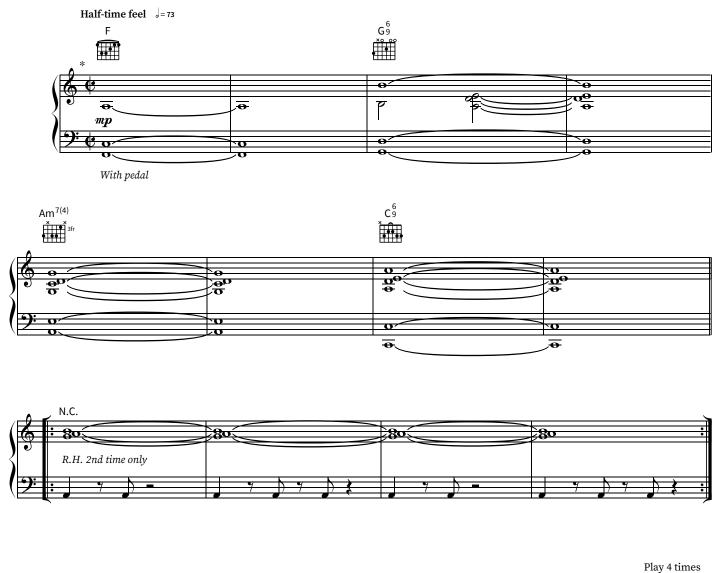
HAUNTED

Words and Music by BEYONCÉ KNOWLES and BOOTS





^{*} Recorded a half step lower.

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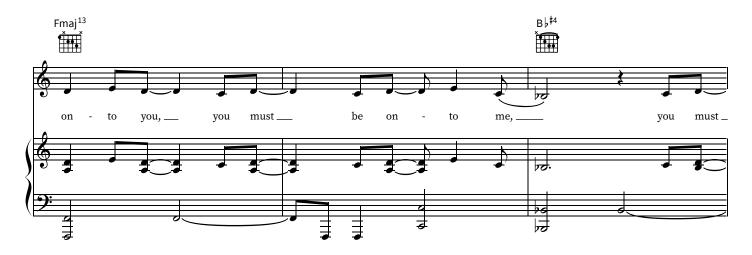


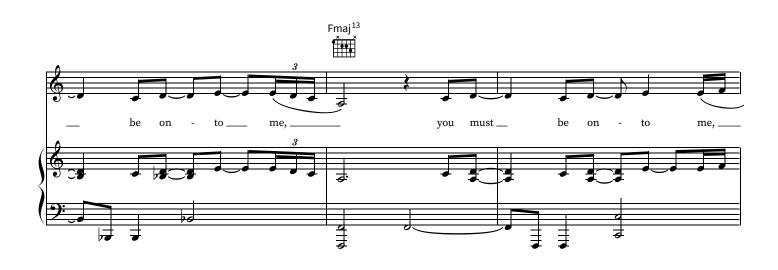


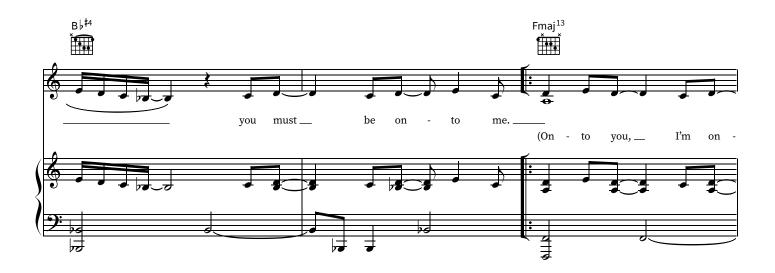


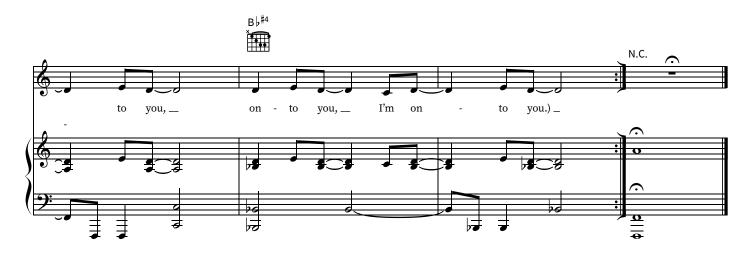












Additional Lyrics

Rap: And I've been drifting off on knowledge.

 ${\it Cat-calls on cat-walks, man,}$

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.