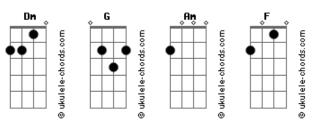
Jesse Rutherford - Blame

Tom: Intro: Dm G Am F Daytrip took it to ten (hey!) Dm G Am F (Coo-coo) [Refrão] Dm Is being sober hopeless? G All I ever think about is smokin' Now I know why daddy had to keep the bottle open Dm G Am Uh, I can't blame him, no, I can't blame him Dm G Am I crazy? Seems like everybody is lately (coo-coo) Am F Now I understand how mama raised me (I do) Dm G Am I can't blame her, no, I can't blame her Not at all (yeah, yeah) Dm Ask me how I'm doing today Am Bet I'll say I'm okay Dm F But I'm rotting away inside (inside) G Don't worry 'bout it though Am Both of us are, you know? Dm F Funny, that's how it goes in life I'm not tryna be dark Am But I just got to the part Where you stare at the stars Dm And compare what you are G To everything all around Am Wonder what it'd be like F If it all came crashing down [Pré-Refrão] G You shouldn't talk back to your mother Or you might get smacked by your mother Dm G Cut a little slack for your father 'Cause he's never comin' back [Refrão] Dm Is being sober hopeless? All I ever think about is smokin' (yeah)

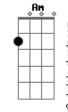
Acordes

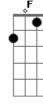
Now I know why daddy had to keep the bottle open Dm G Am Uh, I can't blame him, no, I can't blame him G Dm Am I crazy? Seems like everybody is lately (coo-coo) Am Now I understand how mama raised me (I do) Dm G Am F I can't blame her, no, I can't blame her (no, no) G Dm I try to say I'm not addicted but Am I keep thinking 'bout the blunt Cut it for a week but I don't think I'd last a month G Am When I was 17 I didn't think about stuff Then life got tough Dm It's gettin' harder every single day (true) Am The minute that I wake (true) Dm The one thing that I crave, it's insane G I need it to stay up (uh) F Am Love what Mary Jane does in every situation, oh, yeah Dm G You make it feel painless F Am My doctor says I should use in moderation but I just roll myself a J and push it all away To the back side of my brain, hey [Pré-Refrão] Dm G You shouldn't talk back to your mother Or you might get smacked by your mother Dm G Cut a little slack for your father 'Cause he's never comin' back [Refrão] Dm Is being sober hopeless? All I ever think about is smokin' (yeah) Am Now I know why daddy had to keep the bottle open Dm G Am I can't blame him, no, I can't blame him Dm G Am I crazy? Seems like everybody is lately (coo-coo) Am Now I understand how mama raised me (I do) Dm G Am I can't blame her, no, I can't blame her (Dm G Am F)

Dm G Am F I can't blame him, no, I can't blame him









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