

The Rare Occasions - Scribble

tom:

B

Intro: Bm7 Em7

[Primeira Parte]

I want you to cozy up and call me your lover
 I'd be some kind of fool if I didn't try for your number
 The moon and the tides are lifting us up a little
 A string in the dark
 And I see in your eyes our lines they start to scribble

[Segunda Parte]

I tried so hard to justify the words that I've spoken
 And drove off in the car somehow thinking I wasn't broken
 Cold as the compass, spent as the speculator
 I gave up on myself
 But sometimes the path is pulled from the peril

[Ponte] Em7 Dbm Em7 Dbm

[Refrão]

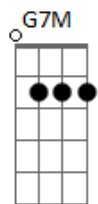
E Dbm Abm
 Chase me through the clouds
 E Dbm Abm
 I'll wait on the ground
 E Dbm Abm
 Show me what you found
 Gb
 What you found
 Let's talk about it

[Ponte] Bm7 E

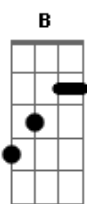
[Final]

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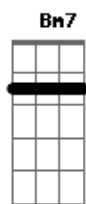
Acordes



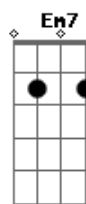
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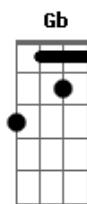
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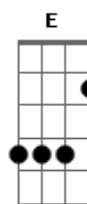
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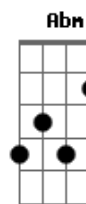
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