

Megan Moroney - Tennessee Orange

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He ain't from where we're from, but he feels like home, yeah
                tom:
                A (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
                                                                 He's got me doin' things I've never done
Capostraste na 2ª casa
                                                                 In Georgia, they'd call it a sin
                                                                              \mathsf{Am}
                                                                                    D
Mama, I'm callin', I've got some news
                                                                 I'm wearin' Tennessee orange for him
Don't you tell daddy, he'll blow a fuse
                                                                 [Solo] G D Em C
                                                                        G D Em C
Don't worry, I'm doin' okay
                                                                 Mama, forgive me, I like him a lot
I know you raised me to know right from wrong
                                                                 Hell, I'm learnin' the words to old rocky top
It ain't what you think, and I'm still writin' songs
Just never thought I'd see the day
                                                                 And he's got a smile that makes me forget
I've never felt this way
                                                                 I've always looked better in red
I met somebody and he's got blue eyes
                                                                 But I met somebody and he's got blue eyes
                                                                 He opens the door and he don't make me cry
He opens the door and he don't make me cry
He ain't from where we're from, but he feels like home, yeah
                                                                 He ain't from where we're from, but he feels like home, yeah
           Fm
                                                                            Fm
He's got me doin' things I've never done
                                                                 He's got me doin' things I've never done
In Georgia, they'd call it a sin
                                                                 I met somebody and he's got blue eyes
                  D
            Am
I'm wearin' Tennessee orange for him
                                                                                 Fm
                                                                 He opens the door and he don't make me cry
Took me to Knoxville last Saturday
                                                                 He ain't from where we're from, but he feels like home, yeah
                                                                            Em
And I wore the hat on his dash to the game
                                                                 He's got me doin' things I've never done
It sure wasn't Athens, but I
                                                                 In Georgia, they'd call it a sin
Fell for him under those Neyland lights
                                                                 And I still want the Dawgs to win
                                                                 $\operatorname{\textsc{Am}}$ D $\operatorname{\textsc{G}}$ But I'm wearin' Tennessee orange for him
I met somebody and he's got blue eyes
He opens the door and he don't make me cry
                                                                   I'm wearin' Tennessee orange for him
Acordes
                                       ukulele-chords.com
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