

Lorde - The Louvre

Tom: C

Well summer slipped us underneath her tongue
 Our days and nights are perfumed with obsession
 Half of my wardrobe is on your bedroom floor
 Use our eyes, throw our hands overboard

I am your sweetheart, psychopathic crush
 Drink up your movements, still I can't get enough

Not my fault, just a thing that my mind do

A ru-u-u-ush at the beginning
 I get caught u-u-u-up, just for a minute

But lover, you're the one to blame, all that you're doing, can you hear the violence?
 Megapho-o-o-one to my chest
 N.C.
 Broadcast the boom, boom, boom, boom and make 'em all dance to it

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Our thing progresses, I call and you come through

Blow all my friendships, to sit in hell with you
 But we're the greatest, they'll hang us in the Louvre
 Down the back, but who cares, still the Louvre

Okay I know that you are not my type (still I fall)
 I'm just the sucker who let you fill her mind (but what about love?)
 Nothing wrong with it, supernatural
 Just move in close to me, closer, you'll feel it coasting

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[Final] C Em F Am G
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 C Em F Am G
 C Em F Am G

Acordes

