

Ingrid Michaelson - Sort Of

Tom: D

^D Baby, you've got the sort of hands to rip me apart
^D And baby, you've got the sort of face to start this old heart
^D But your eyes are warning me this early morning
^D That my love's too big for you my love

^D Baby, you've got the sort of laugh that waters me
^D And makes me grow tall and strong and proud and flattens me
^D I find you stunning, but you are running me down
^D My love's too big for you my love
^D My love's too big for you my love

(refrão)

^G And if I was stronger then I would tell you no
^G And if I was stronger then I will leave this show
^G And if I was stronger then I would up and go
^G But here I am and here we go again

^D Baby, you've got the sort of eyes that tell me tales
^D That your sort of mouth just will not say, the truth impales
^D That you don't need me, but you won't leave me
^D My love's too big for you my love
^D My love's too big for you my love

^G And if I was stronger then I would tell you no
^G And if I was stronger then I will leave this show
^G And if I was stronger then I would up and go
^G But here I am and here we go again

^{Em} Tell me what to do, to take away the you

^G And if I was stronger then I would tell you no
^G And if I was stronger then I will leave this show
^G And if I was stronger then I would up and go
^G But here I am and here we go again

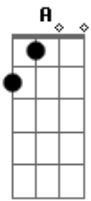
Acordes



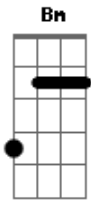
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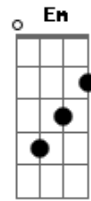
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