

Seven Mary Three - Lucky

Tom: E

Abm Gbm E
 Mean Mr. Mustard says he's bored of life in the district
 Abm Gbm E
 Can't afford the French Quarter High, says it gets old real quick
 Abm Gbm E
 And he pales up next to me, scrawled on the pavement
 Abm Gbm E
 He says son, time is all the luck you need

B B
 But if I stay lucky then my tongue 'll stay tied
 Abm Gbm E
 And I won't betray the things that I hide
 B B
 There's not enough years underneath this build
 Abm Gbm E
 For me to admit the way that I felt

Abm Gbm E
 Mean Mr. Mustard says don't be the wave that crashes
 Abm Gbm E
 From a sea of discontent, he says he's wrestled with that blanket
 Abm Gbm E
 It leaves you cold and wet, anyway you stretch it
 Abm Gbm E
 Divine apathy, the disease of my youth, watch that you don't catch it

Gbm
 Down the wave that crashes, from
 E
 A sea that turns itself
 Gbm
 Inside out every chance I get
 E
 See what it's like in hell, yeah yeah

Acordes

