

Beyoncé - Daughter

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tom:
Intro: Am C E Am
Your body laid out on these filthy floors
Your bloodstain's on my custom coutures
Bathroom attendant let me right in
She was a big fan
I really tried to stay cool
But your arrogance disturbed my solitude
Now I ripped your dress and you're all black and blue
Look what you made me do
They keep sayin' that I ain't nothing like my father
But I'm the furthest thing from choir boys and altars
If you cross me, I'm just like my father
I am colder than Titanic water
Help me, Lord, from these fantasies in my head
They ain't ever been safe ones
I don't fellowship with these fake ones
So let's travel to white chapels and sing hymns
Hold rosaries and singin' stained-glass symphonies
Cleanse me, Holy Trinity, from this
Marijuana smoke smell in my hair
I sashayed my dress
Did \operatorname{my}_{\underline{\phantom{a}}}\operatorname{best} impression of a damsel in distress
This alcohol and smell of regret
Acordes
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Allured my catch Outfit too small to hide my scars Feelin' bottled up like bottle service broads How long can he hold his breath Before his death? Caro mio ben Credimi almen Senza di te Languisce il cor Il tuo fedel Sospira ognor Cessa, crudel Tanto rigor (Dm Am E Am) Help me, Lord, from these fantasies in my head They ain't ever been safe ones I don't fellowship with these fake ones So let's travel to white chapels and sing hymns Hold rosaries and singin' stained-glass symphonies Cleanse me, Holy Trinity, from this Marijuana smoke smell in my hair Say I'm nothing like my father But I'm the furthest thing from choir boys and altars

Double cross me, I'm just like my father

I am colder than Titanic water

