

Francesca Battistelli - This Is The Stuff

Tom: C

I lost my keys.
 In the great unknown.
 Call me please.
 'Cause I can't find my phone.

This is the stuff, that drives me crazy.
 This is the stuff, that's getting to me lately.
 In the middle of my little mess,
 I forget how big I'm blessed.
 This is the stuff, that gets under my skin,
 but I've got to trust, you know exactly what your doing.
 It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

Forty-five in a thirty-five.
 Sirens and fines
 When I'm already behind Whoa.

This is the stuff, that drives me crazy.
 This is the stuff, that's getting to me lately.
 In the middle of my little mess,
 I forget how big I'm blessed.

This is the stuff, that gets under my skin,
 but I've got to trust, you know exactly what your doing.
 It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.
 To break me of impatience
 Conquer my frustration
 Got a new appreciation
 It's not the end of the world
 Woahhh

This is the stuff, that drives me crazy.
 This is the stuff, someone save me
 In the middle of my little mess,
 I forget how big I'm blessed.

This is the stuff, that gets under my skin,
 but I've got to trust, you know exactly what your doing.
 It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

It may not be what I would choose, but this is the stuff you use.

Acordes

