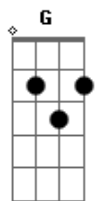


Morgan Wallen - Whiskey In Reverse

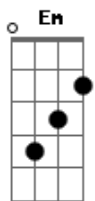
tom:
G

I'm sittin' on a rerun couch
Lookin' 'round at an empty house
Hungover, tryin' to figure out
Just how the hell that I got here
G
Can't blame it on Colorado
Tanqueray, no reposado
I could try but I know that I sure
Em D
Can't blame it on ice cold beer
C D Em
There's an empty Jack bottle by the coffee cup
D
Did a lot more hurt than good
C D Em
Girl, I know that I can't fill it back up
D
But if I could
G
You'd be backin' in the driveway
G
You'd be un-sayin': I'm leavin'
G
I'd be pullin' my fist from the drywall
Em D
Watchin' my bloody knuckles start healin'
G
I wouldn't have a worst enemy
G
I'd be un-slammin' that bedroom door
G
It'd be a better version of me
Em D
Like I used to be, like I was before
Am Bm G C
Your bags are packed and your keys were in your purse
Am D G
If I could drink whiskey in reverse
G
If I could keep turnin' back time
G
To my seventeen-self
G
And tell me the first pull of that stuff
Em
Will lead you to leavin'
D C

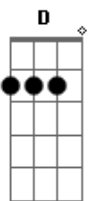
Acordes



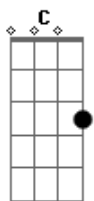
© ukulele-chords.com



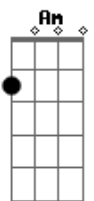
© ukulele-chords.com



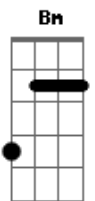
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com

I would've drank anything else
Oh, but that ain't the case
Em D D C
I took it down like a wild-eyed country boy would
D Em
Girl, and I know I can't fill it back up
D
But if I could
G
You'd be backin' in the driveway
G
You'd be un-sayin': I'm leavin'
G
I'd be pullin' my fist from the drywall
Em D
Watchin' my bloody knuckles start healin'
G
I wouldn't have a worst enemy
G
I'd be un-slammin' that bedroom door
G
It'd be a better version of me
Em D
Like I used to be, like I was before
Am Bm G C
Your bags are packed and your keys were in your purse
Am D Em
If I could drink whiskey in reverse
(D C Am D)
Em D
It's a damn shame, the Sun don't set in the East
C Am C
'Cause that's the only way, you'd ever come back to me
G
You'd be backin' in the driveway
G
You'd be un-sayin': I'm leavin'
G
I'd be pullin' my fist from the drywall
Em G D
Watchin' my bloody knuckles start healin'
G
I wouldn't have a worst enemy
G
I'd be un-slammin' that bedroom door
G
It'd be a better version of me
Em D
Like I used to be, like I was before
Am Bm G C
Your bags are packed and your keys were in your purse
Am D G
If I could drink whiskey in reverse