

# Melanie Martinez - A Million Men

Tom: C

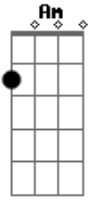
<sup>Am</sup> Miss Maggie was way too young to understand,  
<sup>G</sup> why she got thrown into someone else's hands,  
<sup>F</sup> why she woke up to strange men,  
<sup>Am</sup> they tore her to pieces  
<sup>C</sup> and she couldn't comprehend,  
<sup>G</sup> why she was locked up in a basement,  
<sup>Am</sup> filled with men.  
<sup>F</sup> Should've gone to school,  
<sup>C</sup> instead she did them.  
<sup>Am</sup> Don't touch me,  
<sup>F</sup> I'm fragile,  
<sup>C</sup> I'm bitter in my heart.  
<sup>Am</sup> Mama sold me,  
<sup>F</sup> for candy,  
<sup>C</sup> and I was ruined from the start.  
<sup>Am</sup> Why'd you have to sell me to those mean old men?  
<sup>C</sup> They cut me up in places  
<sup>G</sup> I don't even understand.  
<sup>Am</sup> It's normalcy to me but,  
<sup>F</sup> how will my friends understand?  
<sup>C</sup> I'm five years old,  
<sup>G</sup> sleepin' with a million men  
<sup>Am</sup> All grown up and her body has decayed,  
<sup>F</sup> all those promiscuous games she had to play,  
<sup>C</sup> she skipped the jungle, jungle-gym phase.  
<sup>Am</sup> She's tryin' to look at things in a bright way,  
<sup>F</sup> sees the light peekin' through the end of the hallway,  
<sup>C</sup> No, She's tryin' tryin' tryin' to escape  
<sup>Am</sup> I'm runnin'  
<sup>F</sup> full force dear  
<sup>C</sup> but it's hard when you're bones.  
<sup>Am</sup> I'm weak kneed but I'm flyin'  
<sup>C</sup> out of this hell hole.  
<sup>Am</sup>

Why'd you have to sell me to those mean old men?  
<sup>C</sup> They cut me up in places  
<sup>G</sup> I don't even understand.  
<sup>Am</sup> It's normalcy to me but  
<sup>F</sup> how will my friends understand?  
<sup>C</sup> I'm ten years old,  
<sup>G</sup> runnin' from a million men  
<sup>A</sup> A million men  
<sup>Am</sup> Finally, the light is comin' close,  
<sup>F</sup> no turning back,  
<sup>C</sup> run full force.  
<sup>Am</sup> Angels swoop down and grab me,  
<sup>F</sup> and now I'm safe away,  
<sup>C</sup> from the million men who raised me.  
<sup>Am</sup> Why'd you have to sell me to those mean old men?  
<sup>C</sup> They cut me up in places  
<sup>G</sup> I don't even understand.  
<sup>Am</sup> It's normalcy to me but,  
<sup>F</sup> how will my boyfriend understand?  
<sup>C</sup> I'm seventeen,  
<sup>G</sup> with a history,  
<sup>Am</sup> of a million men  
<sup>F</sup> Men  
<sup>C</sup> A million men  
<sup>G</sup> Men  
 ( <sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> )x2  
<sup>Am</sup> A million men,  
<sup>F</sup> A million men,  
<sup>C</sup> A million,  
<sup>G</sup> A million,  
 men.  
<sup>Am</sup> A million men,  
<sup>F</sup> A million men,  
<sup>C</sup> A million,  
<sup>G</sup> A million,  
 men.  
<sup>Am</sup> A million men...

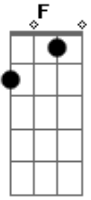
# Acordes



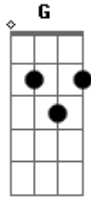
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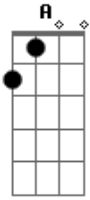
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