

Halsey - Bad At Love

Tom: C

[Intro]

Ohh
 Got a boy back home in Michigan
 And it tastes like Jack when I'm kissing him
 So I told him that I never really liked his friends
 Now he's gone and he's calling me a bitch again
 It's a guy that lives in a garden state
 And he told me that we'd make it 'til we graduate
 So I told him the music would be worth the wait
 But he wants me in the kitchen with a dinner plate
 I believe, I believe, I believe, I believe
 That we're meant to be
 But jealousy, jealousy, jealousy, jealousy
 Gets the best of me
 Look, I don't mean to frustrate, but I
 Always make the same mistakes, yeah
 Always make the same mistakes 'cause
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 But you can't blame me for tryin'
 You know I'd be lyin' sayin'
 You were the one (ooh-oo)
 That could finally fix me
 Lookin' at my history
 I'm bad at love
 Got a girl with California eyes
 And I thought that she could really be the one this time
 But I never got the chance to make her mine
 Because she fell in love with little thin white lines
 London girl with an attitude
 We never told no one but we look so cute
 Both got way better things to do
 But I always think about it when I'm riding through
 I believe, I believe, I believe, I believe

That we're meant to be
 But jealousy, jealousy, jealousy, jealousy
 Gets the best of me
 Look, I don't mean to frustrate, but I
 Always make the same mistakes, yeah
 Always make the same mistakes 'cause
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 But you can't blame me for tryin'
 You know I'd be lyin' sayin'
 You were the one (ooh-oo)
 That could finally fix me
 Lookin' at my history
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 Oh, you know, you know, you know
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)

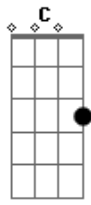
[Ponte]

I know that you're afraid
 I'm gonna walk away
 Each time the feeling fades
 Each time the feeling fades
 I know that you're afraid
 I'm gonna walk away
 Each time the feeling fades
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 But you can't blame me for tryin'
 You know I'd be lyin' sayin'
 You were the one (ooh-oo)
 That could finally fix me
 Lookin' at my history
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 Oh, you know, you know, you know
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 I'm bad at love (ooh-oo)
 Oh, oh

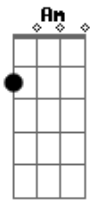
Acordes



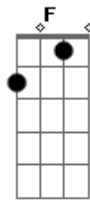
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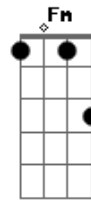
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