

John Moreland - Blacklist

tom:

Db (forma dos acordes no tom de C)

Capostrate na 1ª casa

C Am G C

[Verse]

C F C Am G
I started up the engine and headed for the place we met
C F C
Am G C
I prayed to sister Juliette, smoked three packs of cigarettes
F C
I'm still trying to figure out forgiveness
F G
And keep track of all of my sins
Am G C F
Just tell me you don't love me, and I promise I won't
C F C
Darken your doorstep again

[Interlude]

C Am G C x2

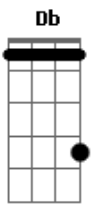
[Verse]

C F C
Am G C
This sure ain't how I thought that it would feel to finally
have made it
C F C Am
G C
I've arrived alive in Danbury, damn it's overrated
F C
They put us back on the blacklist
F G
Well we never learned why we needed saved
Am G C F
We took a ride trying to hide from the god of
C F C
Early marriages and empty graves

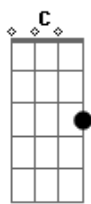
[Interlude]

C Am G C x2

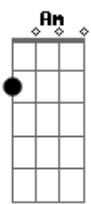
Acordes



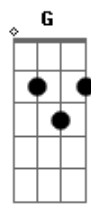
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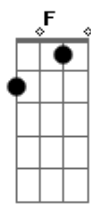
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Am G F C G
Last night, New York City was heaven, now I'm feeling low
Am G F C F
And how many stones did we roll, hoping hell would explode
F C F G
We read all the right books, we sang songs we misunderstood
Am G C F C F
C
And with or without any reason, we did rebellion what justice
we could

[Interlude]

C Am G C x2

[Verse]

C F C Am
G C
So I'm trying not to think about home, and all that I miss
C F C Am
G C
I swallowed my pride, and I cried, cause we didn't exist
F C
You said it's now or never
F G
Well I never stop feeling that way
Am G C F
We get turned around, our spirits break down
C F C
We just lie and say we're ok

[Interlude]

C Am G C x2

[Verse]

Am G F C G
Well the older I get, truth gets harder to find
Am G F C F
And famous false prophets get by off of robbing good men blind
F C F G
Maybe I don't have it in me, maybe it doesn't have me in it
Am G C F C F
C
And if I don't fly, that's fine, just let me find the place
where I fit