

Mac Miller - Come Back To Earth

```
And what I won't tell you
                           tom:
                                                              I prolly never even tell myself
                                                              And don't you know that sunshine don't feel right
                            C7
                                                    F Em
My regrets look just like texts I shouldn't send
                                                              When you inside all day
And I got neighbors, they're more like strangers
                                                              I wish it was nice out, but it looked like rain
          Dm E7
We could be friends
                                                              Grey skies and I'm drifting, not living forever
Am C F
           Am Bb
I just need a way out of my head
                                                              They told me it only gets better
                      Am C7
I'll do anything for a way out
      F E
                                                              [Refrão]
Of my head
                                                                   C
                                                              My regrets look just like texts I shouldn't send
In my own way, this feel like living
         Dm Gm C7
                                                              And I got neighbors, they're more like strangers
Some alternate reality
                                                                        F E7
                                                              We could be friends
And I was drowning, but now I'm swimming
                                                                         Am
                                                              I just need a way out of my head
Through stressful waters to relief
                                                                       E
                                                              I'll do anything for a way out
Oh, the things I'd do
                                                                    F E7
                                                              Of my head
To spend a little time in hell
                                                              ( C Dm C )
```

Acordes

