Phoebe Ryan - Dead

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Tom: C
                                                           When things are good
                                                           I don't believe that they're for real
VERSE 1:
                                                                         Am7
                                                                               G
               G
          G
                         E
                                                           I really wish I could
C
 I've made mistakes, been dishonest
                                                           just tell myself I gotta feel
    G G F
                                                                                   С
Self-estranged, did what I wanted
                                                           Feel something else instead
 G G F
                                                           Cause lately life is like a dream
C
I was a fake, I slept just the same
                                                                               Am7
                                                                                     G
       G G
                                                           It's messing with my head
                         F
I'm not a saint, no, I'm not a saint
                                                           I must be dead
PRE-CHORUS:
                                                           BRTDGE:
C Am7 G
Oh, no it doesn't make sense
                                                           C F
So, suddenly it's all picture perfect
                                                           Am7 G
C Am7
                 G
Oh, no I don't understand
                                                           Life is so good and I don't deserve it
CHORUS:
                                                           INSTRUMENTAL:
                                                           (CF)
(Am7G)
              C F
When things are good
I don't believe that they're for real
                                                           CHORUS:
              Am7
                    G
I really wish I could
                                                                         C F
just tell myself I gotta feel
                                                           When things are good
                                                           I don't believe that they're for real
                       C
Feel something else instead
                                                                         Am7
                                                                               G
                                                           I really wish I could
Cause lately life is like a dream
                    Am7
                                                           just tell myself I gotta feel
                        G
It's messing with my head
                                                                                   С
I must be dead
                                                           Feel something else instead
                                                           Cause lately life is like a dream
VERSE 2:
                                                                               Am7
                                                                                     G
         G G
                      F
                                                           It's messing with my head
I've been a wreck, took things too far
                                                           I must be dead
  G G
С
                 F
Made a mess, felt like a star
                                                           OUTRO:
                                                                        С
     G G (strum once)
                                                                           E
C
I've broken hearts and goddamn I slept the same
                                                           I must be dead
                                                                       Am7 G
          G
                G
                      F
I'm not a saint, no, I'm not a saint
                                                           I must be dead (I must be dead I don't believe it)
                                                                       C
                                                                            F
PRE-CHORUS:
                                                           I must be dead (I tell myself I could be dreaming)
C Am7
                    G
                                                                       Am7 G
Oh, no it doesn't make sense
                                                           I must be dead (I must be dead I don't believe it)
C Am7
                 G
Oh, no I don't understand
                                                           ( C
                                                                 F)
                                                           ( Am7 G )
( C F )
( Am7 G )
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CHORUS:

C F

Acordes

