

Dua Lipa - Future Nostalgia

tom: C

Intro: Dm
(Future nostalgia)
Dm
(Future nostalgia)
Dm
(Future nostalgia)

[Primeira Parte]

Dm
You want a timeless song, I wanna change the game
Dm F G A
Like modern architecture, John Lautner coming your way
Dm
I know you like this beat 'cause Jeff's been doin' the damn thing
Dm F G A
You wanna turn it up loud, Future Nostalgia is the name

[Refrão]

Dm C G
I know you're dyin' trying to figure me out
My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth Dm
C G
G G C
You want the recipe, but can't handle my sound, my sound, my sound

Dm
No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (hey-hey, hey-hey)
Dm F G A
I know you ain't used to a female alpha (no way, no way)
Dm
No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (hey-hey, hey-hey)
Dm F G A
I know you ain't used to a female alpha (no way, no way)

[Segunda Parte]

Dm
Can't be a rolling stone if you live in a glass house
Dm
You keep on talking that talk, one day, you're gonna blast out
Dm
You can't be bitter if I'm out here showing my face
Dm
You want one now looks like, let me give you a taste

[Refrão]

Dm C G
I know you're dyin' trying to figure me out
My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth Dm
C G
G G C
You want the recipe, but can't handle my sound, my sound, my sound

Dm
No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (hey-hey, hey-hey)
Dm F G A
I know you ain't used to a female alpha (no way, no way)
Dm
No matter what you do, I'm gonna get it without ya (hey-hey, hey-hey)
Dm F G A
I know you ain't used to a female alpha (no way, no way)

[Ponte]

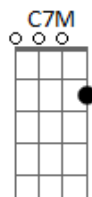
G
You can't get with this, if you ain't built for this
G
You can't get with this, if you ain't built for this
G
I can't build you up, if you ain't tough enough
G F
I can't teach a man how to wear his pants

[Refrão]

Dm C7M F Bb7M
I know you're dyin' trying to figure me out
My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth Dm
C7M F Bb7M
G Ab A
You want the recipe, but can't handle my sound, my sound, my sound
Dm C G
I know you're dyin' trying to figure me out
My name's on the tip of your tongue, keep running your mouth Dm
C G
G G C
You want the recipe, but can't handle my sound, my sound, my sound

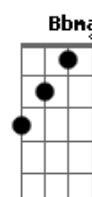
(Future nostalgia) Dm C
G G C
(Future nostalgia) Dm C
(Future nostalgia) G G C
My sound, my sound, my sound Dm
(Future nostalgia)

Acordes




C7M

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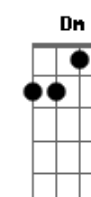
Bbma7

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C

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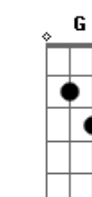
Dm

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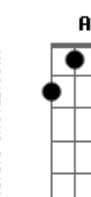
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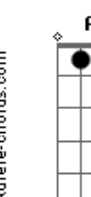
G

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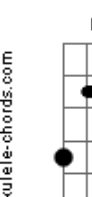
A

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A7

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Ab

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