

# Camila Cabello - Twentysomethings

tom:  
E (forma dos acordes no tom de D )  
Capostrate na 2ª casa  
Intro: D Bm Gbm

D  
Oh, no  
Bm Gbm  
No, no, no, no, no

[Primeira Parte]

D Bm  
I don't know where I am with you, I'm confused  
Gbm  
I need more from you, that's the truth, more of you  
D Bm  
Last time got a bad review, hated you  
Gbm  
But I see why I'd tried with you, the reason's you  
D Bm Gbm  
And you laugh when I say, "You're such a dick sometimes"  
D  
We might be alright, we might be alright  
Bm Gbm  
And I laugh when you say "I'm such a bitch sometimes"  
Em  
We probably won't work, but, baby, maybe we just might

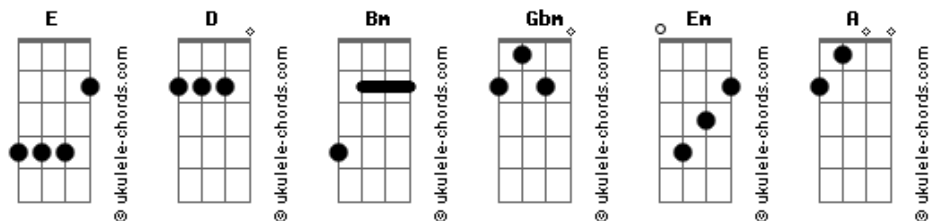
[Pré-Refrão]

Bm  
It feels like I'm livin' in limbo  
D  
I'm not yours or mine, I'm somewhere in the middle, okay  
Em Bm A  
You're so tall you just made me feel even more little, babe

[Refrão]

D Bm  
I just want a good night, scr?win' in all my life  
Gbm  
Want you to hold me tight, tell m? that we're alright  
D Bm  
I don't want you on the phone, feel better on my own  
Gbm  
Remind myself I'm grown, I could do what I want, yeah  
Em Bm  
Twenty somethings in love, in lust, in confusion  
D  
Twenty somethings, dancin' while our hearts are bruising'  
Em Bm  
Leave Manhattan, cross the bridge over to Brooklyn

## Acordes



A Em Bm  
When it comes to us, I don't know what the fuck I'm doin', doin'  
D  
Twenty somethings, should've left the party sooner  
Em Bm A  
Twenty somethings, gotta have a sense of humor when it comes to us  
D  
Don't know what the fuck I'm doin'

[Segunda Parte]

Bm Gbm  
'Bout to lose service, I'm in the elevator  
D  
"If you're down, maybe we could do somethin' later"  
Bm Gbm  
Fuck does that mean? I need a translator  
I don't get it, straight up

[Refrão]

D Bm  
I just want a good night (Uh, huh), screwin' in all my life (All my life)  
Gbm  
Want you to hold me tight, tell m? that we're alright  
D Bm  
I don't want you on the phone, feel better on my own  
Gbm  
Remind myself I'm grown, I could do what I want, yeah  
Em Bm  
Twenty somethings in love, in lust, in confusion  
D  
Twenty somethings, dancin' while our hearts are bruising'  
Em Bm  
Leave Manhattan, cross the bridge over to Brooklyn  
A Em Bm  
When it comes to us, I don't know what the fuck I'm doin', doin'  
D  
Twenty somethings, should've left the party sooner (Oh, yeah)  
Em Bm A  
Twenty somethings, gotta have a sense of humor when it comes to us  
D Bm  
Don't know what the fuck I'm doin'  
Gbm  
Oh, oh  
D Bm  
I don't know what the fuck I'm doin'  
Gbm  
No, no, no-oh