

Olivia Rodrigo - Pay Grade

tom:

Dm

Am

You call me every night and tell me that you feel like shit

I say "I'm?sorry,?is there any?way I can help with it?"

I?listen to you scream the world is simply your enemy

With death and taxes what's the point of tryna be happy

Dm

And I've had bad days bad years

Bad boys and bad careers

Am

But I'm still standing here

G

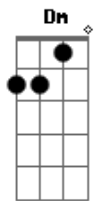
I understand you darling but at the end of the day

Dm

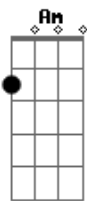
You just won't help yourself

Rather give someone else

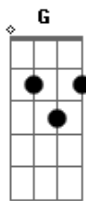
Acordes



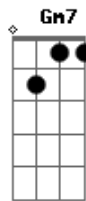
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com

Am

A glimpse into your hell

G

Pour all your problems on 'em

Just so you can walk away

Dm

Boy I'm too young

Gm7

To be your mother

Dm

Not smart enough

Gm7

To be your therapist either

Dm

And I'm always here if you needa talk

Gm7

But maybe first you should talk a walk

Dm

'Cause I'm not gonna make you change

Gm7

That's above my pay grade babe