

# ROLE MODEL - Writing's On The Wall

tom:  
Capo: 2ª casa (forma dos acordes no tom de Bm)

Dad's on the phone, and he's lecturing me  
'Bout a girl that he met back when he was nineteen  
It's never gonna work 'cause the puzzle won't piece  
Head out the window  
Sweat on my pillow  
It's been keeping me up at night  
Guess this is what love feels like, alright  
Seems like your shoulder  
Keeps getting colder  
But, babe, I was raised in the cold  
Wish I could do what I'm told

Ah, now  
Dad's on the phone, and he's lecturing me  
'Bout a girl that he met back when he was nineteen  
It's never gonna work 'cause the puzzle won't piece  
(Hey)

Son of a gun, but I know that he's right  
'Cause the girl that I love never treated me nice  
Writing's on the wall, I pretend I can't read  
You're forgetting me  
Losing my patience

Confusing the waitress  
And asking her way too much  
Like: Why am I still in love?

Somebody who leaves me

## Acordes

Way too easy

She said: Honey, you'll be alright  
But she gets paid to be nice

Ah, hell

Dad's on the phone, and he's lecturing me

'Bout a girl that he met back when he was nineteen

It's never gonna work 'cause the puzzle won't piece

(Hell yeah)

Son of a gun, but I know that he's right

'Cause the girl that I love never treated me nice

Writing's on the wall, I pretend I can't read

Ooh, you're forgetting me

[Solo]

Bm A D G  
Bm A D G  
Bm A D G

Ooh, you're forgetting me

Bm A D G  
Bm A D G  
Bm A D G

(E-e-ey)

(E-e-ey)

(E-e-ey)

Oh, you're forgetting me

Dad's on the phone, and he's lecturing me (e-e-ey)

'Bout a girl that he met back when he was nineteen

It's never gonna work 'cause the puzzle won't piece

(Ooh, you're forgetting me)

Son of a gun, but I know that he's right (e-e-ey)

'Cause the girl that I love never treated me nice (come on)

Writing's on the wall, I pretend I can't read (e-ey)

You're forgetting me

