

# Olivia Rodrigo - ?Scared Of My Guitar

tom:

Intro: G D G <sup>D</sup>Bm7

[Primeira Parte]

G <sup>D</sup>  
Perfect, easy, so good to me

So why's there a pit in my gut in the shape of you?

G <sup>D</sup>  
Distract myself, say it's somethin' else

Maybe I'm just overwhelmed, maybe I'm confused

[Pré-Refrão]

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
Barely sleep when you sleep next to me

<sup>Bm7</sup>  
But I keep thinkin' I'll find a cure

<sup>D7</sup>  
I say that I'm fine, I tell you all the time

<sup>A</sup>  
I've never felt so happy and sure

[Refrão]

<sup>D</sup>  
But I'm so scared of my guitar

<sup>G</sup>  
'Cause it cuts right through to the heart

<sup>D</sup> <sup>Bm7</sup>  
Yeah, it knows me too well so I got no excuse

<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
I can't lie to it the same way that I lie to you

<sup>D</sup>  
I'm so scared of my guitar

<sup>G</sup>  
If I play it, then I'll think too hard

<sup>D</sup>  
Once you let the thought in, then it's already done

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
So I lay in your arms and pretend that it's love

[Segunda Parte]

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
If I was brave and noble like you

I'd have the nerve to just stop stringin' you along

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Bm7</sup>  
But I'm not half as decent as you

<sup>Bm</sup>  
I'd rather be tied to someone, even if they're wrong

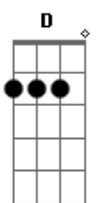
[Pré-Refrão]

<sup>D7</sup>  
I make excuses, my friends know the truth is

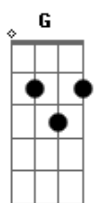
<sup>Bm7</sup>  
I'm not as alright as I claim

<sup>D7</sup>  
I say that I'm fine, I tell them all the time

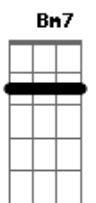
## Acordes



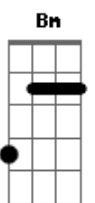
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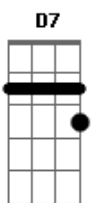
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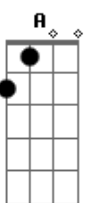
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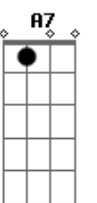
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<sup>A</sup>  
As they watch all the life fade away

[Refrão]

<sup>D</sup>  
Yeah, I'm so scared of my guitar

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
'Cause it cuts right through to the heart

<sup>Bm7</sup>  
Yeah, it knows me too well so I got no excuse

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I can't lie to it the same way that I lie to you

<sup>D7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I'm so scared of my guitar

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
If I play it, then I'll think too hard

<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Once you let the thought in and then it's already done

So I lay in your arms and pretend that it's love

<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Yeah, I lay in your arms and pretend that it's love

[Ponte]

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G D</sup>  
I pretend that it's love

<sup>A</sup>  
I pretend that it's love

I pretend that it's love, love

[Pré-Refrão]

<sup>Bm</sup>  
'Cause what if I never find anything better?

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Bm</sup>  
The doubt always creeps through my mind

<sup>D7</sup>  
So we'll stay together 'cause how could I ever

<sup>G</sup>  
Trade somethin' that's good for what's right?

[Refrão]

<sup>Bm7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Oh, I'm so scared of my guitar

<sup>Bm</sup>  
It cuts right through to my heart

It knows me too well, I got no excuse

I can't lie to it the same way that I lie to you

<sup>G</sup>  
I'm so scared of my guitar

When I play it is when I think too hard

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
I let the thought in, it's already done

<sup>Bm7</sup>  
But I lay in your arms and pretend that it's love

Yeah, I lay in your arms and pretend it's enough