Lola Young - Messy

It's just one bottle of wine or two tom: Intro: D E But hey, you can't even talk DE You smoke weed just to help you sleep [Primeira Parte] Then why you're out getting stoned at four o'clock? D You know I'm impatient, so why would you And then you come home to me and don't say hello 'Cause I got high again and forgot to fold my clothes Leave me waiting outside the station When it was, like, minus four degrees and I [Refrão] I get what you're saying, I just 'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean Really don't wanna hear it right now You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been Can you shut up for, like, once in your life? Listen to me And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth I took your nice words of advice about I want to be me, is that not allowed? How you think I'm gonna die lucky if I turn thirty-three And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb Okay, so yeah, I smoke like a chimney You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month I'm not skinny and I pull a Britney every other week And I'm too perfect till I show you that I'm not But cut me some slack, who do you want me to be? A thousand people I could be for you [Refrão] And you hate the fucking lot You hate the fucking lot D F 'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean You hate the fucking lot You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been (D F) And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth (**D E**) (**D E**) I want to be me, is that not allowed? [Refrão] And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb D You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month Ooh, and I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean F And I'm too perfect till I show you that I'm not You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been A thousand people I could be for you And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth And you hate the fucking lot I want to be me, is that not allowed? You hate the fucking lot And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb You hate the fucking lot You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month Hey, hey And I'm too perfect till I show you that I'm not [Segunda Parte] A thousand people I could be for you And you hate the fucking lot It's taking you ages, still don't get the hint You hate the fucking lot I'm not asking for pages You hate the fucking lot D But one text or two would be nice, and please You hate the fucking lot Don't pull those faces You hate the fucking lot When I, I've been out working my ass off all day Acordes A



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