

Sabrina Carpenter - Feather

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[Pré-Refrão]
                            tom:
Intro: Bm
                                                                I slam the door (Slam the door), i hit ignore (Hit ignore)
Do-do-do, do-do-do
                                                                     say, "no, no, no, no more"
  Oh, not another take
                                                                I got you blocked, excited to never talk
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                     am so sorry for your loss (Haha)
Oh, it's like that
                                                                [Refrão]
I'm your dream come true
                                                                                                                     A Gb7
                                                                I feel so much lighter like a feather with you off my mind, ah
When it's on a platter for you
                                                                Floatin' through the memories, like whatever
Then you pulled back
                                                                You're a waste of time, ah
When I try to make plans
                                                                Your signals are mixed, you act like a bitch
More than two hours in advance, hmm
                                                                                  Gb7
                                                                You fit every stereotype, "send a pic"
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                                I feel so much lighter like a feather with you out my life
I slam the door, I hit ignore
                                                                   With you out my life
     say, "no, no, no, no more"
                                                                [Ponte]
I got you blocked after this, an afterthought
                                                                Do-do-do, do-do-do (Hm)
         Gb7
     finally cut you off
                                                                Like a feather, like a feather, like a feather
[Refrão]
                                                                You want me, I'm done
I feel so much lighter like a feather with you off my mind, ah You miss me, no duh
Floatin' through the memories, like whatever
                                                                Where I am, in love where I'm at
You're a waste of time, ah
                                                                You want me, I'm done
Your signals are mixed, you act like a bitch
                                                                You miss me, no duh
You fit every stereotype, "send a pic"
                                                                Where I'm at, I'm up where I'm at
I feel so much lighter like a feather with you out my life
                                                                [Final]
  With you out my life
                                                                You want me, I'm done (I feel so much lighter like a feather
[Post-Refrão]
                                                                with you off my mind) (Mind)
                                                                You miss me, no duh
Do-do-do, do-do-do
                                                                                             Gb7
                                                                Where I'm at, I'm up where I'm at (Like a feather, like a
Like a feather, like a feather, like a feather
                                                                feather, like a feather)
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                You want me, I'm done (I feel so much lighter like a feather
                                                                with you off my mind)
It feels so good not carin' where you are tonight
                                                                You miss me, no duh
                                                                                             Gb7
And it feels so good not pretendin' to like the wine you like
                                                                Where I'm at, I'm up where I'm at (Like a feather, like a
                                                                feather, like a feather, yeah)
Acordes
                                 Gb7
           ukulele-chords.com
                         Jkulele-chords.com
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