

## Fun. - Why I Am The One

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Tom: Gb
                                                              Never been one to hold on
Intro:
                                                              But I need a last breath
                                                                          Ebm Abm
I got enough on my mind that when she pulls me by the hair
                                                              So I ask if she remembers when
                                                                 B Ebm Abm
She hasn't much to hold onto
                                                              She used to come and visit me
                                                                             Ebm
She keeping count on her hand one, two, three days
                                                              We were fools to think that nothing could go wrong
            B Ebm Abm Gb
That I been sleeping on my side
                                                              Or go on, go on, go on
                                                                                              Abm
I finish kissing my death
                                                              If you were thinking that the worst is yet to come
So now I head back up the steps
                                                              Why am I the one
                                                                   В
Thinking about where I've been
                                                              Always packing up my stuff?
I mean the sun was never like this
                                                              For once, for once, for once
I wanna feel with the seasons
                                                              I get the feeling that I'm right where I belong
                                                                          Gb
I guess it makes sense
                                                              Why am I the one
                                                                   В
Cause my life's become as vapid as
                                                              Always packing up my stuff?
          Fbm
                Abm
A night out in Los Angeles
                                                              I think I kind of like it
         Ebm Abm Gbm Db
                                                                   Abm
And I just wanna stay in bed
                                                              But I might have had too much
                                                              BRIDGE
I hold you like I used to
You know that I am home
                                                              I'll move back down
So darling if you love me
                                                              To this western town
                    Abm Ebm B Db
                                                                       Ahm
Would you let me know?
                                                              When they find me out
                                                              Make no mistake about it
Or go on, go on, go on
                                                              Why am I the one
                         Abm
If you were thinking that the worst is yet to come
                                                                    Ebm
                                                              Always packing up my stuff?
Why am I the one
                                                              Gb
                                                              Go on, go on, go on
     B
Always packing up my stuff?
                                                                                              Abm
                                                              If you've been thinking that the worst is yet to come
For once, for once, for once
                                                              Why am I the one
                         Abm
I get the feeling that I'm right where I belong
                                                              Always packing up my stuff?
Why am I the one
                                                              For once, for once, for once
Always packing up my stuff?
                                                              I get the feeling that I'm right where I belong
She's got enough on her mind
                                                              Why am I the one
That she feels no sorrow
                                                              Always packing up my stuff?
I let my faith fill the air
                                                              I think I kind of like it
                                                                   Abm
Now she's rolling down the window
                                                              But I might have had too much
                                                              I'll move back down
                                                              Intro: (2x)
Acordes
                                DЬ
                                             Ebn
                                                          Abn
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