

Louis Tomlinson - Miss You

Tom: Eb

(com acordes na forma de C)

Capostrate na 3ª casa

Is it my imagination?

Is it something that I'm taking?

All the smiles that I'm faking
Everything is great
Everything is fucking great

Going out every weekend

Staring at the stars or the ceiling

Hollywood friends, got to see them
Such a good time
I believe it this time

Tuesday night

Glazed over eyes

Just one more pint or five
Does it even matter anyway?

We're dancing on tables

Till I'm off my face

With all of my people

And it couldn't get better, they say

We're singing 'til last call

And it's all out of tune

Should be laughing, but there's something wrong

And it hits you when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I miss you

Just like that and I'm sober

I'm asking myself: Is it over?

Maybe I was lying when I told you
Everything is great
Everything is fucking great

And all of these thoughts and the feelings

Chase you down if you don't need them

I've been checking my phone all evening

Such a good time
I believe it this time

Tuesday night

Glazed over eyes

Just one more pint or five
Does it even matter anyway?

We're dancing on tables

Till I'm off my face

With all of my people

And it couldn't get better, they say

We're singing 'til last call

And it's all out of tune

Should be laughing, but there's something wrong

And it hits you when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I miss you

Now I'm asking my friends if I should say I'm sorry

They say: Lad, give it time, there's no need to worry

I can't even be near the phone now

I can't even be with you alone now

Oh how, shit changes

We were in love

Now, we're strangers
When I feel it coming up I just throw that shit away

Get another two shots and it doesn't matter anyway

We're dancing on tables

Till I'm off my face

With all of my people

And it couldn't get better, they say

We're singing 'til last call

And it's all out of tune

Should be laughing, but there's something wrong

And it hits you when the lights go on

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Acordes

