Arctic Monkeys - Crying Lightning

Tom: C
Intro: 2x: Am F Am E Am G C E

Am F Am E
Outside the cafe by the cracker factory
Am G C E
You were practicing a magic trick
Am F Am E
And my thoughts got rude, as you talked and chewed
Am G C E
On the last of your pick and mix
Am F
Am E
Said your mistaken if your thinking that I haven't been called cold before
Am G C E
As you bit into your strawberry lace
Am F
Am E
And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper
Am G C
E
Is all you have left and it was going to waste

Am
Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I love that little game you had called
Crying lightning
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy afternoons

(Am)

Am F
The next time that I caught my own reflection
Am E
It was on it's way to meet you
Am G C E
Thinking of excuses to postpone
Am F
You never look like yourself from the side
Am E
But your profile did not hide
Am G C
E
The fact you knew I was approaching your throne
Am F
Am
With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache

E Am G
C E
Stood and puff your chest out like you never lost a war
Am F Am
E
And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction
Am G C
E
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw

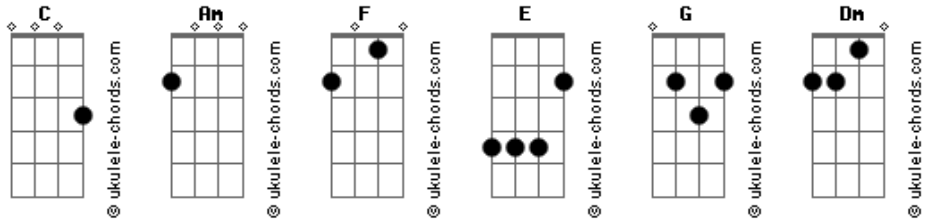
F Dm
And your past-times, consisted of the strange
Am
And twisted and deranged
F
And I hate that little game you had called
Dm
Crying lightning
Am
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons
F Dm
Uninviting
Am
But not half as impossible as everyone assumes
F Dm
You are crying lightning

Solo: Am F Am E Am F Am E

Am
Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called

F Dm
Crying lightning
Am
Crying lightning
F Dm
Crying lightning
Am
Crying lightning
F Dm
Your past-times, consisted of the strange
Am
And twisted and deranged
F
And I hate that little game you had called
Dm
Crying

Acordes



Oferecimento Lojalele.com.br