

Boyce Avenue - Chained To The Rhythm

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Tom: Ab
                                                                Pré-Chorus:
                                                                      D G
                                                                      So put
 (com acordes na forma de G )
Capostraste na 1º casa
                                                                                    Fm
                                                                Your rose-colored glasses on
Intro:
    Em
                                                                And party on
Are we crazy?
                    Am
                                                                Chorus:
Living our lives through a lens
                                                                Turn it up, it's your favorite song
Trapped in our white picket fence, like ornaments
                                                                Dance, dance, dance to the distortion
So comfortable, we're living in a bubble, bubble
                                                                Turn it up, keep it on repeat
So comfortable, we cannot see the trouble, trouble
                                                                Stumbling around like a wasted zombie
Aren't you lonely?
                                                                YEAH! We think we're free, drink, this one's on me
                                                                We're all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
Up there in utopia
Where nothing will ever be enough
                                                                Turn it up, it's your favorite song
Happily numb
                                                                Dance, dance, dance to the distortion
So comfortable, we're living in a bubble, bubble
                                                                Turn it up, keep it on repeat
So comfortable, we cannot see the trouble, trouble
                                                                Stumbling around like a wasted zombie
Pré-Chorus:
                                                                YEAH! We think we're free, drink, this one's on me
      D G
      So put
                                                                We're all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
Your rose-colored glasses on
                                                                Bridge:
And party on
                                                                It is my desire
Chorus:
                                                                Break down the walls to connect, inspire
Turn it up, it's your favorite song
                                                                Up in your high place, liars
Dance, dance, dance to the distortion
                                                                Time is ticking for the empire
Turn it up, keep it on repeat
                                                                The truth they feed is feeble
Stumbling around like a wasted zombie
                                                                As so many times before
YEAH! We think we're free, drink, this one's on me
                                                                They greed over the people
We're all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
                                                                They stumbling and fumbling and we about to riot
Turn it up, it's your favorite song
                                                                They woke up, they woke up the lions
Dance, dance, dance to the distortion
                                                                Chorus:
Turn it up, keep it on repeat
                                                                Turn it up, it's your favorite song
Stumbling around like a wasted zombie
                                                                Dance, dance, dance to the distortion
YEAH! We think we're free, drink, this one's on me
                                                                Turn it up, keep it on repeat
We're all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
                                                                Stumbling around like a wasted zombie
                                                                YEAH! We think we're free, drink, this one's on me
Verse 2:
                                                                We're all chained to the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm
Are we tone deaf?
Keep sweeping it under the mat
                                                                It goes on, and on, and on
Thought we could do better than that
I hope we can
                                                                It goes on, and on, and on
So comfortable, we're living in a bubble, bubble
                                                                It goes on, and on, and on
                                                                          (G)(D)
So comfortable, we cannot see the trouble, trouble
                                                                'Cause we're all chained to the rhythm
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Acordes

