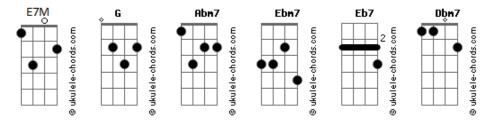


Issues - Mad At Myself

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Tom: G
                                                                High for this feeling they call love
            [Refrão]
                                                                I'm so mad at myself
                  Abm7
                                                                          Ebm7
I'm so mad at myself
                                                                For giving in to what I want, never again
           Ebm7
                        E7M
                                                                                  Dbm7
For giving in to what I want, never again
                                                               That feeling we felt
                  Abm7
                                                                                Ebm7
That feeling we felt
                                                               We called it love, you called it off
             Ebm7
                                                                                               Abm7 Ebm7
We called it love, you called it off
                                                               And I never been so mad at myself
                                        Fbm7
                                                 F7M
                                                                           Abm7 Ebm7
                             Abm7
                                                                                         F7M
And I never been so mad at myself
                                                                So mad at myself
        Abm7
                   Ebm7
                            Eb7
                                                                                  Abm7
So mad at myself
                                                                                                in my head
                                                                I've got your melody
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                [Refrão]
                                                                Feels like I'm singing it wrong
 I got this old girl I know she's trying to play me
                                                                Then again there's nothing worse
 She's like a Honda, these days I drive Mercedes
                                                                Fbm7
                 Ebm7
                                                                Than being addicted to a bad song
She's a killer, try to get inside my head
                                                                Abm7
                                                                                     Ebm7
                                                                She's a fiend for attention
G#m7~
Try to give her wine and bread
                                                                         F7M
                                                               And I'm a guilty dealer
But she prefers the blood I bled
                                                               Dbm7
                                                                             Ebm7
                                                                High for this feeling they call love
Playing chess ain't no way I'm gonna fight fair
She's playing tricks like the vixen in my nightmares
                                                                I'm so mad at myself
                Ebm7
                                                                          Ebm7
 So damn greedy, that girl is so needy
                                                                For giving in to what I want, never again
                                                                                  Dbm7
I'm the king of this game, but I think she just beat me
                                                               That feeling we felt
                                                                                Ebm7
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                               We called it love, you called it off
                                                                                               Abm7 Ebm7
                                                                                                             E7M
                                                               And I never been so mad at myself
                    Ebm7
I never should have let you in
                                                                           Abm7
                                                                                 Fbm7
                                                                                          F7M
I needed a hit of something
                                                                So mad at myself
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Acordes



E7M