

# Imagine Dragons - Enemy (feat. J.I.D)

tom:

Intro: F E7

[Primeira Parte]

F  
I wake up to the sounds  
Of the silence that allows  
E7  
From my mind to run around  
With my ear up to the ground  
F  
I'm searching to behold  
The stories that are told  
E7  
When my back is to the world  
That was smiling when I turned

[Pré-Refrão]

F E7  
Tell you you're the greatest  
F E7  
But once you turn, they hate us

[Refrão]

F  
Oh, the misery  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Spare the sympathy  
E7 F E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F E7  
My enemy  
But I'm ready

[Segunda Parte]

F  
Your words up on the wall  
As you're praying for my fall  
E7  
And the laughter in th? halls  
And the names that I've been called  
F  
I stack it in my mind  
And I'm waiting for the time  
E7  
When I show you what it's like  
To be words spit in a mic

[Pré-Refrão]

F E7  
Tell you you're the greatest  
F E7  
But once you turn, they hate us

[Refrão]

F  
Oh, the misery  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Spare the sympathy  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Oh, the misery  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Spare the sympathy  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy

[Final]

F  
Pray it away, I swear  
E7  
I'll never be a saint, no way  
My enemy  
F  
Pray it away, I swear

E7 F E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F E7  
My enemy

[Ponte]

Unh, look, okay  
F  
I'm hoping that somebody pray for me  
I'm praying that somebody hope for me  
E7  
I'm staying where nobody 'posed to be  
P-p-posted, being a wreck of emotions  
F  
Ready to go whenever just let me know  
The road is long so put the pedal into the floor  
E7  
The enemy's on my trail, my energy unavailable  
I'ma tell 'em: Hasta luego  
F  
They wanna plot on my trot to the top  
I've been outta shape  
E7  
Tinking out the box I'm an astronaut  
I blasted off the planet rock to cause catastrophe  
F  
And it matters more because I had it not  
Had I thought about wreaking havoc on an opposition  
E7  
Kinda shockin' they wanted a static  
With precision I'm automatic quarterback  
I ain't talking sacking  
Pack it, pack it up, I don't panic  
Batter, batter up, who the baddest?  
It don't matter 'cause we at ya throat

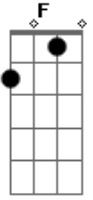
[Refrão]

E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Spare the sympathy  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Oh, the misery  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy  
F  
Spare the sympathy  
E7  
Everybody wants to be my enemy

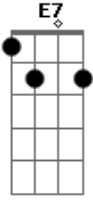
# Acordes

E7

I'll never be a saint



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