

Olivia Rodrigo - ?Scared Of My Guitar

tom:

Intro: G D G ^D Bm7

[Primeira Parte]

G ^D
Perfect, easy, so good to me

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

G ^D
Distract myself, say it's somethin' else

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

[Pré-Refrão]

Bm ^{D7}
Barely sleep when you sleep next to me

But I keep thinkin' I'll find a cure

I say that I'm fine, I tell you all the time

I've never felt so happy and sure

[Refrão]

^D
But I'm so scared of my guitar

'Cause it cuts right through to the heart

Yeah, it knows me too well so I got no excuse

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

I'm so scared of my guitar

If I play it, then I'll think too hard

Once you let the thought in, then it's already done

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

[Segunda Parte]

G ^D
If I was brave and noble like you

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

But I'm not half as decent as you

I'd rather be tied to someone, even if they're wrong

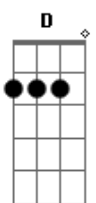
[Pré-Refrão]

^{D7}
I make excuses, my friends know the truth is

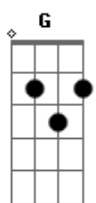
I'm not as alright as I claim

I say that I'm fine, I tell them all the time

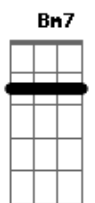
Acordes



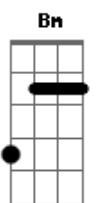
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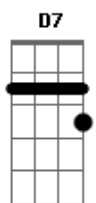
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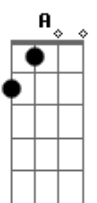
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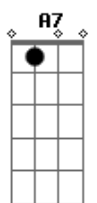
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As they watch all the life fade away

[Refrão]

^D
Yeah, I'm so scared of my guitar

'Cause it cuts right through to the heart

Yeah, it knows me too well so I got no excuse

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

I'm so scared of my guitar

If I play it, then I'll think too hard

Once you let the thought in and then it's already done

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

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

[Ponte]

G ^D G D
I pretend that it's love

I pretend that it's love

I pretend that it's love, love

[Pré-Refrão]

^{Bm}
'Cause what if I never find anything better?

The doubt always creeps through my mind

So we'll stay together 'cause how could I ever

Trade somethin' that's good for what's right?

[Refrão]

^{Bm7} G
Oh, I'm so scared of my guitar

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

I'm so scared of my guitar

When I play it is when I think too hard

I let the thought in, it's already done

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

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