

Sabrina Carpenter - Nonsense

tom:
 Capotraste na 1ª casa Ab (forma dos acordes no tom de G)
 Intro: C7M B7
 Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
 Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
 Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
 Oh, oh, oh
 Yeah

[Primeira Parte]

Think I only want one number in my phone
 I might change your contact to "Don't leave me alone"
 You said you like my eyes and you like to make 'em roll
 Treat me like a queen, now you got me feelin' throned, oh

[Pré-Refrão]

But I can't help myself when you get close to me
 Baby, my tongue goes numb, sounds like "Blee-blah-blee"
 I don't want no one else (No, no), baby, I'm in too deep
 Here's a little song I wrote (A song I wrote)
 It's about you and me (Me)

[Refrão]

I'll be honest
 Lookin' at you got me thinkin' nonsense
 Cartwheels in my stomach when you walk in
 And when you got your arms around me
 Oh, it feels so good
 I had to jump the octave
 I think I got an ex, but I forgot him
 And I can't find my chill, I must've lost it
 I don't even know, I'm talkin' nonsense
 I'm talkin', I'm talkin' (Ah-ah-ah), I'm talkin'

[Segunda Parte]

I'm talkin' all around the clock
 I'm talkin' hope nobody knocks
 I'm talkin' opposite of soft
 I'm talkin' wild, wild thoughts
 You gotta keep up with me

Acordes

I got some young energy
 I cop that L-O-V-E
 How do you do this to me?
 [Pré-Refrão]

But I can't help myself when you get close to me
 Baby, my tongue goes numb, sounds like "Blee-blah-blee"
 I don't want no one else (No, no), baby, I'm in too deep (Too deep)
 Here's a little song I wrote (A song I wrote)
 It's about you and me

[Refrão]

I'll be honest (Honest)
 Lookin' at you got me thinkin' nonsense (Nonsense)
 Cartwheels in my stomach when you walked in (When you walked in)
 When you got your arms around me
 Oh, it feel so good
 I had to hit the octave
 I think I got an ex, but I forgot him
 And I can't find my chill, I must've lost it
 I don't even know (Oh-oh), I'm talkin' nonsense
 I'm talkin', I'm talkin', I'm talkin'

[Ponte]

I'm talkin', I'm talkin', na-na-na
 I'm talkin' (Blah-blah, blah, blah-blah)
 Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah (Ah-ah)
 I don't even know it anymore
 (Oh-oh, oh-oh)

[Final]

This song catchier than chickenpox is
 I bet your house is where my other sock is
 Woke up this morning thought I'd write a pop hit (Ha, haha)
 How quickly can you take your clothes off? Pop quiz
 Hahaha
 That was not gonna make it

Ha, haha, haha
 Most of these aren't gonna make it

