

# Lorde - Hard Feelings / Loveless (Medley)

Tom: E

(com acordes na forma de C )  
 Capotraste na 4ª casa  
 (Go back and tell it)

Please could you be tender and I will sit close to you  
 Let's give it a minute before we admit that we're through  
 Guess this is the winter, our bodies are young and blue  
 I'm at Jungle City, it's late and this song is for you

Cause I remember the rush, when forever was us  
 Before all of the winds of regret and mistrust  
 Now we sit in your car and our love is a ghost  
 Well I guess I should go, yeah I guess I should go

Hard feelings

These are what they call hard feelings of love  
 When sweet words and fevers all leave us right here in the cold, oh oh  
 Alone with the hard feelings of love  
 God I wish I believed you when you told me this was my home, oh oh

I light all the candles, cut flowers for all my rooms  
 I care for myself the way I used to care about you

These days, we kiss and we keep busy, the waves come after midnight

I call from underwater, why even try to get right?  
 When you've outgrown a lover, the whole world knows but you  
 It's time to let go of this endless summer afternoon

Hard feelings

These are what they call hard feelings of love  
 When sweet words and fevers all leave us right here in the cold, oh oh  
 Alone with the hard feelings of love  
 God I wish I believed you when you told me this was my home, oh oh

G C Em C  
 G C Em C  
 G C Em C  
 G C Em C

G  
 C

Three years, loved you every single day, made me weak, it was real for me, yup, real for me

Now I'll fake it every single day 'til I don't need fantasy, 'til I feel you leave

But I still remember everything, how we'd drift buying groceries, how you'd dance for me

I'll start letting go of little things 'til I'm so far away from you, far away from you, yeah

"What is this tape?"  
 "This is my favorite tape"

Bet you wanna rip my heart out

Bet you wanna skip my calls now

Well guess what, I like that

'Cause I'm gonna mess your life up

Gonna wanna tape my mouth shut

Look out, lovers

We're l-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

All fuckin' with our lover's heads, generation

Bet you wanna rip my heart out

Bet you wanna skip my calls now

Well guess what, I like that

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Look out, lovers

We're l-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

All fuckin' with our lover's heads, generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s generation

L-o-v-e-l-e-s-s

## Acordes

