

## **Amigo The Devil - Dahmer Does Hollywood**

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Follow me home
                                                                                                                tom:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            There's no judgement here
                                                [Primeira Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            We'll laugh a little, drink a little
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Am
Give or take a few dudes from the bar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            See what you're made of
Take 'em home with me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I'm capable of making you disappear
           Am Em
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Em
This night
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I am the agent that decides your fate
                                                              Am
Is going to end horribly for someone
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ( Am E )
The tick is just talking away
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            [Segunda Parte]
                                                 Am
I don't understand what it's trying to say % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            My hometown was nice, I didn't have to think twice
I think it says I'll drive my car like I stole it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            About who I recruited
Drink at the bar like I own it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            There wasn't any fame, no one knew my name
And every dime spent
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Em
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I was so secluded
Is worth looking good, and that's Hollywood
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Baptized in bloody water
                                                                                   Αm
And you know that she would
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I'll make you famous one way or another
 ( Am Em Am Em )
 ( Am Em Am Em )
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            So you should start to undress and just try a little less
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            And I'll drill in your head what you need
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            To be king of this goddamn city
I am the son of an asshole
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            (Am C G Em)
A drinker far too drunk to stay awake at his funeral
Am
But that's alright, 'cause I left Milwaukee behind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            [Refrão]
For this refreshing town with this refreshing meat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            So come on, believe me
Meet me down by the bar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Follow me home
We'll go and take this drink
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            There's no judgement here
Out to the stars
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            We'll laugh a little, drink a little
(CGEm)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            See what you're made of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I'm capable of making you disappear
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I am the agent that decides your fate
So come on, believe me
Acordes
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