

NF - Home

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tom:
                                                                 Runnin' round in your yard, out on M-61
                A (forma dos acordes no tom de D )
Capostraste na 7º casa
                                                                 All the memories we made in that house growin' up
Intro: Cm7 G
                                                                 God, I miss it, would give anything just to be there again
Cryin' alone on the ride home drivin'
                                                                 [Pré-Refrão]
Just got the text you died
This doesn't feel real to me
                                                                 What's life without you? I don't wanna know
                                                                                Em7
                                                                 Goodbye, I'm not ready to sa-ay, so-o-o
Tryin', keep my mind off it
                                                                 [Refrão]
But I can't think about anything else
It's killing me slo-owly
                                                                 I'll just act like you're here
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                                 Call your phone up, leave a voicemail
                                                                          Em7
                   Em7
                                                                 And then text ya to call me back later, it's fine
What's life without you? I don't wanna know
                                                                           Cm7
                                                                 No need to rush, it's alright
                Em7
Goodbye, I'm not ready to sa-ay, so
                                                                 I'll stop by tomorrow to say hi
[Refrão]
                                                                 We could play cards until midnight
                                                                 This ain't the end, you're not gone
I'll just act like you're here
                                                                          Cm7
                                                                 You just found a new place to call
Call your phone up, leave a voicemail
And then text ya to call me back later, it's fine
                                                                    Home
         Cm7
No need to rush, it's alright
                                                                    Home
I'll stop by tomorrow to say hi
We could play cards until midnight
                                                                   Just found a new place to call
This ain't the end, you're not gone
                                                                    Home
You just found a new place to call
                                                                    Home
  Home
                                                                    Home
                                                                  C Cm7
  Home
                                                                 {Play one time and hold}
  Home
( C Cm7 )
                                                                 I'll just act like you're here
                                                                 Call your phone up, leave a voicemail
Comes and goes, hits in waves, one day I'll be okay
                                                                          Em7
                                                                 And then text ya to call me back later, it's fine
Then the next, I'm a mess, walkin' down memory lane
                                                       Cm7
                                                                 No need to rush, it's alright
Acordes
                                                                                Jkulele-chords.com
                                       ukulele-chords.com
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Reminiscin', feels like it was just yesterday we were kids