

Issues - Mad At Myself

Tom: G

[Refrão]

I'm so mad at myself
 For giving in to what I want, never again
 That feeling we felt
 We called it love, you called it off
 And I never been so mad at myself
 So mad at myself

[Primeira Parte]

I got this old girl I know she's trying to play me
 She's like a Honda, these days I drive Mercedes
 She's a killer, try to get inside my head
 Try to give her wine and bread
 But she prefers the blood I bled
 Playing chess ain't no way I'm gonna fight fair
 She's playing tricks like the vixen in my nightmares
 So damn greedy, that girl is so needy
 I'm the king of this game, but I think she just beat me

[Pré-Refrão]

I never should have let you in
 I needed a hit of something
 So mad at myself

High for this feeling they call love
 I'm so mad at myself
 For giving in to what I want, never again
 That feeling we felt
 We called it love, you called it off
 And I never been so mad at myself
 So mad at myself
 I've got your melody in my head

[Refrão]

Feels like I'm singing it wrong
 Then again there's nothing worse
 Than being addicted to a bad song
 She's a fiend for attention
 And I'm a guilty dealer
 High for this feeling they call love
 I'm so mad at myself
 For giving in to what I want, never again
 That feeling we felt
 We called it love, you called it off
 And I never been so mad at myself
 So mad at myself

Acordes

