

Sticky Fingers - Rum Rage

Tom: D

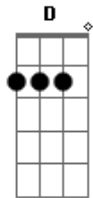
m

It takes a beaten up animal to put em all away
 Rushing me around and sending me astray
 Don't you lie to me, yes we finally
 Got a handle on the doors we open and shut
 Packing up my suitcase, cause I'm going far away
 I'm going to a place where the credit cards
 Don't decline on me, yes we finally
 Got a handle on the doors we open and shut
 She took her time
 Took my mind
 But forget mine
 Me in my frame of mind
 We took our time
 C Am Dm

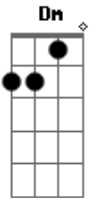
But she took mine

We're remotely secluded in this far away place
 Heading to a land where everything is okay
 Don't think suddenly that you and me
 Got a handle on the doors we open and close
 Can you take a little time ego balance your ways
 Cause everything we do and we put on display
 Maybe you and me are a little the same
 So what do you think of-a what we've made?
 She took her time
 Took my mind
 But forget mine
 Me in my frame of mind
 We took our time
 But she took mine

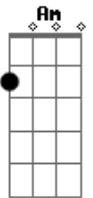
Acordes



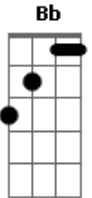
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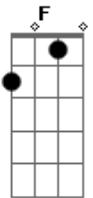
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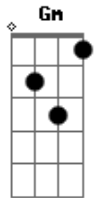
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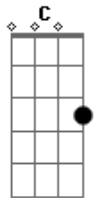
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