

Kyle Craft - Future Midcity Massacre

Tom: **D**
Intro: **D A7**

D
Well I tried, my girl, to put you in a song
Bm
A tune to weep for when you're back
G
But every time the notes fall flat.
E
Your face is made, your bags are packed
G D
You were leaving before you were even gone

D
Spent lost years in the ring, we're fighting love
Bm
Now everything that came before
G
My wicked plea and your dreams of war
E
They hit me quick, they made me sore
G D A G
They taught me swinging hard is not enough

D
So meet up with your girls in New Orleans
Bm G
Tie your corset, paint your eyes and run wild through the
Bourbon night
E
It always takes me by surprise
G D D7
How effortless your good time seems to be

G Gm D D7
And I'll send you on your way without a kiss
G Gm E
Well, I never gave you all that much to miss

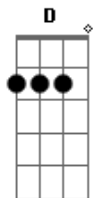
G
But, hell, what a time
G D A G
Now you're free babe and so am I

D
So move on with the mirror in your mind
Bm
Watch your style and your step
G
And when there's no reflection left
E
You'll find you've become someone else
G D
A stranger to yourself and all mankind

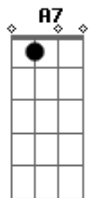
D
And she said this rum it just don't burn me going down
Bm
Not like it did when we were young
G
It felt like fire across our tongues
E
Just like love, that all went numb
G D D7
And the sweetest feelings found their own way out

G Gm D D7
So you send me on my way with cheap red wine,
G Gm E
A bouquet of dead flowers and a thirst for twisted nights,
G
But, fuck, what a time!
G D B
And you're beautiful but you ain't mine
G Gm
You're free babe, so very free babe
D B G Gm D
And so am I, yeah so am I, yeah so am I

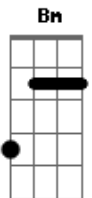
Acordes



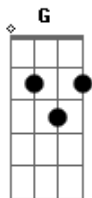
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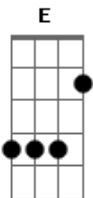
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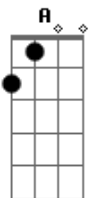
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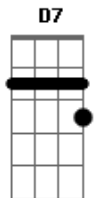
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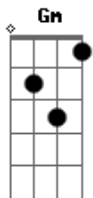
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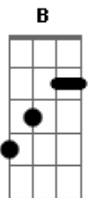
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