

Fall Out Boy - This Ain't a Scene, It's An Arms Race

Tom: C

(solo)

(solo durante os versos)

Am I am an arms dealer,
E Fitting you with weapons in the form of words.
Am And don't really care which side wins,
E As long as the room keeps singing.
E That's just the business I'm in.

Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
E This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
E I'm not a shoulder to cry on,
E But, I digress.

Am I'm a leading man,
F And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
E Oh-so intricate.
Am I'm a leading man,
F And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
E Oh-so intricate, yeah.
(Am)

Am I wrote the gospel on giving up.
E (You look pretty sinking,) But the real bombshells have already sunk.
E (Prima-donnas of the gutter.)
Am At night we're painting your trash gold while you sleep.
E Crashing not like hips or cars,

Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
E This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.

Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
E Bandwagon's full,
E Please, catch another.

Am I'm a leading man,
F And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
E Oh-so intricate.
Am I'm a leading man,
F And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
E Oh-so intricate.
(F Am E Am F C E E)

Am All the boys who the dance floor didn't love,
E And the girls who's lips couldn't move fast enough;
E Sing, until your lungs give out.

Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
E This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Now you.)
Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Wear out the groove.)
E This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Sing out loud.)
Am This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Oh, oh.)
E This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.

Am I'm a leading man,
F And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
E Oh-so intricate.
Am I'm a leading man,
F And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
E Oh-so intricate.
(E Am)

Acordes

