

Troye Sivan - Fun

the people who love you Intro: C Em C Em Let's go have fun you and me in the old jeep. Don't you wanna see the world, boy All the Countries and their Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. Am Em Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in the midday. Just don't look them in the eyes, boy Just gotta take their Son, you and me in the old jeep. lives, boy. Em Let me take you for a drive, boy Oh I swear you'll feel alive, Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. G Am Em Em Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in All you gotta do is trust that I'm being true And do it for the midday the people who love you. Fm Let's go have fun you and me in the old jeep. Son, listen to what I tell you. Em Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. You'll see my son now you know what you gotta do Am Em Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in Let's go have fun. Let's go have fun. the midday. Let's go have fun you and me in the old jeep. Son, you and me in the old jeep. Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. Fm Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. Fm Em Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in the midday. the midday. G Son, you and me in the old jeep. Son, listen to what I tell you. Fm Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. You'll see my son now you know what you gotta do Let's go have fun. Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in the midday. when you're standing on the line, boy Don't go looking for Fun you and me in the old jeep. Em Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. Yeah you gotta set them free, boy 'Cause you know that's what G Am Fm Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in they need, boy. the midday. G Yeah you're gonna make them cry, boy 'Till they put you in the Son, you and me in the old jeep. ground, boy. Em Ride around town with our rifles on the front seat. All you gotta do is trust that I'm being true And do it for Fun you and me and a milly shooting at rocks bullets cocked in the midday

Acordes

