

Twenty One Pilots - Stressed Out

```
Tom: Bb
                                                                My name's Blurryface, and I care what you think
                                                                CHORUS
 (com acordes na forma de G )
Capostraste na 3ª casa
Intro: C Am Em Em
                                                                Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
                                                                When our mommas sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out
 I wish I found some better sounds no one's ever heard
                                                                Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
 I wish I had a better voice and sang some better words
                                                                When our mommas sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out
 I wish I found some chords in an order that is new
                                                                               C Am Em Em
                                                                We're stressed out
 I wish I didn't have to rhyme every time I sang
 I was told when I get older all my feels would shrink
                                                                 We used to play pretend, give each other different names
                                                                 We would build a rocket ship and then we'd it fly far away
 But now I'm insecure, and I care what people think
                                                                 Used to dream of outer space but now they're laughing at our
 My name's Blurryface, and I care what you think
                                                                face saying
 My name's Blurryface, and I care what you think
                                                                 "Wake up you need to make money"
CHORUS
                                                                 We used to play pretend, give each other different names
 Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
                                                                 We would build a rocket ship and then we'd it fly far away
 When our mommas sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out
                                                                Used to dream of outer space but now they're laughing at our
                                                                face saying
 Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
                                                                 G
                                                                 "Wake up you need to make money"
                                       Fm
 When our mommas sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out
                C Am Em Em
                                                                CHORUS
 We're stressed out
                                                                Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
                                Am
                                                                                                       Fm
 Sometimes a certain smell will take me back to when I was
                                                                When our mommas sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out
                                                                 Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
 How come I'm never able to identify where it's coming from
                                                                                                       Em
                                                                When our mommas sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out
 I'd make a candle out of it, if I ever found it
                                                                               C Am Em Em
                                                                We're stressed out
 Try to sell it, never sell out of it, I'd probably only ever
sell one
                                                                We used to play pretend, used to play pretend, money
 I'd give it to my brother because we have the same nose
                                                                We used to play pretend, wake up, you need the money
 Same clothes, home grown, the stones thrown from the creek we
                                                                We used to play pretend, used to play pretend, money
used to roam
 But it would remind of when nothing really mattered
                                                                We used to play pretend, wake up, you need the money
                                                                 We used to play pretend, give each other different names
 Out of student loans and tree house homes, we all would take
the ladder
                                                                 We would build a rocket ship and then we'd it fly far away
 My name's Blurryface, and I care what you think
                                                                Used to dream of outer space but now they're laughing at our
                                                                face saying
                                                                 Fm
                                                                 "Wake up you need to make money"
```

Acordes

