

# Alessia Cara - My Kind

tom:

Intro: Eb Bm7 G Cm Cm7

Do you recall the days at your old place?  
 Playing with Troll dolls to scare the kids away  
 My closet was a time machine, yours a stage  
 I wish we told those little girls they're gonna be okay  
 Still picture it all in my mind  
 Making the campfire out of broken flashlights  
 Jealous of your high tops 'cause someone stole mine  
 Wish somebody would've told me that would be alright

My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend  
 And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end  
 My kind of fun doesn't make any sense  
 And my kind of love, you won't ever forget  
 My kind of time's meant to carelessly spend  
 And my kind of nights are the one's that don't end  
 My kind of fun doesn't make any sense  
 And my kind of love, you won't ever forget

Do you remember all the cartoons at midnight?  
 Like the one about the crass-humoured French guy  
 And what about you, Mr. Poetry?  
 And what about all that we built in just a couple weeks?  
 Talkin' 'bout all of our fears through a cracked screen  
 Picking little fights over falling asleep  
 I wish you knew I loved you when you knew you loved me

Really wish I knew you sooner than my 20s

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I'm a product of the who's, when's, and how's  
 Those who let go and those who stuck around  
 I wish somebody would've told me I'd be here now  
 'Cause this kind of life is one to sing about (oh yeah)

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( Eb Bm7 )

My kind of love you, won't ever forget  
 Wish somebody would've told me that would be alright

## Acordes

