

Lola Young - Messy

tom:
A

Intro: D E
D E

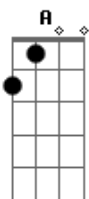
[Primeira Parte]

D 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
D
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]

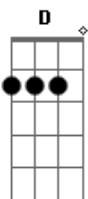
D E
'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean
You told me: Get a job, then you ask where the hell I've been
And I'm too perfect till I open my big mouth
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb
You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the 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
D
But one text or two would be nice, and please
Don't pull those faces
E
When I, I've been out working my ass off all day

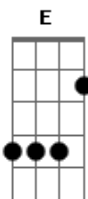
Acordes



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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
[Refrão]

D E
'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean
D
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
D
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
E
And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb
D
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
D
And you hate the fucking lot
E
You hate the fucking lot
D
You hate the fucking lot
(D E)
(D E)
(D E)
[Refrão]

D E
Ooh, and I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean
D
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
D
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
E
And I'm too clever, and then I'm too fucking dumb
D
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
D
And you hate the fucking lot
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You hate the fucking lot
D
You hate the fucking lot
E
You hate the fucking lot
D
You hate the fucking lot