

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?" **Dm**

I listen to you scream the world is simply your enemy **Am**

With death and taxes what's the point of tryna be happy **Dm**

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

Gm
To be your mother

Dm
Not smart enough

Gm
To be your therapist either

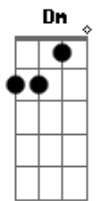
Dm
And I'm always here if you need a talk

Gm
But maybe first you should talk a walk

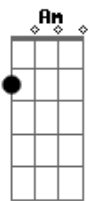
Dm
'Cause I'm not gonna make you change

Gm
That's above my pay grade babe

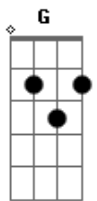
Acordes



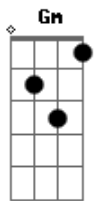
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