

Lauren Jauregui - Scattered

tom:

Intro: Dbm A Gbm D7M

Dbm A
Scattered
Gb
Like the leaves upon the wind when
Dbm A Gbm
Seasons must begin to change again
Dbm A
Shattered
Gb
Pointed shards, a heart is broken

Dbm A D7M
Left in patterns on the carpet where she wept
Dbm A
Tear-stained face, I can't face these
Gb
Demons all alone, they don't like me
Dbm A
All night, they stay and eat like
Gb
They talk and they write in thunder and lightning

Dbm A
Gloves on, match met
Gb
God makes Her bet
Dbm A D7M
That I'll lay my head down again in this bed

C#7M A
I think I might need some help
Gb
I don't feel like myself
Ab
I don't feel like myself
C#7M A
I think I might need some help
Gb
I don't feel like myself
G
I don't feel like myself

Dbm A
Scattered
Gb
Like the leaves upon the wind when
Dbm A Gbm
Seasons must begin to change again
Dbm A
Shattered

Gb
Pointed shards, a heart is broken
Dbm A D7M
Left in pieces on the carpet where she bled
Dbm A
Bloodstained hands all around me
Gb
Hidden blades in a two-faced society
Dbm A
With sinister grins, they carve out their wings
Gb

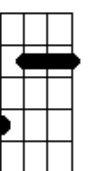
Acordes

D7M



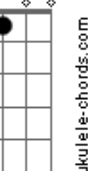
© ukulele-chords.com

Dbm



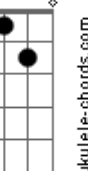
© ukulele-chords.com

A



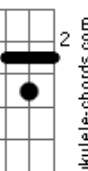
© ukulele-chords.com

Gb



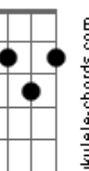
© ukulele-chords.com

Ab



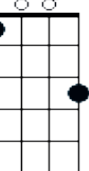
© ukulele-chords.com

G



© ukulele-chords.com

Caug



From what's left of my sanity

Dbm A
Gloves on (Gloves on), match met (Match met)
Gb
God makes Her last bet (God makes Her bet)
Dbm A D7M
That I'll lay my head down again in this bed

Dbm A
I think I might need some help
Gb
I don't feel like myself
Ab
I don't feel like myself
Dbm A
I think I might need some help
Gb
I don't feel like myself
Gb
I don't feel like myself

Dbm A
Clothing scattered all over my single bedroom apartment
Gb
My drink splattered look just like the paint on a Jackson Pollock
Dbm A
My grey matter been havin' me seein' red, but regardless
Gb
I'm not just mad at myself, I'm mad at the world
Dbm A
My girl says I got trust issues, honestly, I fuck with you

Gb
It's just I need the guts to say, "Fuck it" and open up to you
Dbm A
But it's just open cuts too disgusting to be discussed with you
Gb
Too caught up in my emotions like Usher to confess to you
Dbm A
Caught up in my dreams and nightmares, demons don't fight fair
Gb
Wakin' up weepin' from my night terrors, I'm actin' light-skinned

Dbm A
Really dreamin' of cryin', I need me a Zion right here

D7M
Can't see 'em comin' down my eyes, so I write tears (Oh, oh, woa)

C#7M A
I think I might need some help (I don't feel like myself)
Gb
I don't feel like myself (I don't feel like myself)
Ab
I don't feel like myself (Anymore)
C#7M A
I think I might need some help
Gb
I don't feel like myself
Ab
I don't feel like myself