

tom:

Dm

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?" Dm

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

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

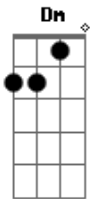
Am
But I'm still standing here

G
I understand you darling but at the end of the day

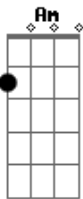
Dm
You just won't help yourself

Rather give someone else

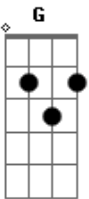
Acordes



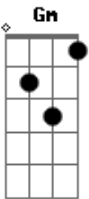
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Am
A glimpse into your hell
G
Pour all your problems on 'em

Just so you can walk away

Dm
Boy I'm too young

To be your mother Gm

Not smart enough **Dm**

To be your therapist either

And I'm always here if you needa talk

But maybe first you should talk a walk

'Cause I'm not gonna make you change

That's above my pay grade babe