

Twenty One Pilots - Center Mass

tom:
 Right (I figured out how it's on it)
 Right this way (it goes)
 Right
 Rights this way (my death)
 (Girl, I really don't think you should take that) (Josh Dun)
 A little softer than I used to be, (right..)
 Used to mouth off often with artillery
 Now, it is cough drops and soft spots in a middle seat
 Right this way
 Chivalry
 A tighter space than I used to know, (right)
 Spread out wide, no more
 Pinch my shoulders close
 Hoping they misplace my reservation
 Right this way. Okay, okay
 "I thought you had it figured it out" I know, I know
 "You said you made it to the top" I lied, I lied
 So tell us, how did you make out alright?
 [Refrão]
 Well, I pull on my shirtsleeve
 To cover half of my hands
 Bring my arms closer to my body
 Get as small as I can
 They call it "center mass"
 That part they aim for
 Shrink it down to nothing
 And forgetting what the pain's for
 I pull on my shirtsleeve
 To cover half of my face
 Bring my arms closer to my body
 Get as small as they say
 They call it "center mass"
 That part they aim for
 Shrink it down to nothing
 And forgetting what the pain's for
 I pull on my shirtsleeve
 To cover half of my face
 Bring my arms closer to my body
 Get as small as they say
 They call it "center mass"
 That part they aim for for, for, for
 [Segunda Parte]
 Right this way if you're frustrated
 Your first mate in the fifth grade
 Tried to persuade, try it once, he was shown on the bus

Right this way, Chains up my huff
 Anxious enough as it is, gotta walk
 Never looking up once at the kids in the park
 What a day. Getting dark. What a day!
 Right this way. Okay, okay
 "I thought you had it figured it out" I know, I know
 "You said you made it to the top" I lied, I lied
 So, tell us, how did you make out alright?
 [Refrão]
 Well, I pull on my shirt sleeve
 To cover half of my hands
 Bring my arms closer to my body
 Get as small as I can
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 Shrink it down to nothing
 And forgetting what the pain's for
 That part they aim for
 [Post-Refrão]
 Found out what I'm worth
 I run to you
 I hope you understand
 This run-on sentence
 My tattoos only hurt when meaning fades
 I think my skin got worse with good intentions
 I don't wanna say what happened
 I just wanna let it go
 Nothing was the same right after
 I went to the funeral
 I miss you so, so much
 Take what you want

F
 Take what you want from me
Gm
 Took you for granted
 [Final] **Dm Bb Dm Bb**
Dm

They call it "center mass"
Bb
 That part they aim for
Dm Bb
 That part they aim for
Dm Bb
 That part they aim for
Dm Bb
 That part they aim for

Acordes

D

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G

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A

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Bb

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Dm

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C

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F

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Gm

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Am

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Bbn

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Cn

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