

Francesca Battistelli - This Is The Stuff

Tom: C

I lost my keys.
In the great unknown.
Call me please.
'Cause I can't find my phone.

This is the stuff, that drives me crazy.
This is the stuff, that's getting to me lately.
In the middle of my little mess,
I forget how big I'm blessed.
This is the stuff, that gets under my skin,
but I've got to trust, you know exactly what your doing.
It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

Forty-five in a thirty-five.
Sirens and fines
When I'm already behind Whoa.

This is the stuff, that drives me crazy.
This is the stuff, that's getting to me lately.
In the middle of my little mess,
I forget how big I'm blessed.

This is the stuff, that gets under my skin,
but I've got to trust, you know exactly what your doing.
It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

To break me of impatience
Conquer my frustration
Got a new appreciation

It's not the end of the world
Woahhh

This is the stuff, that drives me crazy.
This is the stuff, someone save me
In the middle of my little mess,
I forget how big I'm blessed.

This is the stuff, that gets under my skin,
but I've got to trust, you know exactly what your doing.
It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

Acordes

