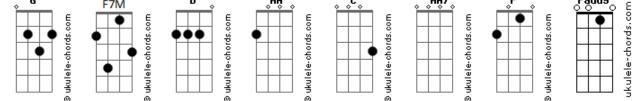
Gracie Abrams - Us (feat. Taylor Swift)

```
Babylon lovers hangin' missed calls on the line
                tom:
                D (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
                                                                          G
Capostraste na 7ª casa
                                                                I gave you mine
                                                                       С
         Am
                                                                             F
    I know you know
                                                               Did you mind us, us?
                      F7M
                                                                                              С
                                                                                                    Fadd9
                                                                                                              G
It felt just like a joke
                                                                I felt it, you held it, do you miss us,
                                                                                                           us?
                                                                Wonder if you regret the secret of us, us
I show, you don't And now we're talkin'
                                                                             G
                     G
    I know your ghost
                                                               Us (Us), us (Us), us (Us)
                       F7M
I see her through the smoke
                                                                That night, you were talkin'
               C
She'll play her show And you'll be watchin'
                                                                    C
                                                                False prophets and profits
                        Am
                                          C
                                                F7M
And if history's clear, someone always ends up in ruins
                                                                They make in the margins
                     C
                                                                  G
And what seemed like fate becomes "What the hell was I doin'?"
                                                               Of poetry sonnets
        Am7
                                   F7M
                                                                   Am
Babylon lovers hangin' lifetimes on a vine (Ooh)
                                                                You never read up on it
Do you miss mine?
                                                                Shame, could've learned somethin'
                                                                Fadd9
                                                               Robert Bly on my nightstand
Do you miss us, us?
                                                                Gifts from you, how ironic
I felt it, you held it
                                                                              C
                                                                                                     Fadd9
                                                                The curse or a miracle, hearse or an oracle
           Fadd9
      C
Do you miss us,
                    us?
                                                                           G
                           Am
                                                               You're incomparable, fuck
                                       G
Wonder if you regret the secret of us, us
                                                                Am
Fadd9
               C
                                                               It was chemical
Us (Us), us (Us), us (Us)
                                                                You (You) plus (Plus) me (Me) was
           Fadd9
I know you know
                                                                   Fadd9
                                                                C
                                                                             G
                                                               Us, us,
                                                                          us
It felt like somethin' old
It felt like somethin' holy, like souls bleedin', so
                                                                I felt it, you held it
                       Fadd9
It f?lt like what I've known
                                                                      С
                                                                           Fadd9
                                                                                       G
                                                               Do you miss us,
                                                                                   us?
                         G
                                                                                          C
You're tw?nty-nine years old
                                                                                                   Fadd9
                                                               Wonder if you regret the secret of us,
                 G
                                                                                                           us
So how can you be cold when I open my home?
                                                                                                 F
                                                                                          C
                                                               Mistaken for strangers the way it was, was
                            Fadd9
                                                                                                C
And if history's clear, the flames always end up in ashes
                                                                The pain of, the reign of, the flame of us, us
                                                                                                    F
And what seemed like fate, give it ten months and you'll be
                                                               The outline, well, sometimes, do you miss us, us?
past
                                                                                                       C
                                                               The best kind, well, sometimes, do you miss us?
It (You'll be past it)
Acordes
     G
                                                                         An7
                                                                                                  Fadd9
                  F7M
```



G