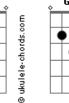
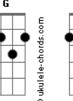
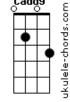
Ethel Cain - American Teenager

Head full of whiskey but I always deliver tom: Jesus, if you're listening let me handle my liquor E (forma dos acordes no tom de D) Capostraste na 2ª casa D Grew up under yellow light on the street Putting too much faith in the make-believe G And another high school football team The neighbor's brother came home in a box But he wanted to go, so maybe it was his fault Another red heart taken by the American dream D D G And I feel it there In the middle of the night Cadd9 When the lights go out and I'm all alone again Done Say what you want But say it like you mean it with your fists for once A long cold war with your kids at the front Just give it one more day, then you'r? done Done D I do what I want D G Crying in the bl?achers and I said it was fun I don't need anything from anyone It's just not my year But I'm all good out here Sunday morning Hands over my knees in a room full of faces I'm sorry if I sound off, but I was probably wasted And didn't feel so good (didn't feel so good) Acordes Ε Cadd9

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And Jesus, if you're there, why do G I feel alone in this room with you? D And I feel it there In the middle of the night When the lights go out Cadd9 But I'm still standing here Say what you want But say it like you mean it with your fists for once A long cold war with your kids at the front Just give it one more day, then you're done I do what I want Crying in the bleachers and I said it was fun I don't need anything from anyone G It's just not my year But I'm all good out here Say what you want But say it like you mean it with your fist for once A long cold war with your kids at the front Just give it one more day, then you're done I do it for my daddy and I do it for Dale I'm doing what I want and damn, I'm doing it well For me, for me

For me, for me