

Gorillaz - Jimmy Jimmy (feat. AJ Tracey)

tom:
Capostrate na 1ª casa ^{Ab} (forma dos acordes no tom de **G**)

[Refrão]

^{Em}
Jimmy Jimmy
^D This pressure on you, a life ain't feelin' how it used to
^{Em}
Jimmy Jimmy
^D No need to be sad, when they play your song, we'll get along
[Primeira Parte]

^{Em} I been searchin', lookin' for a permanent reason
^C Out of sync with the seasons, not sure what I believe in
^{Em} And a burden, why is bein' loved so appealin'?
^C Can confirm I'm alone, we're all just lost without meanin'
^{Em} Just a boy from the West, I'm born and bred
^D We coulda been rich, was poor instead
^C My evenings are blue, all my mornings red
^A I had to make scores from gents
^{Em} I salute all my local fiends
^D They're smilin', locked in a smoker's dream
^C Kept an ace like a poker team
^A Just a teen sellin' coke to fiends
^{Em} I took remedy, young ones I love
^D Got the money, I got stuck inside of my mind
^C Quick solutions was all I could find
^A I was earnin' but losin' my time
^{Em} Portobello, I'm sippin' on wine
^D With a beautiful Nottin' Hill mother of five
^C Mental muscle, the strong will survive
^A That's why I drink white rum on the Manchester Drive
^{Em}
Jimmy Jimmy

[Refrão]

^D Now you're out of control and the lie you're livin' is a dead-
end road
^{Em}
Jimmy Jimmy
^D No need to be sad, when they play your song, we'll get along
^C
^A
Jimmy Jimmy

Acordes

No need to be sad, when they play your song, we'll get along

[Segunda Parte]

^{Em} Left electric and headed to SoHo
^D Now I'm in the box, I had way too much yak
^C Hate the front so I sat in the back
^A With a girl from Iran with the peachiest back
^{Em} Love me a spliff, but I gotta keep it a stack
^D
The females around me are crack
^C Got me wired, I ain't comin' back to reality
^A

I bleed it out in the track
^{Em} Did some things that I swear I won't tell
^D I called that I could get redemption from Hell
^C Love and hate are like Kenan and Kel
^A I broke up my kis, now my friends in the cell
^{Em} Life is for livin', I love me some shillings
^D But God willin', people love me for my skillin'
^C
Went from sittin' in gold with them billions
^A To billboards, thank God, now I'm chillin'
^{Em}
Jimmy Jimmy

[Solo]

^D This pressure
^{C A} Jimmy Jimmy
^{Em}
^{D C A} Jimmy Jimmy
^{Em}

[Refrão]

^D This pressure on you, a life ain't feelin' how it used to
^C
^A
Jimmy Jimmy
^D No need to be sad, when they play your song, we'll get along
^C
^A
Jimmy Jimmy

[Final]

^{D C A} Jimmy Jimmy
^{Em}
^{D C A} Jimmy Jimmy
^{Em}
^{D C A} Jimmy Jimmy
^{Em}

[Final] ^{D C A}

