

Lana Del Rey - Henry, Come On

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Some people come and they're gone
                tom:
                \mathsf{E} (forma dos acordes no tom de \mathsf{D} )
                                                                They just fly away
Capostraste na 2ª casa
Intro: G D A Bm
       G D Em
                                                                  Take your ass to the house
                                                                 Don't even bother explainin'
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                  There's no workin' it out
 I mean, Henry, come on
                                                                No way
Do you think I'd really choose it?
                                                                [Pré-Refrão]
 All this off and on
Henry, come on
                                                                It's last call: Hey, y'all
                                                                Hang his hat up on the wall
 I mean, baby, come on
                                                                Tell him that his cowgirl is gone
Do you think I'd really lose it on ya?
                                                                Come on and giddy up
 If you did nothin' wrong
Henry, come on
                                                                Soft leather, blue jeans
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                                Don't you get it? That's the thing
                                                                You can't chase a ghost when it's gone
Last call: Hey, y'all
                                                                [Refrão]
Hang his hat up on the wall
Tell him that his cowgirl is gone
                                                                And it's not because of you
                                                                            Α
Go on and giddy up
                                                                That I turned out so dangerous
                                                                Yesterday, I heard God say
Soft leather, blue jeans
                                                                It's in your blood
Call us into void's dreams
Return it but say it was fun
                                                                And it struck me just like lightning
                                                                I've been fightin', I've been strivin'
[Refrão]
                                                                But yesterday, I heard God say
And it's not because of you
                                                                You were born to be the one
That I turned out so dangerous
                                                                To hold the hand of the man
Yesterday, I heard God say
                                                                 Who flies too close to the Sun
It's in your blood
                                                                (GDABm)
                                                                ( G D Em )
And it struck me just like lightning
                                                                [Ponte]
I've been fightin', I've been strivin'
                                                                 All these country singers
Yesterday, I heard God say
                                                                And their lonely rides to Houston
You were born to be the one
                                                                 Doesn't really make for the best
To hold the hand of the man
                                                                "You know, settle down type"
 Who flies too close to the Sun
                                                                [Final]
(Bm G D)
( G D Em )
                                                                His last call: Hey, y'all
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                Hang his hat up on the wall
 I'll still be nice to your mom
                                                                Tell him that his cowgirl is gone
 It's not her fault you're leavin'
                                                                Go on and giddy up
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Go on and giddy up

A Go on and giddy up

Hey

Acordes

E

D

Go on and giddy up

Hey

Acordes