

Olivia Barton - Big Sad

tom:
Capostrate na 2ª casa

I cannot speed it up
But I can slow it down
The pace at which I let it all spill out
I am staring at the exit
I know the pathway to the door
But everybody knows I love a detour

I'm throwing tantrums
I'm picking fights with everyone I love

It's becoming clearer and clearer
Avoiding a hard thing is actually harder
It's becoming clearer and clearer
Avoiding a hard thing is actually harder

I liked it when I slammed the car door in your
Face
I stood up our best friends
And left you there to explain

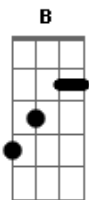
There is no dignity in self-selecting out of love
But I swear it's the only option
The moment the sadness comes

I'm throwing tantrums
I'm picking fights with everyone I love

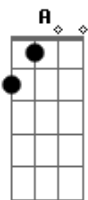
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Choosing the small sad for longer does no favors
Choosing the big sad for shorter sucks on paper
Then I lay with you, tell the truth
'Til I'm ugly crying
That didn't help to call myself 'ugly' while I'm crying
I'm pretty, I'm brave
And I did the best that I could today
It's becoming clearer and clearer
Avoiding a hard thing is actually harder

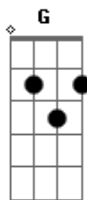
Acordes



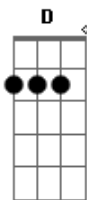
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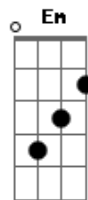
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