

Sublime with Rome - Take Or Leave It

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Tom: A
Intro:
                                                                 Take it or leave it.
                                                                Cause I'm really leaving.
 She's got a knack for hurting me,
                                                                I've purchased my ticket to New York.
Is it the words she says.
                                                                First thing in the morning,
 The only thing that keeps me here,
                                                                Kissing you good morning,
Are her eyes in the morning.
                                                                And whispering goodbye.
 I've packed my things a thousand times, ooh.
                                                                Take it or leave it.
 And I've faked believe all her lies, for the last time.
                                                                Cause I'm really leaving.
 The other day I drew myself a map,
                                                                I've made up my mind this time
So I could figure out your head.
                                                                There's no coming back for you
                                                                               Bm
  The canvass dripped with my sweat, blood and tears.
                                                                Oh, there's no coming back for you.
And she hated every thread.
                                                                 And I always feel incomplete.
  I've packed my things a thousand times, ooh.
                                                                 She smothered herself with her own beauty.
 And I've faked believe all her lies, for the last time.
                                                                 And she was born and raised as daddy's princess.
                                                                                      Gbm
                                                                But her gesture is no match for an heiress.
 Take it or leave it.
                                                                Yea her gesture is no match for an heiress.
Cause I'm really leaving.
I've purchased my ticket to New York.
                                                                 Cause I try to love you, try to hold on to,
First thing in the morning,
                                                                The feeling that makes me fall for you.
Kissing you good morning,
                                                                Oh, the feeling that makes me fall...
                                                                (pausa)
                                                                Take it or leave it now!
And whispering goodbye.
Take it or leave it.
                                                                 Take it or leave it.
Cause I'm really leaving.
                                                                Cause I'm really leaving.
I've made up my mind this time
                                                                I've purchased my ticket to New York.
There's no coming back for you
                                                                First thing in the morning,
Oh, there's no coming back for you.
                                                                Kissing you good morning,
(repita a intro)
                                                                And whispering goodbye.
 Told her no purse is more important,
                                                                 Cause I try to love you, try to hold on to,
Than the knowledge in her head.
                                                                The feeling that makes me fall for you.
  She grabbed her shit just like a baby.
                                                                That makes me fall for you
I can't believe the words I said
                                                                 Take it or leave it.
 The only thing I ever see her read,
                                                                Cause I'm really leaving.
Are those damn gossip magazines.
                                                                I've purchased my ticket to New York.
                                     Ghm
 They fill her head with all that nonsense, yeah
                                                                First thing in the morning,
So she can fit in with the scene
                                                                Kissing you good morning,
                                                                And whispering goodbye.
 I've packed my things a thousand times, ooh.
 And I've faked believe all her lies, for the last time.
                                                                 Cause I try to love you, try to hold on to,
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Oh, the feeling that makes me fall... $$\sf A$$ Makes me fall for you.

Acordes

