

# Julia Michaels - Apple

tom:

Intro: C Dm G7

[Refrão]

Oh, I'd rather be kissing in Summer

Somewhere in the sand

In your apartment on the weekends

Lift up my dress to see where you've been

That's what I want and that's where I am

Bite off an apple right from your fridge

Come here and taste it right off my lips

Spill your emotions into my hands, That's what I want

[Primeira Parte]

I smell like a rose, can I have you in doses?

No, I don't wanna fight, but I will if you like

I don't swim, I just dive, right into those blue-green eyes

No, I don't wanna fight, I just, I just wanna be

[Refrão]

Kissing in Summer, somewhere in the sand

In your apartment on the weekends

Lift up my dress to see where you've been

That's what I want and that's where I am

Bite off an apple right from your fridge

Come here and taste it right off my lips

Spill your emotions into my hands, That's what I want

That's what I want and that's where I am

Bite off an apple right from your fridge

Come here and taste it right off my lips

Spill your emotions into my hands, That's what I want

[Segunda Parte]

And da da da da da da

The shine in our eyes, this love is blind

Let's not decide whether we're too far gone

'Cause I'd rather be

[Refrão]

Kissing in Summer, somewhere in the sand

In your apartment on the weekends

Lift up my dress to see where you've been

That's what I want and that's where I am

Bite off an apple right from your fridge

Come here and taste it right off my lips

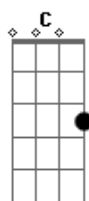
Spill your emotions into my hands, That's what I want

Oh oh, oh, oh oh da-da-dum

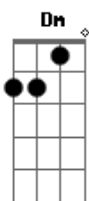
That's what I

Dum da-da-dum, oh That's what I

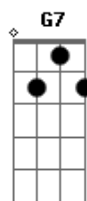
## Acordes



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com