

Alicia Keys - Underdog

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For being a woman and speaking your mind
                                                                                    tom:
                                                Fm (forma dos acordes no tom de Dm )
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                She looked in his eyes in the mirror and he smiled
Capostraste na 3ª casa
                                                                                                                                                                                                One conversation, a single moment
                                                     Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Am
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                The things that change us if we notice
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                                                                                                                                                                                               When we look up sometimes
            Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                They said I would never make it
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                But I was built to break the mold
                                                                                                                                                                                                The only dream that I've been chasing is my own
She was walking in the street, looked up and noticed
He was nameless, he was homeless
                                                                                                                                                                                                So I sing a song for the hustlers trading at the bus stop
                                                   Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  C Bm
She asked him his name and told him what hers was
                                                                                                                                                                                                Single mothers waiting on a check to come
He gave her a story 'bout life
                                                                                                                                                                                                Young teachers, student doctors
                                                                                                                                                                                                Sons on the front line knowing they don't get to run
With a glint in his eye and a corner of a smile
                                                                                                                                                                                                This goes out to the underdog
One conversation, a simple moment
The things that change us if we notice
                                                                                                                                                                                                Keep on keeping at what you love
            G
When we look up sometimes
                                                                                                                                                                                                You'll find that someday soon enough
                                                                                                                                                                                                You will rise up, rise up, yeah
They said I would never make it
But I was built to break the mold
                                                                                                                                                                                                Ooh, ooh, ooh
The only dream that I've been chasing is my own
                                                                                                                                                                                                Ooh, ooh, ooh
So I sing a song for the hustlers trading at the bus stop
                                                                                                                                                                                                Everybody rise up
Single mothers waiting on a check to come % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left(
                                                                                                                                                                                                You gonna rise up, ayy
Young teachers, student doctors
                                                                                                                                                                                                So I sing a song for the hustlers trading at the bus stop
Sons on the front line knowing they don't get to run
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  C Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                                Single mothers waiting on a check to come (single mothers)
This goes out to the underdog
                                                                                                                                                                                                Young teachers, student doctors (yeah)
Keep on keeping at what you love
                                                                                                                                                                                                Sons on the front line knowing they don't get to run
You'll find that someday soon enough
                                                                                                                                                                                                This goes out to the underdog
You will rise up, rise up, yeah
                                                                                                                                                                                                 G C Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                                Keep on keeping at what you love
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                You'll find that someday soon enough
                                                                                                                                                                                                You will rise up, rise up, yeah
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                  Am
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                Ooh, ooh, ooh
She's riding in a taxi back to the kitchen

C Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                                Ooh, ooh, ooh
Talking to the driver 'bout his wife and his children
                                                                                                                                                                                                Ooh, ooh, ooh
On the run from a country where they put you in prison
                                                                                                                                                                                                (Bm Am F G)
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Acordes

