

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

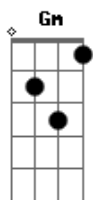
F Dm
 When we cling to it, when we hold it too close
 Bb F
 It gets away from us, and we've started to grow old
 Dm
 When it's creeping in, and we've nowhere to hide
 Bb F
 We try to love again, we'll try to love again
 F
 And they're slowly picking away, and leaving only the bad
 parts, the bad parts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

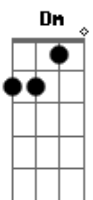
Acordes



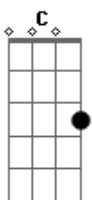
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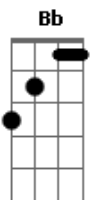
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