

# Orla Gartland - Oh God

tom:

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I look at you and I know how I felt  
 All those summers ago, then I swore not to tell  
 I'm swallowed up by this Catholic guilt

Oh, God

[Riff]

If I always do what I'm told  
 I'll be bitter at fifty years old

Wasted my time  
 Wasted my worry on the little things

If you always just laugh it off  
 Oh, I won't be opening up

We kissed on the bed  
 It messed with my head

Does that mean nothing to you?  
 I look at you and I know how I felt  
 All those summers ago, then I swore not to tell  
 I'm swallowed up by this Catholic guilt

Oh, God

I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it

[Riff]

I'm just trying to shake off the shame  
 When I'm wearing nothing but blame  
 Not easy, 'cause when I close my eyes  
 I just think of touching you  
 This can't be easy on his side  
 Laying there motionless each night  
 A head full of heat, skin, sweat, sin  
 Tangled up feet and now clutching at sheets thinking  
 I look at her and I know how I felt  
 All those summers ago, then I swore not to tell  
 I'm swallowed up by this Catholic guilt

Oh, God

I don't want to think about it  
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 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it  
 I don't want to think about it

No, no  
 (I don't want to think about it)  
 (I don't want to think about it)  
 Can't control it  
 (I don't want to think about it)  
 Oh, God  
 No, no  
 (I don't want to think about it)  
 (I don't want to think about it)  
 Can't control it  
 (I don't want to think about it)  
 (I don't want to think about it)

## Acordes

