

# Kyle Craft - Future Midcity Massacre

Tom: D

Intro: D A7

Well I tried, my girl, to put you in a song

A tune to weep for when you're back

But every time the notes fall flat.

Your face is made, your bags are packed

You were leaving before you were even gone

Spent lost years in the ring, we're fighting love

Now everything that came before

My wicked plea and your dreams of war

They hit me quick, they made me sore

They taught me swinging hard is not enough

So meet up with your girls in New Orleans

Tie your corset, paint your eyes and run wild through the Bourbon night

It always takes me by surprise

How effortless your good time seems to be

And I'll send you on your way without a kiss

Well, I never gave you all that much to miss

But, hell, what a time  
Now you're free babe and so am I

So move on with the mirror in your mind

Watch your style and your step

And when there's no reflection left

You'll find you've become someone else

A stranger to yourself and all mankind

And she said this rum it just don't burn me going down

Not like it did when we were young

It felt like fire across our tongues

Just like love, that all went numb

And the sweetest feelings found their own way out

So you send me on my way with cheap red wine,

A bouquet of dead flowers and a thirst for twisted nights,

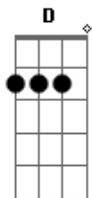
But, fuck, what a time!

And you're beautiful but you ain't mine

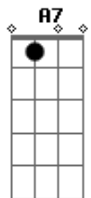
You're free babe, so very free babe

And so am I, yeah so am I, yeah so am I

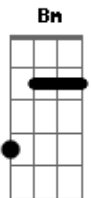
## Acordes



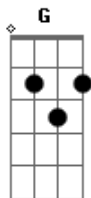
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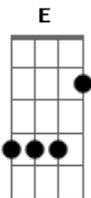
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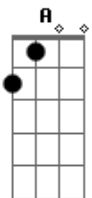
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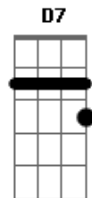
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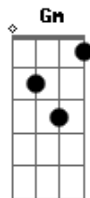
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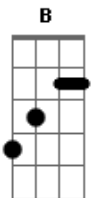
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