

Phoebe Bridgers - Chelsea

tom:
Capo: B (forma dos acordes no tom de G)
Intro: G C G
G C G

[Primeira Parte]

For a chemical imbalance, you sure know how to ride a train
Your revolution is a deathbed, and the music is your maid
When someone comes a knocking with a needle on a tray
Only your lonesome lies beside you
For you told me not to stay
You are somebody's baby
Some mother held you near
No it's not important, they're just pretty words, my dear
There is no distraction that can make me disappear
No there's nothing that won't remind you
I will always be right here

[Refrão]

And you spit the blood back, spit the blood back
Baby, I'm amazed that you're alright
Oh, so long prison boy, I won't be home with you tonight

[Interlúdio] G

[Segunda Parte]

We're both very sick, our muscles all worn down
It's as if we are one-hundred, I won't still be around

Am
Because I've fallen, yes I've fallen right into the love I

found

Long before I reach one-hundred
I'll have fallen to the ground
And for generations
They'll romance us, make us more
Or much less than ever was before, the Chelsea and the floor
Make us stand before the masses like two speakers for the poor
When there was no revolution
Nothing we were fighting for

[Refrão]

And you spit the blood back, spit the blood back
Baby, I'm amazed that you're alright
Oh, so long prison boy, I won't be home
I won't be home
I won't be home with you tonight

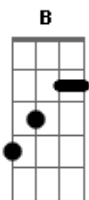
[Ponte]

And you can call the service bell
When we stay at the Chelsea hotel
And I'll stay out of my own hell

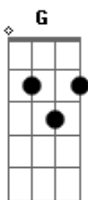
[Final]

Oh, so long prison boy, I won't be home
I won't be home
I won't be home with you tonight
Tonight

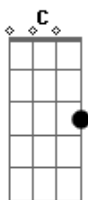
Acordes



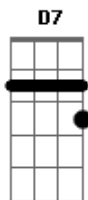
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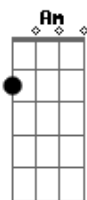
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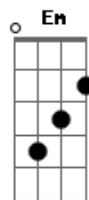
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