

## **Gracie Abrams - This is what the drugs are for**

	[Refrão]
A (forma dos acordes no tom de Ab ) Capostraste na 1ª casa	F G She appears in dreams
Intro: Am C G Am C G	F G Chasin' after me
[Primeira Parte]	[Refrão]
Am C G This is what the drugs are for	C G Am F Look, now I'm alone again C G
Am C G Turn the lights off on the comedown	I've gotten used to sleepin' here Am F
Am C G I still get emotional	Without you C G Am F Though Though Table Table To the Amile Table Though Table
Am C When I think about your old house	Though I've tried, I can't pretend  C G Am That I doubt air sound and think about
[Refrão]	That I don't sit around and think about
F G Hopefully, the high F G	You C G Am F Look how I just lost a friend C G
Works to change my mind	I'm burying your things inside my Am
[Segunda Parte]	Bedroom C G Am F C
Am C G Now, I feel you in my room	All distractions, in the end, don't work
Am C G Haven't seen you in a lifetime	I'm left to sit and think about you G
Am C G What am I supposed to do	Like all I ever do is think about you
Am C G When you used to be my lifeline?	[Ponte]
[Refrão]	<pre>Dm F I'm still waitin' by the phone</pre>
F G	Dm F G You painted my life indigo
I've counted all the days  F  G	<pre>Dm F A kind of blue I hate to know, oh</pre>
Since you walked away	<pre>Dm F Where everything turns kinda cold</pre>
[Refrão]	(Dm F G)
C G Am F Look, now I'm alone again	[Refrão]
C I've gotten used to sleepin' here	C G Am F
Am F Without you	Look, now I'm alone again
C G Am F Though I've tried, I can't pretend	I've gotten used to sleepin' here Am F
That I don't sit around and think about	Without you C G Am F Though Tire tried I coult protected
You	Though I've tried, I can't pretend C G Am That I don't sit around and think about
When all I ever do is think about you	That I don't sit around and think about  F
( Am C G ) ( Am C G )	You C G Am F Look how I just lost a friend C G
[Terceira Parte]	I'm burying your things inside my
Am C G	Am F Bedroom
In the middle of the night  Am C G  I not caught inside a fever	C G Am F C All distractions, in the end, don't work G Am
I got caught inside a fever  Am C G  I almost called a hundred times	I'm left to sit and think about you
Am C G  Just to ask if you might leave her	Like all I ever do is think about you
Acordes	

