

Luke Hemmings - I'm Still Your Boy

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Em G D I'm still your boy G D Em Gbm A
                                                                  tom:
Intro: D G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I'm still your boy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     I want it so bad
Sat in the driveway
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    I want it so bad
And I can't go in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Em Gbm A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I want it so bad
Green fence is faded
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       I want it so bad
And it's sinking in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I want it so bad
Wish I was younger
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I want it so bad
So I knew the end
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Em Gbm A
(I'm still your boy)
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Em Gbm
I'd move to Orlando
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       I want it so bad
And I'd be your friend
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I'm still your boy)
I tore you apart to put me back again
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I want it so bad
This time zone's a bastard
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I want it so bad
And I'm wearing thin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Em Gbm A
(I'm still your boy)
You still hate Chicago
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       I want it so bad
Things that I miss
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I'm still your boy)
I can't have tequila
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I want it so bad
Without half a gram
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    I want it so bad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Em Gbm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I'm still your boy)
It was all right before I got angry
Make a fist holed shape in the wall
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I'm sat in the driveway
I'm still your boy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
I'm still your boy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    'Cause I can't go in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
   I take it all apart
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I'm sat in the driveway
And it's not so bad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
   And I don't know what's worse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   And I can't go in
            Gbm
But I can't go back
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
 'Cause I can't be without you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I'm still your boy
             Fm
I'd fall in the void
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   You still hate Chicago
I can't dance around it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
I better be yours
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Things that I miss
I still hate Chicago
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
The things that I miss % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) 
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   You still hate Chicago
I can't have tequila
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
Without half a gram
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   The things that I miss
It was all right before I got empty
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    (I want it so bad)
Made a mess of the room in your heart
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Acordes

