Lana Del Rey - The Blackest Day

I can't feel nothing. Tom: A Intro: A Gbm Refrão: Ghm Gbm Give me all, got my blue nail polish on. Ever since my baby went away D Gbm Е D Gbm It's my favorite color and my favorite tone of song, it's been the blackest day, it's been the blackest day. Gbm Gbm I don't really wanna break up, we got it going on, All I hear is Billie Holiday, D D Gbm Gbm it's what you gathered from my talk, but you were wrong. it's all that I play, it's all that I play. Gbm F Pre-chorus: Because I'm going deeper and deeper, harder and harder, D Gbm D F It's not easy for me to talk about a half life in lost dreams, getting darker and darker, looking for love F D Gbm E I'm not simple, it's trigonometry. It's hard to express, in all the wrong places, oh my god. D Gbm I can't explain. in all the wrong places, oh my god. Refrão: Bridge: D Gbm F Gbm You should've known better than to have to let her, Ever since my baby went away D Gbm F. E it's been the blackest day, it's been the blackest day. get you under her spell of the weather. Gbm D All I hear is Billie Holiday, I got you where I want you, you did it, I never. D Gbm F F it's all that I play, it's all that I play. I'm falling for forever, I'm playing the game since. Gbm D Gbm I got you where I want you, I got you, I got you. Because I'm going deeper and deeper, harder and harder, D Gbm F F getting darker and darker, looking for love I got you where I want you now. D Gbm in all the wrong places, oh my god. Refrão: D Gbm F Gbm in all the wrong places, oh my god. Ever since my baby went away D Gbm Gbm it's been the blackest day, it's been the blackest day. Carry me home, got my new car and my gun. Е All I hear is Billie Holiday, D Gbm Wind in my hair, holding your hand, listen to a song. D Gbm F it's all that I play, it's all that I play. Gbm Carry me home, don't wanna talk about the things to come, D E Outro: Gbm just put your hands up in the air, the radio on. D Gbm It's not one of those phases I'm going through, Pre-chorus: F D or just a song. 'Cause there's nothing for us to talk about like the future Α D It's no one else's, I'm on my own. and those things, D F Gbm F 'Cause there's nothing for me to think about now that he's On my own, on my own again. A D F aone Gbm I'm on my own again, I'm on my own again, A D Gbm E I'm on my own again, I'm on my own again.

Acordes

