

Chet Faker - The Trouble With Us

Tom: G

(Em D C Am7 D)

You mumble under your breath I doubt you know what you said Let's get this of of your chest Right here, right now

I'm tryna make this a mess We're tryna run in the dark

We're makin' reasons to destroy our believing Cuz we're addicted to bleeding hearts

Fighting making nothing sacred We're tearing paint of the walls Nights are made of kiss and makeup It's on the edge of emotional

I see that look in your eyes Heartbeats get in the way I see that look in your face I can't take it away

Ooh, God That's the trouble with me I need the trouble with you That's the trouble with us I need the trouble with trust (I see you looking at me)

You let me under your chest But you won't show me your heart Teach me a lesson I guess I still go back to the dark

I'm tryna clean up the mess Girl I don't know where to start

Were in the season of deliberately needing A fire to burn in our hearts

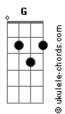
Got me Fighting making nothing sacred We're tearing paint of the walls Nights are made of kiss and makeup It's on the edge of emotional

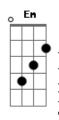
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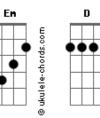
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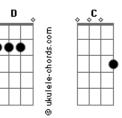
(I see you looking at me And now I don't know who to believe)

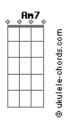
Acordes











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