

# Gracie Abrams - I Told You Things

tom:

Bb (forma dos acordes no tom de F)

Capostrate na 5ª casa

[Refrão]

C  
I told you things that I never said  
Am  
You're the golden boy and my worst regret  
F  
So I cut the cost and I limit feeling  
C  
You were all at once till the fade to black  
Am  
Took your cigarettes and poems back  
F  
You were in my hands, now you're on my ceiling

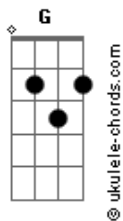
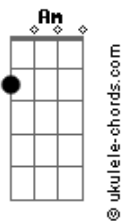
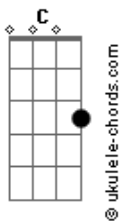
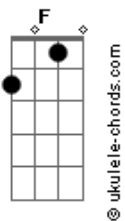
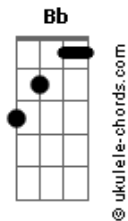
[Primeira Parte]

C  
But how's the city been? You get recognized  
Am  
At the local bar by the drunken guys  
F  
And the starlet girls, they claw for pieces  
C  
Do you give a few? Do you like that?  
Am  
Do you freak out or get sad?  
F  
Do you go home or am I reaching?

[Ponte]

C  
Hey, wait, guess what? Yesterday  
F  
I stopped and played it safe  
G  
Instead of walking straight  
C  
To you to say  
Am  
Stay, never mind, okay  
F  
Don't mean it, plus you've changed  
G  
Not much, but just enough

## Acordes



C  
To throw away  
Am  
Fake fantasies and games  
F  
I've lost a year, it's strange  
G  
Composed a hundred ways  
To tell you  
C  
Hey, what if I took your call  
Am  
As more than just a call?  
F  
As writing on the walls  
G  
You built this cage  
C  
Lost color in my face  
Am  
You're fair and I'm insane  
F  
Hallucination, shame  
C  
Guilt, pain, more pain  
  
Am  
(Don't let them know we're in pain) More pain  
F  
(Don't let them know we're in pain) More pain  
G  
(Don't let them know we're in pain) More pain  
  
(Ah-ah-ah)  
[Refrão]  
C  
I told you things that I never said  
Am  
To anybody else, I regret them  
F  
But I'll pack it up and practice leaving, mm  
C  
You were all at once till the fade to black  
Am  
Till the yellow glow turned a little sad  
F  
You were in my hands, but you're good at leaving