

Hilary Duff - The Optimist

tom:

Eb

Last night I went to see a hypnotist
 Asked her to teach me not to dream
 I've got too much I think about
 An overdrawn account of people I've been too afraid to need
 She said: I'm no history revisionist
 And there's some things I can't undo
 You've got a tiny splinter on the tip of your finger
 It demands all the attention in the room

I wish I could sleep on planes
 And that my father would really love me
 He'd show up on my wedding day
 And tell my family they're all so lucky
 He'd tell me how he wish he'd stayed
 And that he never meant to disappoint me
 But till then I'll exist as the optimist

I was an emotional architect
 Who knew your dimensions more than you
 I learned which way you turned your back
 To let go of eye contact
 And which bottles made you feel most immune

I wish I could sleep on planes

And that my father would really love me
 I wouldn't have to feel such shame
 Around how often and how deep it cuts me
 He'd call me almost every day
 How's the weather? Are you eating, honey?
 But till then I'll exist as the optimist

(Mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm)
 (Mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm)
 (Mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm)
 (Mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm)

I know a dirty little magic trick
 To disappear and disconnect
 Maybe I learned it from the best
 Thank you, I guess
 Yeah, if you saw it I bet I'd earn your respect

I wish I could sleep on planes
 And that my father would really love me
 It wouldn't take his dying day
 Some sort of signature that he needs from me
 My door is open just in case
 You don't even have to say you're sorry
 I already forgive you for all of it
 But it's hard to exist as the optimist

Cm Fm

Acordes

