

Ariana Grande - Hampstead

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tom:
Intro: C E Am F C
                                                               I don't remember too much of the last year
                                                               But I knew who I was when I got here
I left my heart at a pub in Hampstead
                                                                'Cause I'm still the same, but only entirely different
And I misplaced my mind in a good way
                                                               And my lover's just some lines in some songs
Threw away my reputation, but saved us more heartache
                                                               (Mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm)
Yes, I know it seems fucked up, and you're right
                                                               You think you've read the book I'm still writing
But quite frankly, you're still wrong about everything
                                                               I can't imagine wanting so badly to be right
So far off, your seat's nowhere near the table
                                                               Guess I'm forever on your mind
But I find something sweet in your peculiar behavior
                                                               I wonder why
'Cause I think to be so dumb must be nice
I do, I do, I do, I do
                                                               What's wrong with a little bit of poison?
                                                               Tell me (tell me)
What makes you think you're even invited?
                                                               I would rather feel everything than
The doors are closed with lights off inside and all the while
                                                               Nothing every time (every time, every time)
There's no one home, you're still outside
                                                               Uh-uh, fear me, stranger (stranger)
I wonder why
                                                               A little bit of sugar (sugar), danger (danger)
What's wrong with a little bit of poison? Tell me
                                                               I'd rather be seen and alive than dying by your point of view
I would rather feel everything than nothing every time
                                                               (point of view)
Uh-uh, fear me, stranger
                                                               Rather be swimming with you than drowning in a crowded room
A little bit of sugar, danger
                                                               I do, I do, I do, I do
I'd rather be seen and alive than dying by your point of view
Acordes
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I do, I do, I do, I do