

# 3 Doors Down - Loser

Tom: Gb

This will fall away, this will fall away

Versão 1  
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Intro: dução

Versão 2  
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Versos

(Gb D )  
Breathe in right away,  
nothing seems to fill this place  
I need this every time,  
take your lies get off my case  
Some day I will find,  
a love that flows Through me like this  
This will fall away,  
this will fall away

Refrão : E Gb D (ouça a música, o ritmo é fácil)

Após o segundo refrão:

Bridge

Riff junto com os Power Chords: Gb A C B E F Gb

As últimas vezes que esse riff é tocado,  
use o recurso de palm muting para abafar as cordas

Solo: (sobre o riff do verso)

(Gb D ) Algumas vezes

Notação:  
h = hammer-on  
p = pull-off  
/ = slide  
~ = sustente a nota  
X = corda abafada

(E Gbm E Gbm D E ) Power Chords  
You're getting closer,  
to pushing me Off of life's little edge  
Cause I'm a loser  
and sooner or later You know I'll be dead  
You're getting closer,  
you're holding the rope and I'm taking the fall  
Cause I'm a loser,I'm a loser, yeah

Letra:  
Breathe in right away, nothing seems to fill this place  
I need this every time, take your lies get off my case  
Some day I will find, a love that flow through me like this  
This will fall away, this will fall away

(Gb D )  
This is getting old,  
I can't break these Chains that I hold  
My body's growing cold,  
there's nothin Left of this mind or my soul  
Addiction needs a pacifier,  
the buzz of This poison is taking me higher  
This will fall away, this will fall away

You're getting closer, to pushing me off of life's little edge  
Cause I'm a loser and sooner or later you know I'll be dead  
You're getting closer, you're holding the rope and I'm taking  
the fall  
Cause I'm a loser, I'm a loser, yeah

(E Gbm E Gbm D E ) Power Chords  
You're getting closer,  
to pushing me Off of life's little edge  
Cause I'm a loser  
and sooner or later You know I'll be dead  
You're getting closer,  
you're holding the rope and I'm taking the fall  
Cause I'm a loser,I'm a loser. (I'm a loser...)

This is getting old, I can't break these chains that I hold  
My body's growing cold, there's nothin' left of this mind or  
my soul  
Addiction needs a pacifier, the buzz of this poison is taking  
me higher

## Acordes

