

Theory Of A Deadman - Hate My Life

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Tom: Db
                                                                My boss is a dick
                                                                I don't get paid nearly enough
 (forma dos acordes no tom de D )
                                                                To put up with all of his shit
                            Afinação: Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb
                                                                (refrão)
So sick of the hobos
                                                                Well I hate my job, all my rich friends
Always beggin' for change
                                                                I hate everyone to the bitter end
I don't like how I gotta work
                                                                Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
                                                                I hate my life
And they just sit around and get paid
                                                                (solo)
I hate all of the people
                                                                ( D A G D )
Who can't drive their cars
                                                                I hate that I can't tell
                                                                When a girl's underage
Bitch you better get out of the way
                                                                And how when I tell her she's a nice piece of ass
                                                                Then her daddy punches me in the face
Before I, start falling apart
                                                                So if you're pissed like me
                                                                Bitches here's what you've gotta do
I hate how my wife
                                                                Put your middle fingers up in the air
                                                                Go on and say 'Fuck you'
Is always up my ass
                                                                (refrão)
She always wants to buy brand new things
                                                                Well I hate my job, all my rich friends
But I, don't have the cash
                                                                I hate everyone to the bitter end
(refrão)
                                                                Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
Well I hate my job, all my rich friends
                                                                I hate my life
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
                                                                So much at stake
I hate my life
                                                                Can't catch a break
( D A G D )
                                                                I hate my life
How come I never get laid?
Nice guys always lose
                                                                No there's nothing new
How could she have another headache?
                                                                And it sucks to be you
There's always some kind of excuse
I still hate my job
                                                                I fucking hate my life
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Acordes

