

Lola Young - Messy

tom:

A

Intro: D E
D7M E

[Primeira Parte]

D7M E You know I'm impatient, so why would you
Leave me waiting outside the station
When it was, like, minus four degrees and I
I get what you're saying, I just
Really don't wanna hear it right now
Can you shut up for, like, once in your life? Listen to me
I took your nice words of advice about
How you think I'm gonna die lucky if I turn thirty-three
Okay, so yeah, I smoke like a chimney
I'm not skinny and I pull a Britney every other week
But cut me some slack, who do you want me to be?

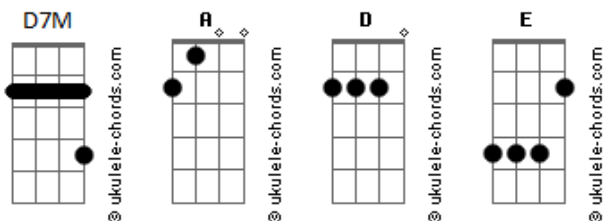
[Refrão]

D7M E
'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean
You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been
And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb
You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month
And I'm too perfect till I show you that I'm not
A thousand people I could be for you
And you hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
Hey, hey

[Segunda Parte]

D E
It's taking you ages, still don't get the hint
I'm not asking for pages
But one text or two would be nice, and please
Don't pull those faces
When I, I've been out working my ass off all day

Acordes



D
It's just one bottle of wine or two
But hey, you can't even talk
E
You smoke weed just to help you sleep
Then why you're out getting stoned at four o'clock?
D
And then you come home to me and don't say hello
E
'Cause I got high again and forgot to fold my clothes
D7M
[Refrão]
D7M E
'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean
D7M
You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been
E
And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth
D7M
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
E
And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb
D7M
You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month
E
And I'm too perfect till I show you that I'm not
A thousand people I could be for you
D7M
And you hate the fucking lot
E
You hate the fucking lot
D7M
You hate the fucking lot
(D7M E)
(D7M E)
(D7M E)
[Refrão]
D7M E
Ooh, and I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean
D7M
You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been
E
And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth
D7M
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
E
And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb
D7M
You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month
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And I'm too perfect till I show you that I'm not
A thousand people I could be for you
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And you hate the fucking lot
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You hate the fucking lot
D7M
You hate the fucking lot