

Halsey - 929

tom:
 Intro: **G**
 I really was born at 9:29 AM on 9/29
 You think I'm lying but I'm, I'm? being ?dead serious
 Okay, I'll?prove it
 [Primeira Parte]
 Well, who am I? I'm ?almost 25
 Can't remember half the time that I've been alive
 'Cause half was in a cheap apartment
 And half was on the Eastside (Eastside)
 They said don't meet your heroes, they're all fuckin' weirdos
 And God knows that they were right
 Because nobody loves you, they just try to fuck you
 Then put you on a feature on the B-Side
 And who do you call when it's late at night?
 When the headlines just don't paint the picture right
 When you look at yourself on a screen and say
 "Oh my God, there's no way that's me"
 And I, I quit smoking, well recently, I tried
 And I bought another house, and I never go outside
 And I remember this girl with pink hair in Detroit
 Well, she told me
 She said, "Ashley, you gotta promise us that you won't die
 'Cause we need you," and honestly, I think that she lied
 And I remember the names of every single kid I've met
 But I forget half the people who I've gotten in bed

And I've stared at the sky in Milwaukee
 And hoped that my father would finally call me
 And it's just these things that I'm thinkin' for hours
 And I'm pickin' my hair out in clumps in the shower
 Lost the love of my life to an ivory powder
 But then I realize that I'm no higher power
 That I wasn't in love then, and I'm still not now
 And I'm so happy I figured that out
 I've got a long way to go until self-preservation
 Think my moral compass is on a vacation
 And I can't believe I still feed my fucking temptation
 I'm still looking for my salvation
 [Refrão]
 Soft and slow, watch the minutes go
 Count out loud, so we know you don't keep 'em for yourself
 Watch the minutes go
 Count out loud, so we know you don't keep 'em for yourself
 I think I have a confession to make
 I feel like (So we know you don't)
 I need to say that I was really born at 9:26
 I saw my birth certificate, and I'm a liar
 And I'm a fucking liar
 Soft and slow, watch the minutes go
 Count out loud, so we know you don't
 Keep 'em for yourself

Acordes

