

Post Malone - Feeling Whitney

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Tom: C
                                                              Show no emotion, against your coding
                                                              And just act as hard as you can
                                                              You don't need a friend
                                                              Boy, you're the man
                                                              00 00 00 00 00 00 00
                                                              00 00 00 00 00 00
                                                              00 00 00 00 00 00
                                                              And I've been looking for someone that I can buy my drugs from
                                                              It seems like every plug ran east to Utah, became Mormons
   --0----0----ix5----0----
                                                              Drought comes around, feels like I have no one to depend on
                                                              Sober, ugh
                                                              I had 80 beers on Tuesday night, I had nothing to do with it
00 00 00 00 00 00
00 00 00 00 00 00
                                                              I put on a little Dwight and sang a happy tune
00 00 00 00 00 00
                                                              And lit a cigarette, stepped out the door, had an appearance
                                                              Drank more
And I've been looking for someone to put up with my bullshit
                                                              ( C7 )
I can't even leave my bedroom so I keep pouring
And I ain't seen the light of day since, well, that's not
                                                              To each their own and found peace in knowing
                                                              Ain't always broken, but here's to hoping
It's been long
                                                              Show no emotion, against your coding
And I was feeling Whitney, me and my homies sip like Houston
                                                              Just act as hard as you can
                                                              You don't need a friend
Cars and clothes, thought I was winning, you knew I was losing
You told me to wake up, oh, my clock always stays on snooze
                                                              Boy, you're the man
And I'm done
                                                              00 00 00 00 00 00 00
( C7 )
                                                              00 00 00 00 00 00
To each their own and found peace in knowing
                                                              00 00 00 00 00 00
Ain't always broken, but here's to hoping
                                                              ( C )
Acordes
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