

Seven Mary Three - Lucky

Tom: E

Abm Gbm E
Mean Mr. Mustard says he's bored of life in the district
Abm Gbm E
Can't afford the French Quarter High, says it gets old real quick
Abm Gbm E
And he pales up next to me, scrawled on the pavement
Abm Gbm E
He says son, time is all the luck you need

B B
But if I stay lucky then my tongue 'll stay tied
Abm Gbm E
And I won't betray the things that I hide
B B
There's not enough years underneath this build
Abm Gbm E
For me to admit the way that I felt

Abm Gbm E
Mean Mr. Mustard says don't be the wave that crashes
Abm Gbm E
From a sea of discontent, he says he's wrestled with that blanket
Abm Gbm E
It leaves you cold and wet, anyway you stretch it
Abm Gbm E
Divine apathy, the disease of my youth, watch that you don't catch it

Gbm
Down the wave that crashes, from
E
A sea that turns itself
Gbm
Inside out every chance I get
E
See what it's like in hell, yeah yeah

Acordes

