

# Tessa Violet - Haze

Tom: F

I used to be <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Overwhelmed by every little thing <sup>Bb</sup>  
 Torn apart, unraveled at the seams <sup>Gm</sup>  
 I think it rooted in the way I breathe <sup>A</sup>  
 Mmm

And I get drunk <sup>Dm</sup>  
 On a boy who asks me if I'm up <sup>Bb</sup>  
 Tells me he can't understand his luck <sup>Gm</sup>  
 To know me, to love me, to hold me <sup>A</sup>  
 Show up

I'll be your empathetic savior <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Call me up, I'll meet you later <sup>Bb</sup>  
 You can praise me for the way <sup>Gm</sup>  
 I always know just what to say <sup>A</sup>  
 I'll carve into your ribs and  
 Leave you crying for a kiss  
 Just for kicks  
 Mmm

Cause nothing satiates me <sup>Dm</sup>  
 And I don't think that I hate me <sup>Bb</sup>  
 But bad or good <sup>Gm</sup>  
 Seems nothing could  
 Take away this tasteless haze <sup>A</sup>

And nothing overtakes me <sup>Dm</sup>  
 And I think I'm going crazy <sup>Bb</sup>  
 But bad or good <sup>Gm</sup>  
 Seems nothing could  
 Take away this tasteless haze of mine <sup>A</sup>

I met a boy <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Who never knew the taste of haze <sup>Bb</sup>  
 To him the whole world is a stage <sup>Gm</sup>  
 While I am fifty shades of beige <sup>A</sup>

Sometimes I think <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Is this the way I'm supposed to be <sup>Bb</sup>  
 Was I just built differently <sup>Gm</sup>  
 Or is there something wrong with me <sup>A</sup>  
 Cause there's a circuit in my chest <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Unconnected from the rest  
 Of my mind and it's the spot <sup>Bb</sup>  
 Where my words are getting caught <sup>Gm</sup>  
 And I try to walk it off  
 But my brain is filled with fog  
 Disconnecting my mouth from my thoughts <sup>A</sup>

Cause nothing satiates me <sup>Dm</sup>  
 And I don't think that I hate me <sup>Bb</sup>  
 But bad or good <sup>Gm</sup>  
 Seems nothing could  
 Take away this tasteless haze <sup>A</sup>

And nothing overtakes me <sup>Dm</sup>  
 And I think I'm going crazy <sup>Bb</sup>  
 But bad or good <sup>Gm</sup>

Seems nothing could  
 Take away this tasteless haze of mine <sup>A</sup>  
 Dm Bb Gm A  
 Hmm  
 Hmm-mmm  
 Hmm-mmm-mmm

Cause nothing satiates me <sup>Dm</sup>  
 And I don't think that I hate me <sup>Bb</sup>  
 But bad or good <sup>Gm</sup>  
 Seems nothing could  
 Take away this tasteless haze <sup>A</sup>

And nothing overtakes me <sup>Dm</sup>  
 And I think I'm going crazy <sup>Bb</sup>  
 But bad or good <sup>Gm</sup>  
 Seems nothing could  
 Take away this tasteless haze of mine <sup>A</sup> (Dm )

## Acordes

