

tate mcrae - I Wrote a Song

Tom: C

She ^{Am} stares at her ceiling once again
^G With a hundred thoughts
^F Maybe he knows who I am
^G Actually probably not

She ^{Am} walks down the hall with her head down low
^G Scared to meet his eyes
^F Even when she hears his voice
^G She's swarmed with butterflies

It's ^C impossible
^{Dm} To get you off my mind
^{Am} I think about a hundred thoughts
^G And you are 99

I've ^C understood
^{Dm} That you will never be mine
^{Am} And that's fine
^G I'm just breaking inside

He ^{Am} always walks the crowded halls
^G And is blinded by this light
^F A girl who keeps her head down low
^G And never shows her eyes

He's ^{Am} tried to talk to her
^G But there's no easy way
^F 'Cause every time he raises his voice
^G She runs away

Oh it's ^C impossible
^{Dm} To get you off my mind
^{Am}

I think about a hundred thoughts
^G And you are 99

I've ^C understood
^{Dm} That you will never be mine
^{Am} And that's fine
^G I'm just breaking inside

And one day ^C
^{Dm} Maybe she'll stay
^{Am} And start to head over his way
^G And one day
^{Dm} She'll look into his eyes
^{Am} And instead of breaking
^G She'll call him mine

One day ^C
^{Dm} He'll grab her by the waist
^{Am} And force them to meet
^G Face to face

And one day ^C
^{Dm} He'll look into her eyes
^{Am} And say that you're my only light
^G

Oh it's ^C impossible
^{Dm} To get you off my mind
^{Am} I think about a hundred thoughts
^G And you are 99

Maybe ^C there's a chance that
^{Dm} You will be mine
^{Am} But right now
^G I'm just broken inside

Acordes

