

# Louis Tomlinson - Miss You

Tom: Eb

(com acordes na forma de C )

Capostrate na 3ª casa

<sup>C</sup>  
Is it my imagination?

<sup>Am</sup>  
Is it something that I'm taking?

<sup>F</sup>  
All the smiles that I'm faking  
Everything is great  
Everything is fucking great

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Going out every weekend

<sup>Am</sup>  
Staring at the stars or the ceiling

<sup>F</sup>  
Hollywood friends, got to see them  
Such a good time  
I believe it this time

<sup>C</sup>  
Tuesday night

<sup>G</sup>  
Glazed over eyes

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Just one more pint or five  
Does it even matter anyway?

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
We're dancing on tables

<sup>Am</sup>  
Till I'm off my face

<sup>F</sup>  
With all of my people

<sup>C</sup>  
And it couldn't get better, they say

<sup>G</sup>  
We're singing 'til last call

<sup>Am</sup>  
And it's all out of tune

<sup>F</sup>  
Should be laughing, but there's something wrong

<sup>Fm</sup>  
And it hits you when the lights go on  
Shit, maybe I miss you

<sup>G</sup>  
Just like that and I'm sober

<sup>Am</sup>  
I'm asking myself: Is it over?

<sup>F</sup>  
Maybe I was lying when I told you  
Everything is great  
Everything is fucking great

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
And all of these thoughts and the feelings

<sup>Am</sup>  
Chase you down if you don't need them

<sup>F</sup>  
I've been checking my phone all evening  
Such a good time  
I believe it this time

<sup>C</sup>  
Tuesday night

<sup>G</sup>  
Glazed over eyes

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
Just one more pint or five  
Does it even matter anyway?

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
We're dancing on tables

<sup>Am</sup>  
Till I'm off my face

<sup>F</sup>  
With all of my people

<sup>C</sup>  
And it couldn't get better, they say

<sup>G</sup>  
We're singing 'til last call

<sup>Am</sup>  
And it's all out of tune

<sup>F</sup>  
Should be laughing, but there's something wrong

<sup>Fm</sup>  
And it hits you when the lights go on  
Shit, maybe I miss you

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Now I'm asking my friends if I should say I'm sorry

<sup>Am</sup>  
They say: Lad, give it time, there's no need to worry

<sup>F</sup>  
I can't even be near the phone now

I can't even be with you alone now

<sup>C</sup>  
Oh how, shit changes

<sup>G</sup>  
We were in love

<sup>Am</sup>  
Now, we're strangers

When I feel it coming up I just throw that shit away

<sup>G</sup>  
Get another two shots and it doesn't matter anyway

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
We're dancing on tables

<sup>Am</sup>  
Till I'm off my face

<sup>F</sup>  
With all of my people

<sup>C</sup>  
And it couldn't get better, they say

<sup>G</sup>  
We're singing 'til last call

<sup>Am</sup>  
And it's all out of tune

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Should be laughing, but there's something wrong

<sup>Fm</sup>  
And it hits you when the lights go on  
Shit, maybe I miss you

## Acordes

