

# Charli XCX - Boys

Tom: D

I was busy thinkin' 'bout boys, boys, boys  
 Always busy dreamin' 'bout boys, boys, boys  
 Head is spinnin' thinkin' 'bout boys

I need that bad boy to do me right on a Friday  
 And I need that good one to wake me up on a Sunday  
 That one from work can come over on Monday night  
 I want 'em all, I want 'em all  
 And when they finally leave me, I'm all alone but  
 I'm lookin' down and my girls are blowin' my phone up  
 Them twenty questions, they askin' me where I'm at  
 Didn't hit 'em back

I'm sorry that I missed your party  
 I wish I had a better excuse like  
 I had to trash the hotel lobby

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In every city I've got one with different ringtones

Flyin' from L.A. all the way to Puerto Rico  
 My girls are callin' me askin' me where I'm at  
 Didn't hit 'em back

I'm sorry that I missed your party  
 I wish I had a better excuse  
 But I can't even lie you got me

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Don't be mad, don't be mad at me (no...)  
 Darling, I can't stop it even if I wanted  
 Don't be mad, don't be mad at me (no, no, no, no)  
 Missed what you were sayin', I was miles away, yeah  
 Don't be mad, don't be mad  
 Not like I had a choice

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## Acordes

