

Austin Prince - Playing Tennis

tom:

Intro: Gb Bm- Ebm Bb7

Gb
I can't write to a beat
Dbm
I wish I was better at playing guitar
Ebm
I wish all my words came out as poetry
Bb7 Bb
And I could spend all of my time making art
Gb
Singing new songs, playing tennis
Fm
Reading fiction, painting pictures of how it was
Bb7
How it was

Abm
If I could rearrange my thoughts
B
If I could contain my emoticons
F
If I could make it stop
Gb
Don't you think I'd make it?

Abm
If I could rearrange my thoughts
B
If I could contain my emoticons
F
If I could make it stop
Gb
Don't you think I'd make it?

Fm
Sad days turn to cold nights
Ebm Bb7
When I'm in bad way and I act up
Gb Db Dbm
But still, you try to hold space when I don't act right
Ebm Bb7
In a cold way, I try to back up

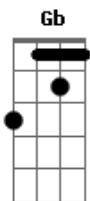
Bb Abm
But you don't let me walk away
B Db Gb
You hold me tight until it fades
Gb Abm
And you don't let me walk away
B Db Gb
You hold me tight until the morning

Bb Abm
And you don't let me walk away
B Db Gb
You hold me tight until it fades
Gb Abm
And you don't let me walk away
B Db Gb
You hold me tight until the morning

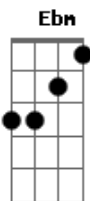
Gb
Let me walk away, but you don't let me walk
Abm
Let me walk away, but you don't let me walk
Gb
Let me walk away, but you don't let me walk
Abm
Let me walk away, but you don't let me walk

[Final] Ebm Abm Abm

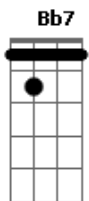
Acordes



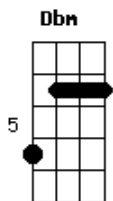
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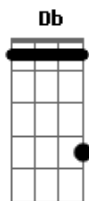
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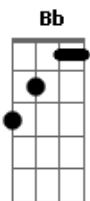
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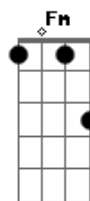
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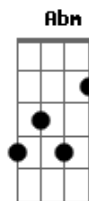
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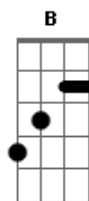
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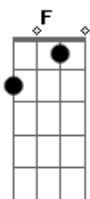
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