

Linkin Park - Good Goodbye (feat. Pusha T & Stormzy)

Tom: C

Refrão:

So say goodbye ^{Am} and hit the ^G road, pack it up and disappear ^{Em7} ^F

^F You better have some place to go, 'cause you can't come back around here

^{Am} Good goodbye (don't you come back no more)

Primeira Parte:

^{Am} Live from the rhythm, it's -- something wild, venomous

^F Enemies trying to read me, you're all looking highly illiterate

^{Am} Blindly forgetting if I'm in the mix, you won't find an equivalent

^F I've been here killing it, longer than you've been alive, you idiot

^{Am} And it makes you so mad, somebody else could be stepping in front of you

^F And it makes you so mad that you're not the only one, there's more than one of you

^{Am} And you can't understand the fact that it's over and done, hope you had

^F Fun, you've got a lot to discuss on the bus, headed back where you're from

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So say goodbye ^{Am} and hit the ^G road, pack it up and disappear ^{Em7} ^F

^F You better have some place to go, 'cause you can't come back around here

^{Am} Good goodbye (whoa, oh-oh-oh)

^{Em} Good goodbye (whoa, oh-oh-oh)

^{Am} Good goodbye (whoa, oh-oh-oh)

^{Em} Good goodbye (whoa, oh-oh-oh)

Segunda Parte:

^{Am} Goodbye, good riddance, a period is after every sentence

^F Did my time with my cellmate, maxed out so now we finished

^{Am} Every day was like a hail date, every night was like a hailstorm

^F Took her back to my tinted windows, showin' out, she in rare form

^{Am} Wings up, now I'm airborne, King Push, they got a chair for him

^F

Make way for the new queen, the old lineup, where they cheer for 'em

^{Am} Consequence when you ain't there for him, ^{Em} were you there for him?

^F Did you care for him, you were dead wrong N.C. (Don't you come back no more)

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^{Am} Good goodbye (whoa, oh-oh-oh)

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Terceira Parte:

^{Am} Yo, let me say goodbye to my demons, let me say goodbye to my past life

^F Let me say goodbye to the darkness, tell 'em that I'd rather be here in the starlight

^{Am} Tell 'em that I'd rather be here where they love me, tell 'em that I'm yours this is our life

^F And I still keep raising the bar like, never seen a young black brother in the chart twice

^{Dm} Goodbye to the stereotypes, you can't tell my kings we can't

^{Am} Mandem we're linking tings in parks, now I gotta tune with Linkin Park

^{Dm} Like goodbye to my old hoe?s, goodbye to the cold roads, I can't die for my postcode

^{Am} Young little Mike from the Gold Coast, and now I'm inside with my bro bro's

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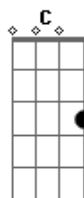
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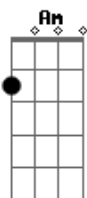
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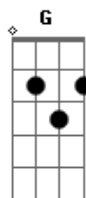
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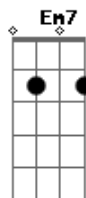
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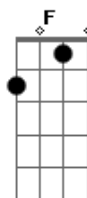
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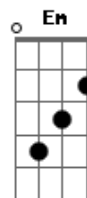
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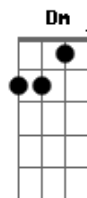
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