

Finneas - American Cliché

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I know, I know, I know
                                                                                                         tom:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             [Refrão]
Intro: Bm Bm Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I'm an American cliché
[Primeira Parte]
(Okay)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Missin' a girl in a French café
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I say, "God damn, you're beautiful"
Too little to do for too long and
Too little of you for my songs
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             You blush and duck out of frame
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Bm Bm
To be anything but lonely
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I'm an American cliché
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Missin' a girl in a French café
In a couple weeks, you'll own me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Eb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I say, "How'd I get along so long without you"
Too tired to sleep, good morning
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             And you say, "same"
And I'm too wired to heed the warnin'
                               G
That there's danger in the summer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ( Bm Bm Bm Bm )
The calm before the thunder
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             [Ponte]
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Come on over now, you're one layover down?
I'm an American cliché
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            No one that we know around
Missin' a girl in a French café
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Don't want the city without you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Gb
I say, "God damn, you're beautiful'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I want you
You blush and duck out of frame
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            We'll go all over town
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           No one that we know around % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right
I'm an American cliché
Missin' a girl in a French café
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Can't say I'm sober now
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Bm G
I say, "How'd I get along so long without you"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Do something I'm not allowed to
And you say, "same"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I want you
 (Bm Bm Bm Bm)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             [Refrão]
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I'm an American cliché
Graveyard, Jim Morrison, forever
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Missin' a girl in a French café
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I say, "God damn, you're beautiful"
In my arms, they'll have to bury us together
 'Cause I'm never gonna let you go
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             You blush and duck out of frame
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Bm
Uh-oh, uh-oh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I'm an American cliché
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Missin' a girl in a French café
Missed my flight, makin' love in the morning
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             I say, "How'd I get along so long without you"
While everybody else was boarding
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            And you say, "same"
They love to say they told you so
Acordes
                     Rm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Εb
                                                                                                                                              ukulele-chords.com
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