

Taylor Swift - I Hate It Here

tom:
 Capotraste na 2ª casa
 (One, two)
 (One, two, three)

Am
 Quick, quick

Tell me something awful
 Like you are a poet

Trapped inside the body of a finance guy
Am
 Tell me all your secrets
 All you'll ever be is
 My eternal consolation prize

Am
 You see, I was a debutant in another life, but
 Now I seem to be scared to go outside

If comfort is a construct
 I don't believe in good luck
 Now that I know what's what

C
 I hate it here, so I will go to

Secret gardens in my mind
Am
 People need a key to get to

The only one is mine
G
 I read about it in a book when I was a precocious child
Am
 No mid-sized city hopes and small-town fears
C
 I'm there most of the year, 'cause I hate it here
 I hate it here

Am
 My friends used to play a game where
 We would pick a decade
 We wished we could live in instead of this
 I'd say the 1830s, but without all the racists
 And getting married off for the highest bid

Everyone would look down, 'cause it wasn't fun now
 Seems like it was never even fun back then

Nostalgia is a mind's trick
 If I'd been there, I'd hate it
 It was freezing in the palace

C
 I hate it here, so I will go to

Lunar valleys in my mind
Am
 When they found a better planet
 Only the gentle survived
G
 I dreamed about it in the dark

The night I felt like I might die
Am
 No mid-sized city hopes and small-town fears
C
 I'm there most of the year, 'cause I hate it here
 I hate it here

G
 I'm lonely, but I'm good

I'm bitter, but I swear I'm fine
D
 I'll save all my romanticism for my inner life
 And I'll get lost on purpose

This place made me feel worthless
G
 Lucid dreams like electricity
D
 The current flies through me
 And in my fantasies, I rise above it
G
 And way up there, I actually love it

C
 I hate it here, so I will go to

Secret gardens in my mind
Am
 People need a key to get to

The only one is mine
G
 I read about it in a book when I was a precocious child
Am
 No mid-sized city hopes and small-town fears
C
 I'm there most of the year, 'cause I hate it here
 I hate it here

Am
 Quick, quick

Tell me something awful
 Like you are a poet
 Trapped inside the body of a finance guy

Acordes

