

The Weeknd - Reflections Laughing (feat. Travis Scott)

tom:
Intro: Bm Em Gbm Em Bm

Don't you let me down

If you let me drown

I'll die in your arms again

I'll die in your arms

I won't make a sound

Blood on the ground

When they take my crown

If they take my crown

Bm
Oh
Em
Oh
Gbm Em Bm
Oh

Bm
Reflections lookin' back at me

They're smilin', they're smilin'

I'm trapped inside a gilded cage

A golden blade I'm sharpening

It pleases you, I'll see it through

I feel your chill across my skin

The seasons never change

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When they take my crown

If they take my crown

Bm
Oh
D Em
Oh
G Gbm Em
Oh
Bm
Oh

Bm
I know you're up

You think I don't know you're staying up all night

D Em

Acordes

Cooped up in that hotel room?

I know you

You still got that adrenaline from the concert

Ain't no way you're asleep

My girl told me she saw you in Dallas, said you didn't look good

That you barely finished the show

I just hope you're not back to the old you

How much longer you in Texas for?

I'm just worried, you worked so hard to be better

And now you're back, drowning in that shit

Don't let this industry break you, baby

Don't let them take you from me

Wait, I been up tourin' state, 45 off a safe

At the top is my place, you and I, different wave

Always know when you're late, I could never tell you wait

Made me talk at the lake, lavish life type of estate

Losin' time when you pace, what we can do if you'd waste

I know the sky's been in haze, you never been through this phase

Been in fire, livin' fake, know you try, but it's late

I run the lobby, every summer, buy her body

Two-step a stutter

Platinum 'round my wrist, bird chirp like I'm Stunna

Look around this bitch while the DJ set cut up

Flashes from the pics in my sections while I'm fucked up

Bad bitch I been waitin' to get with, hope I don't nut up

Yeah, nut up, man, this shit is trouble

I been hittin' licks, seein' splits, doin' double

No, it's no events, check my temp, watch it bubble

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When they take my crown

If they take my crown

What does that shit feel like anyway?

