Louis Tomlinson - Miss You

Tom: Eb We?re dancing on tables (com acordes na forma de C) Am Till I?m off my face Capostraste na 3ª casa С F Is it my imagination? With all of my people Am C And it couldn?t get better, they say Is it something that I?m taking? All the smiles that I?m faking G We?re singing ?til last call Everything is great Everything is fucking great Am And it?s all out of tune C G Going out every weekend Should be laughing, but there?s something wrong Fm And it hits you when the lights go on Staring at the stars or the ceiling Shit, maybe I miss you Hollywood friends, got to see them Such a good time I believe it this time Now I?m asking my friends if I should say I?m sorry They say: Lad, give it time, there?s no need to worry Tuesday night Am I can?t even be near the phone now G Glazed over eyes F I can?t even be with you alone now Am Just one more pint or five Does it even matter anyway? С Oh how, shit changes G We?re dancing on tables We were in love Am Am Till I?m off my face Now, we?re strangers F When I feel it coming up I just throw that shit away With all of my people G Get another two shots and it doesn?t matter anyway C And it couldn?t get better, they say С G We?re dancing on tables G We?re singing ?til last call Am Till I?m off my face Am And it?s all out of tune With all of my people Should be laughing, but there?s something wrong And it couldn?t get better, they say Fm And it hits you when the lights go on Shit, maybe I miss you We?re singing ?til last call Am Just like that and I?m sober And it?s all out of tune Δm Should be laughing, but there?s something wrong I?m asking myself: Is it over? And it hits you when the lights go on Maybe I was lying when I told you Everything is great Everything is fucking great C G We?re dancing on tables C Am And all of these thoughts and the feelings Till I?m off my face Δm F Chase you down if you don?t need them With all of my people I?ve been checking my phone all evening And it couldn?t get better, they say Such a good time I believe it this time G We?re singing ?til last call Tuesday night And it?s all out of tune G Should be laughing, but there?s something wrong Glazed over eyes Am Just one more pint or five And it hits you when the lights go on Does it even matter anyway? Shit, maybe I miss you Acordes

Am

F













