

# Confetti - Dear God

Tom: A

m  
Intro: C B Em G  
C B

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah

Oh, yeah  
[Primeira Parte]

Dear God, where'd ya go?

You haven't been answering your phone

Not sayin' I'm mad but the world is fucked up

So you should come around more

Oh, dear God, I hate to say

People don't believe in you these days

Not saying I don't but the world is fucked up

So you should come around more

Oh, dear God, we haven't talked in a while

I'm all grown up now but still feel like a child

And I'm sorry that I only holla when I need a favor

But all my people really need a savior

Enough about me, what about you dawg

You beefin' with science?

And by the way I got some bad pressure in my sinus

It may be a migraine, it may be the climate change

But who am I to talk, I haven't recycled in 5 days, yeah

Dear God, we still celebrate Christmas

Cause the novelty of holidays is really big business

You heard the prophecy of ol' Saint Nic

I heard this year he got Ms. Claus some big fake tits

And the longer you go missin'

The more the story's twistin'

And people count the days to make their birthday wishes  
And it's never gon-never, gonna change

So you should come around more

[Refrão]

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[Segunda Parte]

Goddamn, people say that I'm insensitive

And that I use your name in vain

And I should be more sensitive (uh-ho, ho)

But I bet they mean more secretive

To not expose the hypocrite in every walkin' piece of shit

And hiding is insulting your intelligence

That fake-ass walking 'round in sundays best

When they know the world revolves around money and sex

The worst people are the first to forget (uh)

Ooo-na-na-na, oh, no

I bite my tongue but can't change how I think

Ooo-na-na-na

I talk to you because I can't afford a shrink

Ooo-na-na-na

It's the everyday people who do the ugliest things

And it's never gon-never, gonna change

So you should come around more

[Refrão]

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So you should come around more

Oh, dear God, I hate to say

People don't believe in you these days

Not saying I don't but the world is fucked up

So you should come around more

Oh, dear God, and it's never gon- never gonna change

So you should come around more

Oh, dear God, and it's never gon- never gonna change

So you should come around more

And it's never gon- never gonna change

So you should come around more

Oh, dear God, and it's never gon- never gonna change

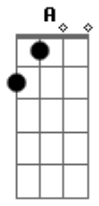
So you should come around more

I'd like to say: Thank God  
(You should come around more)

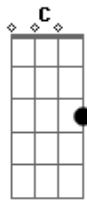
( C B Em G )  
( A )

C D  
So you should come around more

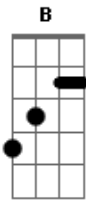
# Acordes



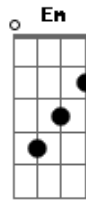
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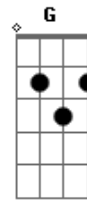
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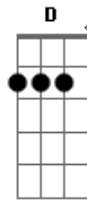
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