

## Clairo - Bags

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tom:
                Db (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
Capostraste na 6º casa
                                                                   I don't wanna be forward, I don't wanna cut corners
Intro: C Em D
                                                                   Savour risks with everything I have inside of me
                                                                  I'm not the type to run, I know that we're having fun
 Every second counts
I don't wanna talk to you anymore
                                                                  But what's the rush?
All these little games
                                                                  Kissing and then my cheeks are so flushed
You can call me by the name I gave you
                                                                  ( C Em D )
( C Em D )
Yesterday, yeah
                                                                   Tell you how I felt
 Every minute counts
                                                                  Sugar coat melting in your mouth
I don't wanna watch TV anymore
                                                                  Pardon my emotions
Can you figure me out?
                                                                                    Em
                Em
                                                                  I should probably keep it all to myself
Just to make me waste more time on the couch
                                                                 Now you make fun of me
Can you see me? I'm waiting for the right time
                                                                  Now you make fun of me
I can't read you but, if you want, the pleasure's all mine
                                                                  Now you make fun of me
 Can you see me using everything to hold back?
                                                                  Now you make fun of me
I guess, this could be worse
                                                                  Can you see me? I'm waiting for the right time
Walking out the door with your bags
                                                                  I can't read you but, if you want, the pleasure's all mine
Walking out the door with your bags
                                                                  Can you see me using everything to hold back?
Walking out the door with your bags
                                                                  I guess, this could be worse
Walking out the door with your bags
(CEmD)
                                                                  Walking out the door with your bags
                                                                  Walking out the door with your bags
 Pour your glass of wine
                                                                  Walking out the door with your bags
Mitchell told me I should be just fine, yeah
                                                                  Walking out the door with your bags
 Cases under the bed
                                  D
Acordes
      DЬ
                                       ukulele-chords.com
           ukulele-chords.com
                          ukulele-chords.com
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Spill it open, let it rush to my head