

Wrabel - The Village

Tom: F

Intro: Bb Dm F Am

No, your mom don't get it

And your dad don't get it

Uncle John don't get it

And you can't tell grandma

'Cause her heart can't take it

And she might not make it

They say, "Don't dare, don't you even go there

Cutting off your long hair, you do as you're told"

Tell you, "Wake up, go put on your makeup

This is just a phase you're gonna outgrow"

There's something wrong in the village

In the village, oh

They stare in the village

In the village, oh

There's nothing wrong with you

It's true, it's true

There's something wrong with the village

With the village

There's something wrong with the village

Feel the rumors follow you from Monday

all the way to Friday dinner

You got one day of shelter

then it's Sunday hell to pay

you young lost sinner

Well I've been there, sitting in that same chair

Whispering that same prayer half a million times

It's a lie though, buried in disciples

One page of the Bible isn't worth a life

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With the village

There's something wrong with the village

(Bb Dm F Am)

(Bb Dm F C)

(Bb Dm F Am)

(Bb Dm F Am)

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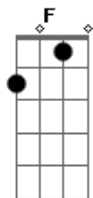
It's true, it's true

There's something wrong with the village

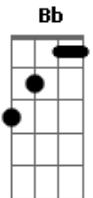
With the village

There's something wrong with the village

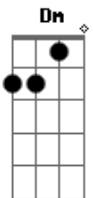
Acordes



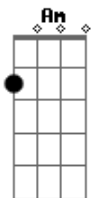
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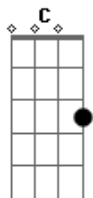
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