From Indian Lakes - The Bad Parts

Tom: F

Intro: F

F
Lover, have you solved your love today?
Gm Dm
And you've been running around trying to figure it out
C
But you don't need this anymore
F
And lovers you gave your hearts away
Gm Dm
And you've been coming around trying to hold me down
C
But you can't keep me anymore

Bb C
When you're close enough to whisper in my ear
Dm
But I can't reach you anymore
C
When you close me off and turn away
Bb
I feel like I could die

F Dm
When we cling to it, when we hold it too close
Bb F
It gets away from us, and we've started to grow old
Dm
When it's creeping in, and we've nowhere to hide
Bb F
We try to love again, we'll try to love again

F
And you've been holed up in a house
Gm
And they've been coming at your gates
Dm
And you've been holding your ground
C
But you can't hold this anymore

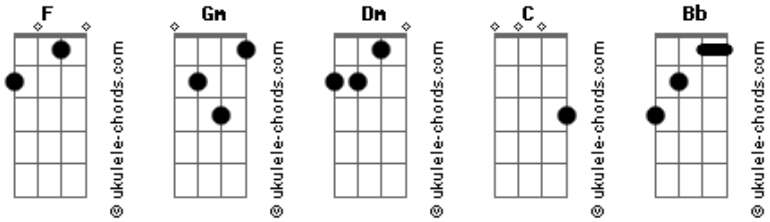
Bb C
When you're close enough to whisper in my ear
Dm
But I can't reach you anymore
C
When you close me off and turn away
Bb
I feel like I keep falling down

F Dm
When we cling to it, when we hold it too close
Bb F
It gets away from us, and we've started to grow old
Dm
When it's creeping in, and we've nowhere to hide
Bb F
We try to love again, we'll try to love again

F
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
F Dm
Bb
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
F Dm
Bb
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
F Dm
Bb
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
(when we cling to it, when we hold it too close, it gets away from us, and we've started to grow old)
F Dm
Bb
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
(When it's creeping in, and we've nowhere to hide, we try to love again, we'll try to love again)
F Dm
Bb
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
(when we cling to it, when we hold it too close, it gets away from us, and we've started to grow old)
F Dm
Bb
And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad parts, the bad parts of me
(When it's creeping in, and we've nowhere to hide, we try to love again, we'll try to love again)

Termina em F.

Acordes



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