

Rilo Kiley - A Better Son/Daughter

Tom: C

apotraste na 4ª casa

Sometimes in the morning i am petrified and can't move
Awake but cannot open my eyes

And the weight is crushing down on my lungs I know I can't
breath

And hope someone will help me this time

Your mother's still calling you insane and high

Swearing it's different this time

And you tell her to give in to the demons that possess her

And that god ever blessed her insides

Then you hang up the phone and feel badly for upsetting things

And crawl back into bed to dream of a time

When your heart was open wide and you loved things just
because

Like the sick and the dying

And sometimes when you're on you're really fucking on

And your friends they sing along and they love you

But the lows are so extreme that the good seems fucking cheap

And it teases you for weeks in its absense

But you'll fight and you'll make it through

You'll fake it if you have to

And you'll show up for work with a smile

And you'll be be better you'll be smarter

More grown up and a better daughter

Or son and a real good friend

And you'll be awake and you'll be alert

You'll be positive though it hurts

And you'll laugh and embrace all your friends

And you'll be a real good listener

You'll be honest you'll be brave

You'll be handsome you'll be beautiful

You'll be happy

[Solo]

Your ship may be coming in

You're weak but not giving in

To the cries and the wails of the valley below

Your ship may be coming in

You're weak but not giving in

And you'll fight it you'll go out fighting all of them

Acordes

