The Script - Six Degrees Of Seperation

Tom: E Anyone flowing all around you, yeah F F7M You've read the books, Tarot cards, Gems and stones, E7M Believing all that shit is gonna heal your soul. You've watched the shows, B Α We'll it's not, no What's the best way no one knows, yeah, E7M Dbm F (Medicated?), hypnotized. Your only doing things out of desperation, В Α В Anything to take it from your mind. Oh, no В Α F But it won?t go, Your goin' through six degrees of separation. Е Dbm You're doing all these things out of desperation, First, you think the worst is a broken heart B Oh, whoa, R Dbm What's gonna kill you is the second part E You're going through six degrees of separation. And the third, is when your world splits down the middle E7M Dbm A And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself You hear the drinking, take a toll В Watch the past go up in smoke. Fifth, you see them out with someone else E7M Dbm Α And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a Fake a smile, yeah, lie and say R little You're better now than ever, and your life's okay В Α When it's not, whoa No there's no starting over, Dbm F You're doing all these things out of desperation, Without finding closure, Dbm Oh, whoa, You take them back, no hesitation, E That's when you know you've reached the sixth degree of You're going through six degrees of separation. separation Dbm (Repeat) First, you think the worst is a broken heart B Dbm F What's gonna kill you is the second part First, you think the worst is a broken heart R Dhm And the third, is when your world splits down the middle What's gonna kill you is the second part Dbm A And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself And the third, is when your world splits down the middle B Dbm A Fifth, you see them out with someone else And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself F And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a Fifth, you see them out with someone else little Dbm Α And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a R Dbm F ((My mother ain't no help?), it's every man for himself) (2x) little F7M Dbm You tell your friends, yeah, strangers too, ((My mother ain't no help?), it's every man for himself) (2x)

Acordes

