

Yoñlu - Cut Myself Of

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

You'll descend but at a rate you'll find is slow
 B#m Bbm
 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

Acordes

