

# Lauren Jauregui - Scattered

tom:

Intro: Dbm A Gbm D7M

Dbm A  
Scattered  
Gbm  
Like the leaves upon the wind when  
Dbm A Gbm  
Seasons must begin to change again  
Dbm A  
Shattered  
Gbm  
Pointed shards, a heart is broken

Dbm A D7M  
Left in patterns on the carpet where she wept  
Dbm A  
Tear-stained face, I can't face these  
Gbm  
Demons all alone, they don't like me  
Dbm A  
All night, they stay and eat like  
Gbm  
They talk and they write in thunder and lightning

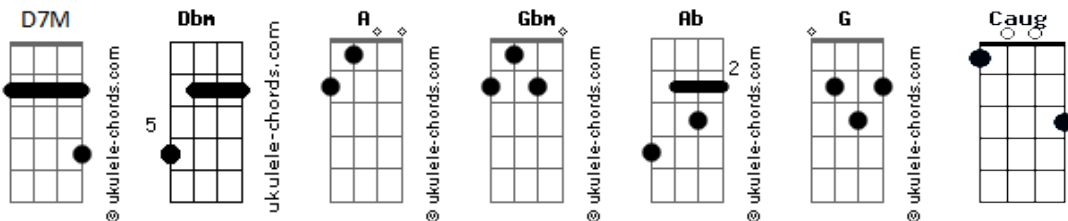
Dbm A  
Gloves on, match met  
Gbm  
God makes Her bet  
Dbm A D7M  
That I'll lay my head down again in this bed

C#7M A  
I think I might need some help  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself  
Ab  
I don't feel like myself  
C#7M A  
I think I might need some help  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself  
G  
I don't feel like myself

Dbm A  
Scattered  
Gbm  
Like the leaves upon the wind when  
Dbm A Gbm  
Seasons must begin to change again  
Dbm A  
Shattered

Gbm  
Pointed shards, a heart is broken  
Dbm A D7M  
Left in pieces on the carpet where she bled  
Dbm A  
Bloodstained hands all around me  
Gbm  
Hidden blades in a two-faced society  
Dbm A  
With sinister grins, they carve out their wings  
Gbm

## Acordes



From what's left of my sanity

Dbm A  
Gloves on (Gloves on), match met (Match met)  
Gbm  
God makes Her last bet (God makes Her bet)  
Dbm A D7M  
That I'll lay my head down again in this bed

Dbm A  
I think I might need some help  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself  
Ab  
I don't feel like myself  
Dbm A  
I think I might need some help  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself

Dbm A  
Clothing scattered all over my single bedroom apartment  
Gbm  
My drink splattered look just like the paint on a Jackson Pollock  
Dbm A  
My grey matter been havin' me seein' red, but regardless  
Gbm  
I'm not just mad at myself, I'm mad at the world  
Dbm A  
My girl says I got trust issues, honestly, I fuck with you

Gbm  
It's just I need the guts to say, "Fuck it" and open up to you  
Dbm A  
But it's just open cuts too disgusting to be discussed with you  
Gbm  
Too caught up in my emotions like Usher to confess to you  
Dbm A  
Caught up in my dreams and nightmares, demons don't fight fair  
Gbm  
Wakin' up weepin' from my night terrors, I'm actin' light-skinned

Dbm A  
Really dreamin' of cryin', I need me a Zion right here  
D7M  
Can't see 'em comin' down my eyes, so I write tears (Oh, oh, woah)

C#7M A  
I think I might need some help (I don't feel like myself)  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself (I don't feel like myself)  
Ab  
I don't feel like myself (Anymore)  
C#7M A  
I think I might need some help  
Gbm  
I don't feel like myself  
Ab  
I don't feel like myself