

# Easy Life - Pockets

Tom: G  
Intro:

( Gbm E A )  
( Gbm E A )

I'm tired of fake fortunes being sold  
I'm tired of my tires burning rubber on the roads  
Tired of the distance, the lengths that I go to  
Trying to get a bit of credit from you  
Fuck that, real love feels real  
So I don't need to try to synthesize the feel

I'm tryna unlock doors with these musical keys  
My friends puff trees, turn the Z to a G  
Oh no  
And all I do is twinkle the ivory keys  
Indulgently, 'cause I do this for me  
I know

[Refrão]

And it just feels a little bit like  
Somebody cut a hole in my pockets  
'Cause I've been tryna to do this right  
With no profits and the loss I can't stop it  
And consumption lies at the heart of my bad habits  
I live in a world where I want but can't have it  
Tell me why that is the way it is  
I need some real love, to feel real

But people all around me still try to leave the ties that feel

I'm tryna unlock doors with these musical keys  
Eventually I smoke a Z to a G  
Oh no  
And all I do is twinkle the ivory keys  
It's no wonder why I make no P's  
I know

And it just feels a little bit like  
Somebody cut a hole in my pockets  
'Cause I've been tryna to do this right  
With no profits and the loss I can't stop it

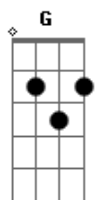
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La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la

It just feels a little bit like  
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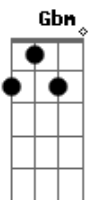
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[Final]

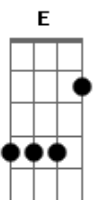
## Acordes



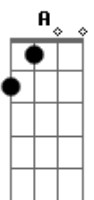
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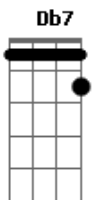
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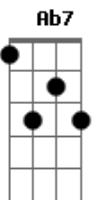
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