

Katy Perry - Chained To The Rhythm (feat. Skip Marley)

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Aha, so put
Intro: Am Em
                                                                 Your rose-colored glasses on
Am Fm
                                                                 And party on
Are we crazy?
Living our lives through a lens
                                                                    Turn it up, it?s your favorite song, dance, dance, dance to
                                                                 the distortion
Trapped in our white picket fence, like ornaments
                                                                    Turn it up, keep it on repeat, stumbling around like a
So comfortable, we?re living in a bubble, bubble
                                                                 wasted zom-
So comfortable, we cannot see the trouble, trouble
                                                                  -bie, yeah, we think we?re free, drink, this one?s on me
                                                                 We?re all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
Aren't you lonely?
                                                                 Turn it up, it?s your favorite song, dance, dance to
Up there in utopia
                                                                 the distortion
Where nothing will ever be enough, happily numb
                                                                    Turn it up, keep it on repeat, stumbling around like a
                                                                 wasted zom-
So comfortable, we?re living in a bubble, bubble
                                                                  -bie, yeah, we think we?re free, drink, this one?s on me
So comfortable, we cannot see the trouble, trouble
                                                                 We?re all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
    Dm C
Aha, so put
                                                                    It is my desire
                  Am
Your rose-colored glasses on
   Em
                                                                 Break down the walls to connect, inspire
And party on
                                                                 Eh, up in your high place, liars
  Turn it up, it?s your favorite song, dance, dance to Time is ticking for the empire
the distortion
  Turn it up, keep it on repeat, stumbling around like a
                                                                 The truth they feed is feeble
wasted zom-
                                                                    As so many times before
-bie, yeah, we think we?re free, drink, this one?s on me
                                                                    They greed over the people
We?re all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
                                                                 They stumbling and fumbling and we about to riot
Turn it up, it?s your favorite song, dance, dance, dance to
the distortion
                                                                 They woke up, they woke up the lions
  Turn it up, keep it on repeat, stumbling around like a
                                                                    Turn it up, it?s your favorite song, dance, dance, dance to
                                                                 the distortion
-bie, yeah, we think we?re free, drink, this one?s on me
                                                                    Turn it up, keep it on repeat, stumbling around like a
We?re all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
                                                                 wasted zom-
                                                                  -bie, yeah, we think we?re free, drink, this one?s on me
Are we tone deaf?
                                                                                                    Em
                                                                 We?re all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
                   Dm
Keep sweeping it under the mat
Thought we could do better than that, I hope we can
                                                                 It goes on, and on, and on
                                                                         Dm
So comfortable, we?re living in a bubble, bubble
                                                                 It goes on, and on, and on
So comfortable, we cannot see the trouble, trouble
                                                                 It goes on, and on, and on
                                                                              (Am ) (G )
                                                                                            (Am)
   Dm C
                                                                  'Cause we're all chained to the rhythm
Acordes
                                 En
                                               Dn
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