

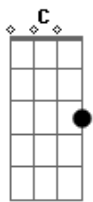
# Patrick Park - Something Pretty

Tom: C

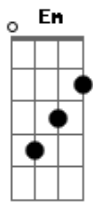
C Em  
Here I am, where I've been  
Am F  
I've walked a hundred miles in tobacco skin,  
Am Em Am A  
And my clothes are worn & gritty.  
C G Am  
And I know ugliness,  
Am G C  
Now show me something pretty.  
C Em  
I was a dumb punk kid with nothing to lose  
Am F  
And too much weight for walking shoes.  
Am Em Am A  
I could have died from being boring.  
C G Am  
As for loneliness,  
Am G C  
She greets me every morning.  
C Em  
At the most I'm a glare,  
Am F  
I'm the hopeless son who's hardly there.  
Am F  
I'm the open sign that's always busted.  
Am G  
I'm the friend you need, but can't be trusted.  
C Em  
At the most I'm a glare,

Am F  
I'm the hopeless son who's hardly there.  
Am F  
I'm the open sign that's always busted.  
Am G F  
I'm the friend you need, but can't be trusted.  
C Em  
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Am G F  
I'm the friend you need, but can't be trusted.

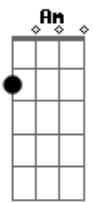
## Acordes



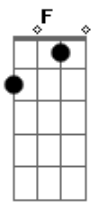
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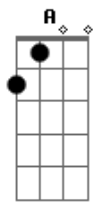
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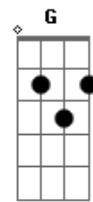
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