

Vansire - Metamodernity

tom:

Intro: ^F
 Dm7 Bb7 Gm7 F7
 Dm7 G Bb7 F7
 Dm7 Bb7 Gm7 F7
 Dm7 G Bb7 F7
 Dm7 Bb7

[Primeira Parte]

Next to Hudson Yards ^{Gm7}
 It's crowded on the weekdays ^{F7}
 Dm7 From April to May
 G Parse apart a troubled heart ^{Bb7}
 From an E Train ^{F7}
 Dm7 C Bb7 And sing about it in LA

[Segunda Parte]

^{Gm7} With clouds in the rearview ^{F7}
 Dm7 You start humming along
 G To the first verse
 Bb7 Of your favorite song
 F7 That you quote each day
 Dm7 With the words all wrong

[Refrão]

^{Bb7} So call me when the world looks bleak ^{Gm7}
 F7 Dm7 I love you but it's hard to believe
 G Bb7 With every day we'll start to see
 F7 Dm7

The rest is metamodernity

(^{Bb7} ^{Gm7} ^{F7})
 (^{Dm7} ^G ^{Bb7} ^{F7})
 (^{Dm7} ^{Bb7})

[Terceira Parte]

^{Gm7} With agrestic charm
 F7 It's humid in the Midwest
 Dm7 C7 From June to July
 G All beneath ^{Bb7} a pinkish sky
 F7 From the wildfires
 Dm7 C Bb7 Which mantle the horizon line
 (^{Gm7} ^{F7} ^{Dm7})

[Quarta Parte]

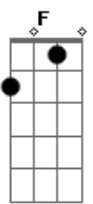
^C From the outset ^G
 Bb7 It's been hard to tell
 F7 Why I'd feel this down
 Dm7 C When it all bodes well

[Refrão]

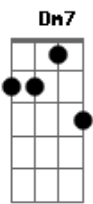
^{Bb7} So call me when the world looks bleak ^{Gm7}
 F7 Dm7 I love you but it's hard to believe
 G Bb7 With every day we'll start to see
 F7 Dm7 The rest is metamodernity

[Final] ^{Bb7} ^{Gm7} ^{F7}
 Dm7 ^G ^{Bb7} ^{F7}
 Dm7 ^F

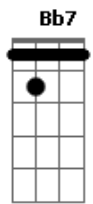
Acordes



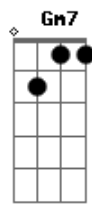
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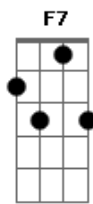
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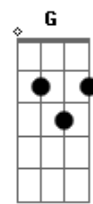
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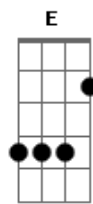
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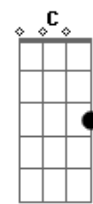
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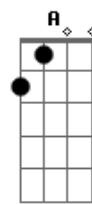
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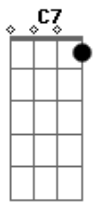
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