

# Taylor Louderman - Little Miss Perfect

tom:

Intro: G  
[Primeira Parte]

Gb Db  
Straight hair, straight A's, straight forward  
Eb B  
Straight past, I don't cut corners  
Gb Db Ab  
I make a point to be on time

Head of the student council  
Gb Db  
I don't black out at parties  
Eb B  
I jam to Paul McCartney  
Gb Db  
If you asked me how I'm doing  
Ab  
I'll say... well

[Pré-Refrão]

Gb Db  
My parents spoiled me rotten, often  
Eb B  
I ask myself what did I do  
Gb Db  
To get as far as I've gotten  
Eb B  
A pretty girl walks by my locker  
Gb Db Eb  
My heart gives a flutter but I don't dare utter a word  
B  
'Cause that would be absurd behavior  
Db  
for "Little Miss Perfect"

[Refrão]

Gb Db Eb  
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na no  
B Gb  
I can't risk falling off my throne  
Db Eb  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la love  
B  
Is something I don't even know  
Gb Db Eb  
Straight hair, straight A's, straight forward  
B  
Straight girl  
B Db  
"Little Miss Perfect"  
Gb  
That's me  
( Gb )

[Segunda Parte]

Gb Db  
One night, my friend stayed over  
Eb B  
We laughed, And drank and ordered  
Gb Db Ab  
Something about her drew me in

What? It's totally platonic  
Gb Db  
That night, was so exciting  
Eb B  
Her smirks were so enticing  
Gb Db  
Hours speed by like seconds  
Ab  
Then, what happens is iconic

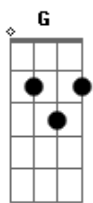
[Pré-Refrão]

Eb B  
She takes a sip  
Gb Db  
I bite my lip, She tells a joke  
Eb B  
I nearly choke, She braids my hair  
Gb Db  
I sit there, blacking out for the first time  
Eb B Gb  
Next thing I know, I lose control  
Db  
I finally kiss her but oh no  
Eb B  
I see a face in my window  
Db  
Then my brain starts to go

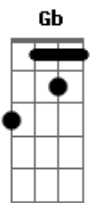
[Refrão]

Gb Db Eb  
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na no  
B Gb  
You can't risk falling off your throne  
Db Eb  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la love  
B Gb  
Is something you don't even know  
Db Eb  
Na-na-na-na-na-na no  
B Gb  
You can't risk falling off your throne  
Db B  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la love  
B  
You don't even know  
Db  
Rewind, induce amnesia  
Eb B  
Deny the truth, it's easier  
Gb Db  
You're just confused, believe her  
Eb B Db  
When she says there's nothing there  
Eb B Db Gb  
When you're "Little Miss Perfect"

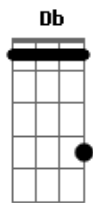
## Acordes



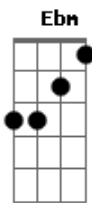
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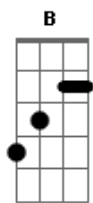
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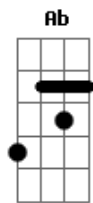
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