

# The Neighbourhood - RIP My Youth

Tom: Bb  
 Intro: Cm Gm Eb  
           Cm Bb Eb

          Gm  
 R.I.P. to my youth

And you could call this the funeral  
           Cm Gm  
           Gm

I'm just telling the truth  
           Cm Gm

And you can play this at my funeral  
           Cm

Wrap me up in Chanel inside my coffin  
           Eb

Might go to Hell and there ain't no stopping  
           Gm

Might be a sinner and I might be a saint

I'd like to be proud, but somehow I'm ashamed

Sweet little baby in a world full of pain

I gotta be honest, I don't know if I could take it

Everybody's talking, but what's anybody saying?

Mama said if I really want to, then I can change, yeah yeah

Cm  
 R.I.P. to my youth

          Eb  
 If you really listen, then this is to you

          Gm  
 Mama, there is only so much I can do

Except for you to witness, for to worship me too

          Bb                          Cm  
 I'm using white lighters to see  
                                   Gm  
 what's in front of me

          Gm  
 R.I.P. to my youth

          Cm Gm  
 And you could call this the funeral

          Gm  
 I'm just telling the truth, yeah

          Cm Gm  
 You can play this at my funeral

          Cm  
 Tell my sister don't cry and don't be sad

          Eb  
 I'm in Paradise with Dad

          Gm  
 Close my eyes and then cross my arms

Put me in the dirt, let me dream with the stars

          Cm  
 Throw me in a box with the oxygen off

          Eb  
 You gave me the key and you locked every lock

          Gm  
 When I can't breathe, I won't ask you to stop

When I can't breathe, don't call for a cop

          Cm  
 I was naive and hopeful and lost

Now I'm aware and driving my thoughts

[Solo] Cm Gm F

          Eb  
 What do I do? What do I do?

I don't believe it if I don't keep proof

          Gm  
 I don't believe it if I don't know you

          F  
 I don't believe it if it's on the news or on the Internet

I need a cigarette

          Cm                          Eb                          Gm  
 I'm using white lighters to see what's in front of me

          Cm                          Eb  
 I'm using white lighters to see

          Gm  
 R.I.P. to my youth

          Cm Gm  
 And you could call this the funeral

          Gm  
 I'm just telling the truth

          Cm Gm  
 And you can play this at my funeral

          Cm  
 Tell my sister don't cry and don't be sad

          Eb  
 I'm in Paradise with Dad

          Gm  
 Close my eyes and then cross my arms

Put me in the dirt, let me be with the stars

( Bb Cm Gm )

## Acordes

