

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis - Wings

Tom: Bb

(com acordes na forma de G)
 Capotraste 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

B
 I wanted to be cool, and I wanted to fit in

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

Em
 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

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 Em C Am G B

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

