

## **Beyoncé - Pretty Hurts**

```
Tom: Db
                                                              hurts
(forma dos acordes no tom de B )
Capostraste na 2º casa
Intro: A Cm Gbm E
         Cm
Mama said: you're a pretty girl
What's in your head, it doesn't matter
               Cm
Brush your hair, fix your teeth
Gbm E
What you wear is all that matters
Just another stage, pageant the pain away
                                                              that needs surgery)
              Cm
This time I'm gonna take the crown
              Е
Without falling down, down
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse
                                                              past
          Cm
                       Gbm E
Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty
                Gbm
                                                                       Cm
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse
Trying to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs the surgery
                                                                               Cm
Blonder hair, flat chest
        E
TV says bigger is better
           Cm
South beach, sugar free
                                                              And you're lying in your bed
Vogue says thinner is better
                                                                            Α
          Cm
Just another stage
                                                                           Ghm
                                                              Are you happy with yourself
Pageant the pain away
           Cm
This time I'm gonna take the crown
                                                                          Gbm
                                                              The illusion has been shed
Without falling down, down
                                                                       Gbm
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse
                                                              Are you happy with yourself?
                           Gbm
                                                              Yes
```

Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse Trying to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see It's the soul that needs the surgery Ain't got no doctor or pill that can take the pain away The pain's inside and nobody frees you from your body It's the soul, it's the soul that needs surgery (It's my soul Plastic smiles and denial can only take you so far Then you break when the fake façade leaves you in the dark You left with shattered mirrors and the shards of a beautiful Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse E Gbm Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse Trying to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see It's the soul that needs the surgery When you're alone all by yourself F Reflection stares right into you You stripped away the masquerade Are you happy with yourself?

## **Acordes**

