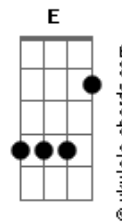
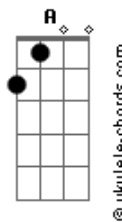
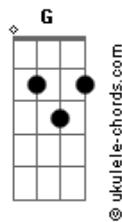
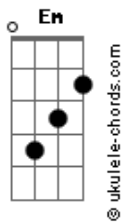
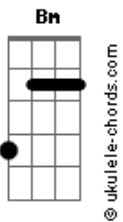


# Machine Gun Kelly - Pretty Toxic Revolver

tom:  
 Yeah  
 Danger, one of us just lost our savior  
 Gotta maintain when you're going insane, so I say this prayer  
 Dear God, why do I need this medicine to control my anger?  
 And do you even exist? They're trying to say it's a myth  
 Lotta things left unsaid, lotta things left unanswered  
 My aunt just passed from cancer  
 Dad just got out of rehab  
 And mom's never gonna show up, gotta grow up  
 Ride with me through the memories inside of me  
 'Til the nights I was hooked on the ivory  
 Head hurting all week 'cause of bad coke  
 Then the same week Peep overdosed, that's fucked up  
 But I guess I lucked up  
 And I feel his pain because it probably won't be until  
 The day I die that they love us  
 But trust, every nomination I don't get  
 Every list that I ain't on  
 Is a reminder of why I wrote songs in the first place  
 As a way to escape where I came from  
 This just my pretty toxic  
 Heavy conscience weighing on my soul  
 Six shots in my revolver  
 When I'm on my own

Play this song

## Acordes



On the first day I am gone, I do not want you to cry  
 Legends never die, I hope our story's told  
 And the year spent on that road  
 Before they came to our shows  
 We were creating our lane, I hope they pave it in gold  
 Take me home, somewhere I belong  
 Somewhere foreign, looks like Dali's drawing  
 Yeah, isn't it funny that whenever you got a vision  
 A mission and a couple of plans to go with it  
 Somebody gotta come along mad and damage it  
 Like a cancer that inhabits never banishes  
 I managed to smoke five grams of cannabis  
 And still keep my stamina for the fans and the goddamn cameras  
 That attack my stance like Evangelists  
 I said truth and they couldn't handle it  
 So when it sinks you stand in it  
 I guess this is my Titanic  
 With no James Cameron to direct this draft of it  
 Just my  
 Pretty toxic heavy conscience  
 Weighing on my soul  
 Six shots in my revolver  
 When I'm on my own, back against the wall  
 It got me anxious  
 Helpless, frigid, cold  
 Late nights drinking on my own  
 Now I'm fearless, Al Capone  
 To my dearest, I ain't gone