

Olivia Rodrigo - Pay Grade

tom:
 Dm
 Dm
 Am
 You call me every night and tell me that you feel like shit
 I say "I'm?sorry,?is there any?way I can help with it?"
 I?listen to you scream the world is simply your enemy
 With death and taxes what's the point of tryna be happy
 Dm
 And I've had bad days bad years
 Bad boys and bad careers
 Am
 But I'm still standing here
 G
 I understand you darling but at the end of the day
 Dm
 You just won't help yourself
 Rather give someone else

Am
 A glimpse into your hell
 G
 Pour all your problems on 'em
 Just so you can walk away
 Dm
 Boy I'm too young
 Gm7
 To be your mother
 Dm
 Not smart enough
 Gm7
 To be your therapist either
 Dm
 And I'm always here if you needa talk
 Gm7
 But maybe first you should talk a walk
 Dm
 'Cause I'm not gonna make you change
 Gm7
 That's above my pay grade babe

Acordes

