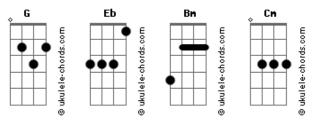


Alessia Cara - My Kind

tom: Intro: Eb Bm Cm Cm Do you recall the days at your old place? Playing with Troll dolls to scare the kids away My closet was a time machine, yours a stage Cm I wish we told those little girls they're gonna be okay Still picture it all in my mind CmMaking the campfire out of broken flashlights Bm Jealous of your high tops 'cause someone stole mine Cm Wish somebody would've told me that would be alright Rm My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend Cm And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end Bm My kind of fun doesn't make any sense And my kind of love, you won't ever forget Bm My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end My kind of fun doesn't make any sense Cm And my kind of love, you won't ever forget Do you remember all the cartoons at midnight? Cm Like the one about the crass-humoured French guy And what about you, Mr. Poetry? Cm And what about all that we built in just a couple weeks? Talkin' 'bout all of our fears through a cracked screen CmPicking little fights over falling asleep Bm I wish you knew I loved you when you knew you loved $\ensuremath{\mathsf{me}}$

Acordes



Really wish I knew you sooner than my 20s My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend Cm And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end My kind of fun doesn't make any sense And my kind of love, you won't ever forget Eb Bm My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end My kind of fun doesn't make any sense CmAnd my kind of love, you won't ever forget I'm a product of the who's, when's, and how's Cm Those who let go and those who stuck around I wish somebody would've told me I'd be here now Cm Cm 'Cause this kind of life is one to sing about (oh yeah) My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend Cm Cm And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end My kind of fun doesn't make any sense And my kind of love, you won't ever forget My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end Fh My kind of fun doesn't make any sense And my kind of love, you won't ever forget (Eb Bm) Cm Cm Eb Bm My kind of love you, won't ever forget Cm Cm Wish somebody would've told me that would be alright