






tom:

They call me crazy  
They write it backwards  
They complicate me say all of the wrong words  
Well maybe it's unfair for me to go and blame you  
I can't stop thinking that I maybe kinda got to  
I wanna slow down read all that I've written

They rip my heart out, then don't even listen  
Well maybe it's unfair for me to say I hate you  
But now I'm thinking that I maybe kinda got to  
O-oh, O-oh, O-oh, O-oh, I-I-I  
O-oh, O-oh, O-oh  
Nah nah nah nah  
[Final]

# Acordes

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