

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 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] C F C F C G

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

