

Pedro Vulpe - Trouble

tom:
 Capostraste na 4ª casa

I've got trouble in my blood since day one
 Prisoner on tightrope, holding up my tongue
 Now all these words are coming along, wounded by silence
 If I could break free from this rage and lead my steps
 To reach a path where I might be safe

(C7M A7 C7M Dadd9)
 (Em C7M A7)
 (C7M Dadd9)

I've got trouble in my blood, am I cursed from high above?
 Or am I the foe I've been running from all this time?
 As a dreamer now I must wake and find a light
 Towards my errant ways and crumble what is in vain
 Let me rip off these pages and write again

The days and hopes I'd lost in oblivion
 I'd rather be hurt than lonely and gone

I'll stay with my soul
 A lifeless road has plans for both of us
 Do not bend your claims to that
 Belong to yourself, now I already know
 I've got trouble in my blood

(C7M A7 C7M Dadd9)
 (Em C7M A7)
 (C7M Dadd9)

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[Final] A7 C7M Dadd9 Em
 C7M A7 C7M
 Dadd9 Em7

Acordes

