

# 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

