

My Chemical Romance - Na Na Na

Tom: B

(intro) Ab Eb Db Gb E Eb

Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

Ab
Drugs, gimme drugs, gimme drugs

I don't need them but I'll sell what you got Eb

Take the cash and I'll keep it eight legs to the wall Dbm

Hit the gas, kill 'em all Gb

Ab Eb
And we crawl, and we crawl, and we crawl
You be my detonator

Ab
Love, gimme love, gimme love

I don't need it but I'll take what I want Ebm

From your heart and I'll keep it in a bag Dbm

In a box, put an X on the floor Gb

Gimme more, gimme more, gimme more Ab

Eb
Shut up and sing it with me

(refrão)

B
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

From mall security to every enemy Gb

Abm E G
We're on your property standing in V formation

B Gb
let's blow an artery, eat plastic surgery

Abm E G
Keep your apology give us more detonation

(Abm)
(More! Gimme more! Gimme more!)

Ab
Oh, let me tell ya 'bout the sad man

Eb
Shut up and let me see your jazz hands

Db
Remember when you were a madman

Gb
Thought you was Batman

Ab
Hit the party with a gas can

Eb
Kiss me you animal

B
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

Gb
You run the company.

Abm
F like a Kennedy

E G
I think we'd rather be burning your information

B
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

Gb
Lets blow and artery

Abm
Eat plastic surgery

E G
Keep your apology give us more detonation

Abm G
And right here right now

Abm Dbm
All the way in Battery City

E D Ab
Little children, raise their open filthy palms

Abm G Gb
Like tiny daggers up to heaven

And all the juvee halls and Ritalin rats

Fm E
Ask angels made from neon and fcking garbage

G Abm
Scream out "What will save us?"

And the sky opened up

Eb
Everybody wants to change the world

Bm Db
Everybody wants to change the world

E Ebm
But no one, no one wants to die

Ab
Wanna try, wanna try, wanna try

Abm
Wanna try, wanna try, oh

Ab
I'll be your detonator

(B Gb Abm E G)

B
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

Gb
Make no apologies

Abm
It's death or victory

Ab
On my authority

E
Crash and burn

G
Young and loaded

B
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

Gb
Drop like a bullet shell

Abm
Dress like a sleeper cell

E G
I'd rather go to hell than be in purgatory

E G
Cut my hair gag and bore me

E G B
Pull this pin let this world explode

Acordes



