

## **Carlie Hanson - Toxins**

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I don't know where it comes from
                                                                                                         tom:
                                                            A (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
Capostraste na 2ª casa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              It happens two, three times a week
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Ain't got no money in my jeans
I miss my mom but I don't call her enough
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              So help me out, I need to breathe
But I still got time to get higher than the sun though
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Help me out, I need to breathe
                                                                                                      Am
I go to parties but don't know how to talk, how to talk
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Take a ride inside your whip
But you either
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I pass the aux, you pass the spliff
I overthink until I can't open up
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              We can escape into the bliss
So we just lay here fading into our thoughts, oh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              We can escape into the bliss
You say you're okay but I know that you're not, no, you're
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I don't need nothing but you and your toxins
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Am
But me either
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I don't need nothing but you and your toxins
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Your toxins
I see you two, three times a week
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Toxins, toxins
Ain't got no money in my jeans
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              C Am E
Yeah you, just you and, just you
So help me out, I need to breathe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Toxins, toxins
Help me out, I need to breathe
Take a ride inside your whip
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Two, three times a week
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             No money in my jeans
I pass the aux, you pass the spliff % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 
We can escape into the bliss
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              (No money in my jeans)
Escape into the bliss
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Take a ride inside your whip
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I don't need nothing but you and your toxins
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I don't need nothing but you and your toxins
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Toxins, toxins
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I know my iPhone might be bad for my health
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Toxins, toxins
But when it's dying, feel like dying myself
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Baby, no baby, no uh oh
Am I insane or just like everyone else?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I know you do too
I grow numb, I grow numb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Toxins, toxins
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## Acordes

