

Gracie Abrams - I Told You Things

tom:
Bb (forma dos acordes no tom de F)
Capostrate na 5ª casa

[Refrão]

C
I told you things that I never said
Am
You're the golden boy and my worst regret
F
So I cut the cost and I limit feeling
C
You were all at once till the fade to black
Am
Took your cigarettes and poems back
F
You were in my hands, now you're on my ceiling

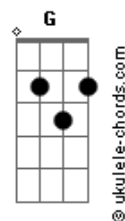
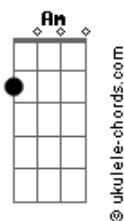
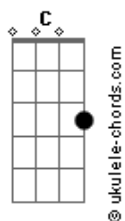
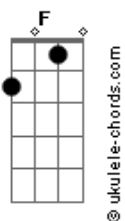
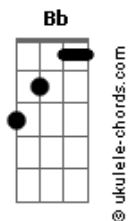
[Primeira Parte]

C
But how's the city been? You get recognized
Am
At the local bar by the drunken guys
F
And the starlet girls, they claw for pieces
C
Do you give a few? Do you like that?
Am
Do you freak out or get sad?
F
Do you go home or am I reaching?

[Ponte]

C
Hey, wait, guess what? Yesterday
F
I stopped and played it safe
G
Instead of walking straight
C
To you to say
Am
Stay, never mind, okay
F
Don't mean it, plus you've changed
G
Not much, but just enough

Acordes



C
To throw away
Am
Fake fantasies and games
F
I've lost a year, it's strange
G
Composed a hundred ways
To tell you
C
Hey, what if I took your call
Am
As more than just a call?
F
As writing on the walls
C
You built this cage
Am
Lost color in my face
F
You're fair and I'm insane
G
Hallucination, shame
C
Guilt, pain, more pain

Am
(Don't let them know we're in pain) More pain
F
(Don't let them know we're in pain) More pain
G
(Don't let them know we're in pain) More pain

(Ah-ah-ah)

[Refrão]
C
I told you things that I never said
Am
To anybody else, I regret them
F
But I'll pack it up and practice leaving, mm
C
You were all at once till the fade to black
Am
Till the yellow glow turned a little sad
F
You were in my hands, but you're good at leaving