

# Beyoncé - Pretty Hurts

Tom: Db

(forma dos acordes no tom de B )

Capostrate na 2ª casa

Intro: A Cm Gbm E

A Cm  
Mama said: you're a pretty girl  
Gbm E  
What's in your head, it doesn't matter  
A Cm  
Brush your hair, fix your teeth  
Gbm E  
What you wear is all that matters  
A Cm Gbm E  
Just another stage, pageant the pain away  
A Cm  
This time I'm gonna take the crown  
Gbm E  
Without falling down, down

A Cm Gbm E  
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse  
A Cm Gbm E  
Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty hurts  
A Cm Gbm E  
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse  
A Cm Gbm  
Trying to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see  
E  
It's the soul that needs the surgery

A Cm  
Blonder hair, flat chest  
Gbm E  
TV says bigger is better  
A Cm  
South beach, sugar free  
Gbm E  
Vogue says thinner is better  
A Cm  
Just another stage  
Gbm E  
Pageant the pain away  
A Cm  
This time I'm gonna take the crown  
Gbm E  
Without falling down, down

A Cm Gbm E  
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse  
A Cm Gbm E

Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty hurts  
A Cm Gbm E  
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse  
A Cm Gbm  
Trying to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see  
E  
It's the soul that needs the surgery

Cm  
Ain't got no doctor or pill that can take the pain away  
Gbm  
The pain's inside and nobody frees you from your body  
A E  
It's the soul, it's the soul that needs surgery (It's my soul that needs surgery)  
Cm  
Plastic smiles and denial can only take you so far  
Gbm  
Then you break when the fake façade leaves you in the dark  
A E  
You left with shattered mirrors and the shards of a beautiful past

A Cm Gbm E  
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse  
A Cm Gbm E  
Perfection is a disease of a nation, pretty hurts, pretty hurts  
A Cm Gbm E  
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worse  
A Cm Gbm  
Trying to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see  
E  
It's the soul that needs the surgery

A Cm  
When you're alone all by yourself  
Gbm E  
And you're lying in your bed  
A Cm  
Reflection stares right into you  
Gbm E  
Are you happy with yourself  
A Cm  
You stripped away the masquerade  
Gbm E  
The illusion has been shed  
A Cm  
Are you happy with yourself?  
Gbm E  
Are you happy with yourself?  
Yes

## Acordes

