

The 1975 - 102

Tom: Gb

(com acordes na forma de Capotraste na 6ª casa)
 Well we're here, we're at the common again
 Smoked 6 of the 10 fags that I only bought an hour ago
 Said well I, I like the look of your shoes
 I like the way that your face looks when I'm arguing with you
 And so when, when we all grow old
 I hope this song will remind you that I'm not half as bad as what you've been told
 When I knock, at 102
 I see your pyjamas and can't stop smiling at you

And that's why when, we're at the common again
 I've been pouring my heart out towards your optimistic grin
 Said well I, I, I like the cut of your jib
 I like the way that your face looks when you're yapping on about him
 But on this shirt, I found your smell
 And I just sat there for ages contemplating what to do, with myself
 I called you up, at 102
 And we just sat there for ages talking about that boy what was getting onto you
 You

Acordes

