

Yonlu - Cut Myself Of

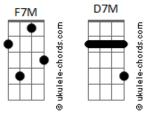
tom: Bm Am You fall around these thoughts Bm Where you made me come, dear Am Bm Leave all the days behind that made you run

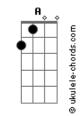
B#m I shall forget the days that you told me to

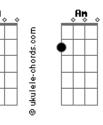
I was such a waste when I cut myself out

Now the fall is over baby

Acordes







You'll descend but at a rate you'll find is slow And all these times afraid to walk the room F7M D7M That you have to take, there is no other way A7 G7 It's forces far above you, though you want me to Aadd9 Fb I'll decorate these heights, I'll make it fit right

Somehow we wait from old to young

Now the word is small

All the way, ooh

