

RAYE - Escapism

Am tom:

Em

Sleazin' and teasin', I'm sittin' on him
 Em
 All of my diamonds are drippin' on him
 Em
 I met him at the bar, it was 12 or somethin'
 Em
 I ordered two more wines, 'cause tonight, I want him

Em
 A little context if you care to listen
 Em
 I find myself in a shit position
 D
 The man that I love sat me down last night
 D
 And he told me that it's over, dumb decision

Am
 And I don't wanna feel how my heart is rippin'
 Am
 In fact, I don't wanna feel, so I stick to sippin'
 D Em
 And I'm out on the town with a simple mission
 Bm
 In my little black dress, and this shit is sittin'

Em
 Just a heart broke bitch, high heels, six inch

In the back of the nightclub, sippin' champagne
 D
 I don't trust any of these bitches I'm with

In the back of the taxi, sniffin' cocaine
 Am
 Drunk calls, drunk texts, drunk tears, drunk sex

I was lookin' for a man who was on the same page
 D Em
 Now it's back to the intro, back to the bar
 Bm Em
 To the Bentley, to the hotel, to my old ways

Em D
 'Cause I don't wanna feel how I did last night
 D Am
 I don't wanna feel how I did last night

Am
 Doctor, doctor, anything, please
 Am Em
 Doctor, doctor, have mercy on me, take this pain away

Bm
 You're asking me my symptoms, doctor, I don't wanna feel

Em
 Toke this joint how I'm blowin' this steam

Em
 Back to my ways like 2019

Em
 Not 24 hours since my ex did dead it
 Bm
 I got a new man on me, it's about to get sweaty

Em
 Last night really was the cherry on the cake
 Em
 Been some dark days lately and I'm finding it crippling

D
 Excuse my state, I'm as high as your hopes
 D
 That you'll make it to my bed, get me hot and sizzling
 Am
 If I take a step back to see the glass half full

Am
 At least it's the Prada two-piece that I'm trippin' in
 Em Bm
 And I'm already actin' like a dick, know what I mean?

So you might as well stick it in

Em
 Just a heart broke bitch, high heels, six inch

In the back of the nightclub, sippin' champagne
 D
 I don't trust any of these bitches I'm with

In the back of the taxi, sniffin' cocaine
 Am
 Drunk calls, drunk texts, drunk tears, drunk sex

I was lookin' for a man who was on the same page
 D Em
 Now it's back to the intro, back to the bar

Bm Em
 To the Bentley, to the hotel, to my old ways
 Em Dm
 'Cause I don't wanna feel how I did last night

Dm
 I don't wanna feel how I did last night
 Am
 Doctor, doctor, anything, please

Am Em
 Doctor, doctor, have mercy on me, take this pain away

Bm
 You're asking me my symptoms, doctor, I don't wanna feel, mm
 (what?)

Em D
 'Cause I don't wanna feel like I felt last night

D Am
 I don't wanna feel like I felt last night

Am
 Be at peace with the things you can't change (last night)

Em Bm
 I'll be naked when I leave and I was naked when I came, yeah

Em
 Out of reach, out of touch, too numb, I don't feel no way

D
 Toast up, so what? Street small, but it go both ways

Am
 So you'll run, yeah, but you'll never escape

Em Bm
 Sunset in the maze (you're asking me my symptoms, doctor, I
 don't wanna feel)

Em D
 I don't wanna feel how I did last night

D Am
 I don't wanna feel how I did last night, oh

Am
 Doctor, doctor, anything, please

Am
 Doctor, doctor, have mercy on me

Em Bm
 You're asking me my symptoms, doctor, I don't wanna feel

Cm Bb
 I don't wanna feel how I did last night

Bb Cm
 I don't wanna feel how I did last night

Cm Bb Cm
 (How I did, how I did, how I did) Last night

(Cm Bb Cm)

Cm
 Mm, lipstick smudged like modern art

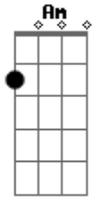
D Cm
 I don't know where the fuck I am or who's drivin' the fuckin'
 car
 Bb

Speedin' down the highway, sippin'

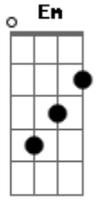
Mixin' pills with the liquor 'cah fuck these feelings

I left everyone I love on read (uh-huh)

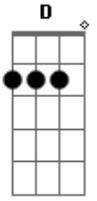
Acordes



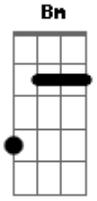
© ukulele-chords.com



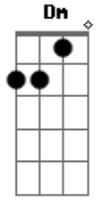
© ukulele-chords.com



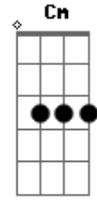
© ukulele-chords.com



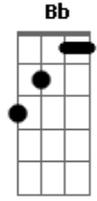
© ukulele-chords.com



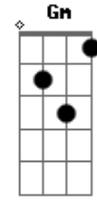
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com

Spilling secrets to the stranger in my bed (uh-huh)

I remember nothing, so there's nothing to regret (uh-huh)

Other than this 4/4 kick drum pounding in my head