

## **Shaya Zamora - Please Don't Leave**

```
If a child's evil from his youth
                tom:
Intro: C
                                                               I guess we're all born in the fire
[Primeira Parte]
                                                               [Ponte]
                                                                               Am
Sick of the devil, feeding me them lies
                                                               Got a lot on my heart at the moment
                                                               No, I need something to free my soul
I swear that I felt God on that Thursday night
Grab my hand and you held it tight
                                                               Remember these are all the things I prayed about
                                                               Oh Lord, I finally got a car but I can't seem to drive it home
I've never felt that safe in my whole dang life
I've never done good but I swear
                                                               [Refrão]
Jesus, I'll try
                                                                  \mathsf{Am}
[Refrão]
                                                               Oh, my heart praises
        Am G C
                                                               Jesus
Hold my hand
                                                               My heart praises
Don't you leave
       Am G
                                                               Jesus
Oh, this darkness cannot fool me
                                                               Am G
                                                                       С
                                                               Oh oh oh oh
Oh, this darkness cannot fool me
                                                               Can't let this darkness fool me
[Segunda Parte]
                                                               Oh oh oh oh
                                                                       Am G C
                                                               Hold my hand
Never was the type to believe in fairy tales
                                                                          Am G C
But Lord I know you're real
                                                               Don't you leave
'Cause nothing here on earth could make me feel the way I feel
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## Acordes

