Brandon Jenner - Death Of Me

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Tom: Gb
                                                              You'd be the death of me
                                                                                Gbm A E B
                                                              You'd be the death of me
m
Intro: Gbm A E B
                                                                                                     Gb
                                                              I'm so damn thirsty but your love ain't free
My emotions are swimming through the oceans
                                                              Gbm
       F
                           R
                                                                                      Bm
On the hunt for somethin' to eat
                                                              Thank God my instinct's looking over me
                          Α
                                                                                                Gbm
Feelin' kinda naughty, they circle 'round your body
                                                              There's something special 'bout the way that you move
                     В
   F
So entranced by your heartbeat
                                                              I'd love to have you all to myself
They inch a little closer, creep a little lower
                                                              But somehow, I know I would end up dead
     F
                            B
On the now that comes after three
                                                              Gbm
                                                              There's no rhyme or reason for feelin' what I'm feelin'
B
If they move in for the slaughter, cloud up all the Waters
                                                                                          B
                                                              No chance I could rinse and repeat
I know, you'd be the death of me
                                                                    Gbm
                                                                                              A
                                                              I'm just sizing up your love, the pain I'm thinkin' of
                   Gbm A E B
                                                                    F
                                                                                            B
You'd be the death of me
                                                              Is it worth something so damn sweet?
                   Gbm A E B
                                                                     Gb
                                                                                            Α
You'd be the death of me
                                                              I could let myself surrender, become the great pretender
                                                                     Gb
                                                                             B
                                                              F.
Gbm
                                                              Deny my own decease
I know it's juvenile, dream about your style
                                                                     Gbm
                                                                                         Α
    E
                                                              You look so beautiful at my empty funeral
Your smile really brings on the heat
                                                                  F
       Gbm
I'm just so preoccupied with being satisfied
                                                              You know, you were the death of me
  E
                         В
My eyes practice being discrete
                                                                                 Gbm A E
 Gbm
                            Α
                                                              You were the death of me
We could meet up in the lobby, treat it as a hobby
                                                                                 Gbm A E
                                                                                           B
        F
                          R
                                                              You were the death of me
Down the hall, insert the key
                                                                                 Gbm A E
                                                                                           B
                                                              You were the death of me
         Gb
                            Α
In that itty-bitty room, I'd be lying in my tomb
                                                                                 Gbm A E B
                                                              You were the death of me
                           B
I know, you'd be the death of me
                                                                                 Gbm E
                                                              You were the death of me
                   Gbm A E B
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Acordes

