

Lisa Mitchell - Warriors

tom:

Gm

F

Gm

It was a friday, there was a buzz on the buzz of freedom

And teenage love, I heard the bass drum, but I couldn't hear a thing

Dm

Hey Ken, can you turn it up?

Gm

Still, all the kids scream and the fields roll by

F

But then you, jumped, walked in a very straight line

Eb

I heard the radio man coming down like a lifeline

Gm

F

Warriors, we were the kids from the country

Eb

Keepin' it real in the suburbs

Dm

But I see we we are warriors

Gm

F

Warriors, I see the smoke in the night sky

Eb

I think I smell a warrior

Dm

Tonight, we are warriors

Gm

I got the sheet bike on my way down the drive

F

I closed my guitar case and I flat from the tie

Eb

The race was on, fifteen years old

Dm

Nothing gets in the way, with a chance remote control

Gm

F

And it was so easy, in thinking light want to like a candelabro at

Eb

morning to

Dm

Lit up like a Milky Way, I will change it with you

Gm

F

Warriors, we were the kids from the country

Eb

Keepin' it real in the suburbs

Dm

But I see we we are warriors

Gm

F

Warriors, I see the smoke in the night sky

Eb

I think I smell a warrior

Dm

Tonight, we are warriors

Gm

F

Oh, oh

Eb

Dm

Oh, oh

Gm

F

Oh, oh

Eb

Dm

Oh, oh

Gm

F

Warriors, we were the kids from the country

Eb

Keepin' it real in the suburbs

Dm

But I see we we are warriors

Gm

F

Warriors, I see the smoke in the night sky

Eb

I think I smell a warrior

Dm

Tonight, we are warriors

Gm

F

Oh

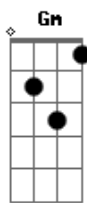
Eb

Dm

Oh

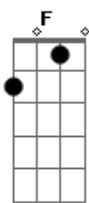
Acordes

Gm



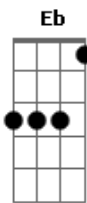
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F



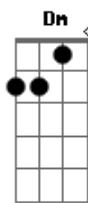
© ukulele-chords.com

Eb



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Dm



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