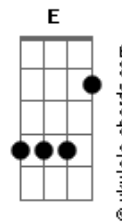
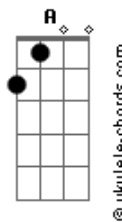
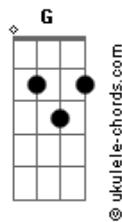
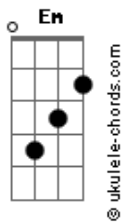
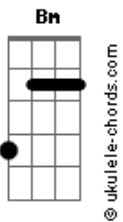


Machine Gun Kelly - Pretty Toxic Revolver

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