

Gracie Abrams - American Teenager

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tom:
Intro: D G D
       D G A G
[Primeira Parte]
 Grew up under yellow light on the street
Putting too much faith in the make-believe
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
[Pré-Refrão]
      G
And I feel it there
In the middle of the night
When the lights go out
And I'm all alone again
[Refrão]
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
I do what I want
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
[Segunda Parte]
Sunday morning
Hands over my knees in a room full of faces
I'm sorry if I sound off, but I was probably wasted
(Probably wasted)
And didn't feel so good (Didn't feel so good)
Acordes
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Head full of whiskey but I always deliver
Jesus, if you're listening let me handle my liquor
And Jesus, if you're there
Why do I feel alone in this room with you?
[Pré-Refrão]
And I feel it there
In the middle of the night
When the lights go out
But I?m still standing here
[Refrão]
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
I do what I want
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
[Final]
(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 we?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
(DGAG)
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