

# Macklemore & Ryan Lewis - Wings

Tom: Bb

(com acordes na forma de G)  
 Capostraste na 3ª casa  
 Em C  
 I was seven years old, when I got my first pair  
 I stepped outside, And I was like, Momma  
 B G  
 this air bubble right here, it's gonna make me fly

Em C  
 I hit that court, and when I jumped, I jumped, I swear I got so high

G B  
 I touched the net, Mom I touched the net.. this is the best day of my life

Em C  
 Air Max's were next, That air bubble, that mesh

C  
 The box, the smell, the stuffin, the tread.

Am G  
 At school, I was so cool I knew that I couldn't crease 'em

G B  
 My friends couldn't afford 'em

B  
 Four stripes on their Adidas

Em C  
 On the court I wasn't the best, but my kicks were like the pro's

C  
 Yo, I stick out my tongue so everyone could see that logo

Am B  
 Nike Air Flight , book bag was so dope

B  
 And then my friend Carlos' brother got murdered for his Fours, whoa

Em C  
 See he just wanted a jump shot, but they wanted his Starter coat though

C  
 Didn't wanna get caught, from Genesee Park to Othello

Am G  
 You get clowned for those Pro Wings, with the velcro

G B  
 Those were not tight

B  
 I was trying to fly without leaving the ground,

Em  
 cuz I wanted to be like Mike, right

C  
 Wanted to be him

G  
 I wanted to be that guy, I wanted to touch the rim  
 I wanted to be cool, and I wanted to fit in

B  
 I wanted what he had, America, it begins

REFRÃO

Em C  
 I want to fly

C  
 Can you take me far away

Am B  
 Give me a star to reach for

G B  
 Tell me what it takes

Em  
 And I'll go so high

C  
 I'll go so high

C  
 My feet won't touch the ground

Am  
 So stitch my wings

And pull the strings

G  
 I bought these dreams

B  
 That all fall down

Em C  
 We want what we can't have, commodity makes us want it

C  
 So expensive, damn, I just got to flaunt it

G  
 Got to show 'em, so exclusive, this that new shoes

B  
 A hundred dollars for a pair of shoes I would never hoop in

Em C  
 Look at me, look at me, I'm a cool kid

C  
 I'm an individual, yea, but I'm part of a movement

Am  
 My movement told me be a consumer and I consumed it

G  
 They told me to just do it, I listened to what that swoosh said

Em C  
 Look at what that swoosh did See it consumed my thoughts  
 Are you stupid, don't crease 'em, just leave 'em in that box

Em B  
 Strangled by these laces, laces I can barely talk

B  
 That's my air bubble and I'm lost, if it pops

Em  
 We are what we wear, we wear what we are

C  
 But see I look inside the mirror and think Phil Nike tricked us all

G  
 Will I stand for change, or stay in my box

B  
 These Nikes help me define me, but I'm trying to take mine, off

Em C G B

Em C Am G B

Em C G B

Em C Am G B

Em  
 I want to fly

C  
 Can you take me far away

Am B  
 Give me a star to reach for

G  
 Tell me what it takes

Em  
 And I'll go so high

C  
 I'll go so high

C  
 My feet won't touch the ground

Am  
 So stitch my wings and pull the strings

G  
 I bought these dreams

B  
 That all fall down

Em C Am G B

Em  
 They started out, with what I wear to school

C  
 That first day, like these are what make you cool

G  
 And this pair, this would be my parachute

B  
 So much more than just a pair of shoes

Nah, this is what I am, What I wore, this is the source of my youth

This dream that they sold to you

For a hundred dollars and some change, Consumption is in the veins

And now I see it's just another pair of shoes

## Acordes

