

# The Pretty Reckless - 25

tom:

Intro: B G Ab G  
B G Ab A

[Primeira Parte]

B G Ab G  
Year one, was lots of fun  
B G Ab G  
But nothin' lasts forever in my dreams  
B G Ab G  
And two, I followed you  
B G Ab G  
Because you knew the way or so it seemed  
B G Ab G  
And three, I still believed  
B G Ab G  
That we would be becoming destiny  
B G Ab G  
And four, I wanted more  
B G Ab A  
But you were movin' on to better things

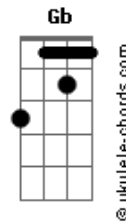
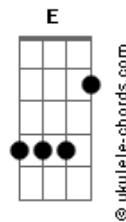
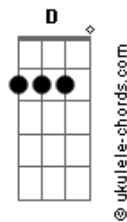
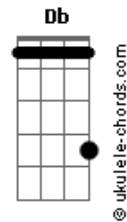
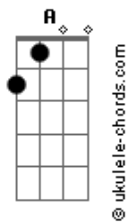
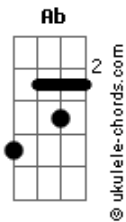
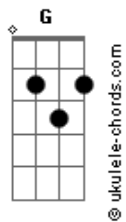
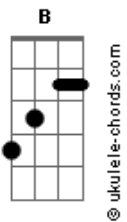
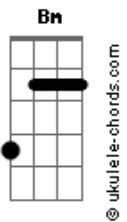
[Refrão]

B Db D E  
At twenty-five, and still alive  
Gb G Ab A  
Much longer than expected for a man  
B Db D E  
At twenty-five, all hope has died  
G D Gb  
And the glass of my intentions turns to sand  
B G Ab G  
And shatters in my hand  
B G Ab A  
Oh, oh, oh

[Segunda Parte]

B  
Five to six, a lie, a kiss  
B  
The secrets that were served we'd never say  
B  
Skip to eight, we called it fate  
B  
To live, to let us die another day  
B G Ab G  
And nine, I saw the signs  
B G Ab G  
Reflected in the barrel of a gun  
B G Ab G  
Ten, we're here again

## Acordes



B G Ab A  
Those who loved me burned up in the sun

[Refrão]

B Db D E  
At twenty-five, and still alive  
Gb G Ab A  
Much longer than expected for a man  
B Db D E  
At twenty-five, all hope has died  
G D Gb  
And the glass of my intentions turns to sand  
B G Ab G  
And shatters in my hand  
B G Ab A  
Shatters in my hand

[Ponte]

D A B A G Gb E A  
From eleven, twelve, I held the future in my grasp  
D A B A G Gb E A  
And all through my teens, I screamed I may not live much  
past  
B G Ab G  
Twenty-one, two, three, four  
B G Ab G  
Twenty-one, two, three, four  
B G Ab G  
Twenty-one, two, three, four  
One, two, three, four

[Refrão]

B Db D E  
At twenty-five, and still alive  
Gb G Ab A  
Much longer than expected for a man  
B Db D E  
At twenty-five, all hope has died  
G D  
And the glass of my intentions  
A B  
The glass of my intentions  
G D Gb  
The glass of my intentions turns to sand  
B G Ab G  
And shatters in my hand

( B G Ab G )

B G Ab G  
Shatters in my hand  
B G Ab  
In my hand