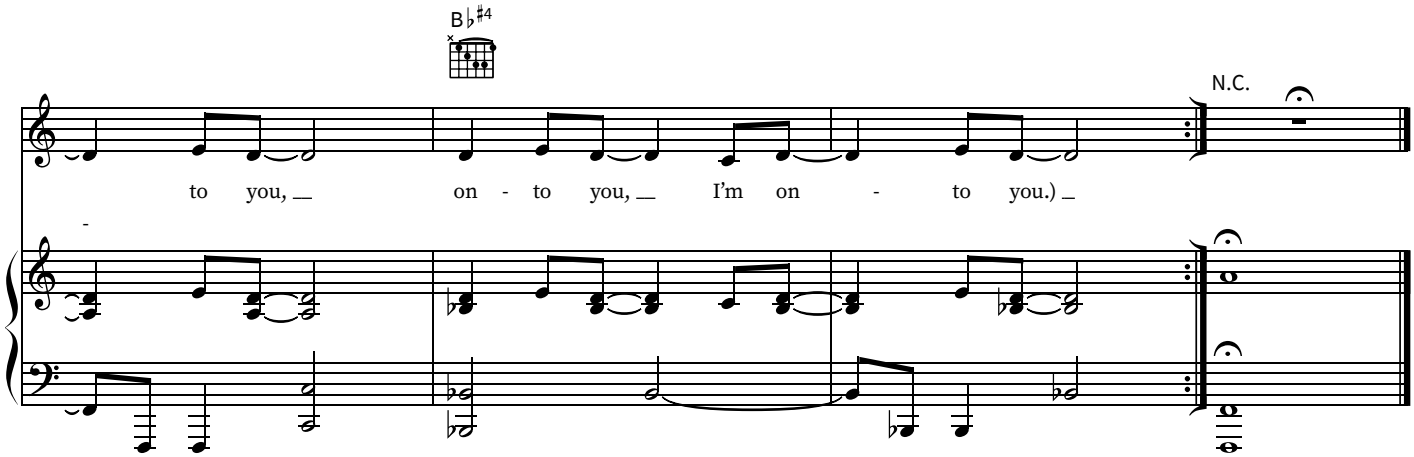

Fmaj13
Am7(4)
3fr
haunt - ing you, you must be haunt - ing me.
My wick - ed tongue, where will it be?
Fmaj13
I know if I'm on - to you, I'm on -
B♭♯4
- to you, on - to you, I'm on - to you,


Fmaj13
Am7(4)
3fr
on - to you, you must be on - to me.
1.
Spoken 2: (See Additional Lyrics)
2.
N.C.
My haunt - ed lungs, ghost in the sheets.
Spoken lyric ends


I know if I'm haunt - ing you, you must be haunt - ing me.
My wick - ed tongue, where will it be?
I know if I'm on - to you, you must be on - to me.
Am7(4)
3fr
It's what we see;


N.C.
I know if I'm haunt - ing you, you must be haunt - ing me.
Am7(4)
3fr
It's where we go, it's where we'll be.
Fmaj13
I know if I'm on - to you. I'm on -
B♭♯4
- to you, on - to you. I'm on - to you,


Fmaj13
B♭#4
on - to you, you must be on - to me, you must
Fmaj13
3
be on - to me, you must be on - to me,
B♭#4
Fmaj13
you must be on - to me.
(On - to you, I'm on -



Additional Lyrics

Rap: *And I've been drifting off on knowledge.*
Cat-calls on cat-walks, man,
These women getting solemn.
I could sing a song for a Solomon or Salamander.
We took a flight at midnight,
And now my mind can't help but wander.
How come?
Spoon-fed pluralized eyes to find
The beaches in the forest.
When I'm looking off the edge, I preach my gut,
And can't help ignore it.
I'm climbing up the walls
'Cause all this shit I hear is boring.
All the shit I do is boring.
All these record labels, boring.

(Rap continues:) *I don't trust these record labels, I'm torn.*
All these people on the planet
Working 9 to 5, just to stay alive,
Then 9 to 5 just to stay alive,
Then 9 to 5 just to stay alive,
Then 9 to 5 just to stay alive,
And then 9 to 5 just to stay alive,
Then 9 to 5 just to stay alive,
Then 9 to 5 just to stay alive.
All the people on the planet
Working 9 to 5 just to stay alive.
How come?

Spoken 1: *Soul not for sale.*
Probably won't make no money off this...
Oh well.
Reap what you sow.
Perfection is so... Mm.

Spoken 2: *You want me?*
I walk down the hallway.
You're lucky;
The bedroom's our runway.
Slap me!
I'm pinned to the doorway.
Kiss, bite...
Foreplay.