

Paris Paloma - As Good a Reason

tom:

Eb (forma dos acordes no tom de **A**)

Capostrate na 6ª casa

Intro: **Em** **G**
(Ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey)

C **B7**
(La-la-la)

Em **G**
(Ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey)

C **B7**
(La-la-la)

[Primeira Parte]

Em **G** **C** **B7**
I met a woman with lips so red

Em **G** **C** **B7**
A face so lined like spiderwebs

Em **G** **C** **B7**
I'll always remember the things she said

Em **G**
They were so wise, she ope'd my eyes

C **N.C**
And I'll never close again

Em **G** **C** **B7**
Oh, how she sighed when she stubbed her cigarette

Em **G** **C** **B7**
I felt compelled to enquire of her success

Em **G** **C** **B7** **B7**
How do you do, how do you be so in love with yourself?

Tell me please 'cause I need help

[Refrão]

She said

Em **G**
Every time you are succeedin'

C **D**
There's an old man somewhere seethin'

Bm **A** **Am**
And spite's as good a reason to take his power

Em **G**
When you hate the body you are in

C **D**
Oh, love, you're actin' just for him

Bm **A** **Am**
As he counts his gold and green in his ivory tower

Em **G**
Our fear, it lines his pockets, love

C **D**
So take that rage and bottle up

Bm **A** **Am**
And put a drop into his cup of wine

Em **G**
You don't need him, you don't need me

C **D**
With that poisoned bottle, you'll be free

Bm **A** **Am**

But be damn sure you don't mix it up with mine

[Pós-Refrão]

Em **G**
(Ey-ey-ey-ey)

C **B7**
(Ey-ey-ey-ey, la-la-la)

Em **G**
(Ey-ey-ey-ey)

C **B7**
(La-la-la)

[Segunda Parte]

Em **G** **C** **B7**
I met a young girl with eyes so bright

Em **G** **C** **B7**
She was already getting sick of life

Em **G** **C** **B7**
Her arms were laden with his merchandise

Em **G** **C**
She asked me why I no longer try and waste my time

[Refrão]

B7
And I said "Spite!"

Em **G**
Cause every time you are succeedin'

C **D**
There's an old man somewhere seethin'

Bm **A** **Am**
And spite's as good a reason to take his power

Em **G**
When you hate the body you are in

C **D**
Oh, love, you're actin' just for him

Bm **A** **Am**
As he counts his gold and green in his ivory tower

Em **G**
Our fear, it lines his pockets, love

C **D**
So take that rage and bottle up

Bm **A** **Am**
And put a drop into his cup of wine

Em **G**
You don't need him, you don't need me

C **D**
With that poisoned bottle, you'll be free

Bm **A** **Am**
But be damn sure you don't mix it up with mine

G **F** **C**
Be damn sure you don't mix it up with mine

[Final]

Em **G** **C** **B7**
I met a woman with lips so red

Em **G** **C** **B7**
Always remember the things she said

Acordes



