

## **Imagine Dragons - I?m So Sorry**

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Db Bb
                                                         You gotta face up, you gotta get yours
              tom:
              C
                                                                  Fbm Db Bb
Intro: Eb Db Bb
                                                         You'll never know the top till you get too low
       Eb Db
              Bb
       Eb Db
       Eb Db
                                                         A son of a stepfather
              Bb
       Fb Db
              Bh
                                                         Fbm Db Bb
       Eb Db
              Bh
                                                         A son of a
       Eb Db
              Bb
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
       Eb Db
                                                         I'm so sorry
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
                      Gb Ebm
         Db Bb Ab
                                   Dbm
                                         Fbm Ab Gb
                                                         A son of a stepfather
About time for anyone telling you off for all your deeds
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
Eb
         Db Bb Ab Gb Ebm Dbm Ebm Ab Gb
                                                         A son of a
No sign the roaring thunder stopped in cold to read (no
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
time)
                                                         I'm so sorry
        Db Bb Ab Gb Ebm
                              Dbm
                                  Fbm
Fb
Get mine and make no excuses Waste of precious breath (no
                                                                            Db
                                                          Life isn't always what you think it'd be
         Db Bb Ab Gb Ebm
                               Dbm Ebm
                                                                               Db
The sun shines on everyone Everyone, love yourself to death
                                                          Turn your head for one second and the tables turn
                                                                         Db
         Ebm
                Db Bb
                                                          And i know, i know that i did you wrong
So you gotta fire up, you gotta let go
                                                                                Db
         Ebm Db Bb
                                                         But will you trust me when i say that i'll make it up to you
You'll never be loved till you've made your own
                                                          somehow
      Ebm Db Bb
                                                           Db
You gotta face up, you gotta get yours
                                                          Somehow
        Ebm Db Bb
You'll never know the top till you get too low
                                                                   Ebm
                                                                          Db Bb
                                                         So you gotta fire up, you gotta let go
    Dh Bh
                                                                   Ebm Db
                                                                                  Bb
                                                          You'll never be loved till you've made your own
A son of a stepfather
                                                                 Ebm Db Bb
Ebm Db Bb
                                                          You gotta face up, you gotta get yours
A son of a
                                                                  Ebm Db Bb
Fbm Db Bb
                                                         You'll never know the top till you get too low
I'm so sorry
Ebm Db Bb
A son of a stepfather
Ebm Db Bb
                                                         A son of a stepfather
A son of a
                                                         Fbm Db Bb
Ebm Db Bb
                                                         A son of a
I'm so sorry
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
                                                          I'm so sorry
     Db Bb Ab
                Gb Ebm
                           Dbm
                                  Ebm Ab Gb
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
No lies and no deceiving Man is what he loves
                                                         A son of a stepfather
Eb
         Db Bb Ab Gb Ebm Dbm Ebm
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
I keep tryin' conceive That death is from above (no time)
                                                         A son of a
         Db Bb Ab Gb Ebm Dbm Ebm Ab Gb
                                                         Ebm Db Bb
I get mine and make no excuses Waste of precious breath (no
                                                         I'm so sorry
time)
        Db Bb Ab Gb Ebm
                               Dbm Ebm
                                                                 Db Bb
The sun shines on everyone Everyone, love yourself to death
                                                            I'm so sorry
                                                               Db Bb
                                                            I'm so sorry
         Ebm
               Db Bb
So you gotta fire up, you gotta let go
                                                         Ebm
                                                               Db Bb
                                                             I'm so sorry
          Ebm
                  Db
                       Bb
You'll never be loved till you've made your own
Acordes
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