

## Wrabel - 11 Blocks

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Tom: C
                                                            Someone stop me, please, from hurting myself
                                                      Em F
11 blocks from my door to your doorstep
                                                      Em F
                                                            Cause I'm two blocks away and you're hurting my health
Three years later and it feels too close
                                                                         F C
                                                             And it's Friday night; you're not that type
                   C
thought I broke the last of that breakdown
                                                                 F C
                                                                                           Am F C
                                                             I know that you're home
           Em F
The morning I sold your winter coat
                                                             Somebody stop me
It doesn't feel right when I'm grabbing a coffee
                                                                                                  F C
                                                            I should be going home
                                                     Em F
                                                                                           F C
The same old spot, but I'm on my own
                                                             Somebody stop me
                 C
I feel OK in the day, but at nighttime
                                                            Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
          Em F C G
You know how I get when I'm alone
                                                            Ponte:
                                                            Well, I met someone
                   C
                            G
Cause my mind won't stop; it's just 11 blocks
                                                            And I think I'm in love
                                                            Refrão:
I know that you're_home
                                                                                                                  Am
                F
                         C
                                                             Cause my mind won't stop; it's just 11 blocks
                                                     Αm
Cause it's Friday night; you're not that type
                                                                 F C
                                                             I know that you're home
I know that you're home
                                                             Cause it's Friday night; you're not that type
Verso:
                                                                F C
                                                             I know that you're home
Em F
                                           G
                                                Em F
14 blocks from your door to this party
                                                             And, I met someone and I swear I'm in love
                                                   Em F
I caught myself counting on the way
                                                             But I'm two blocks away and you're just like a drug
                                                             My mind won't stop; it's just 11 blocks
And right when I stepped in the door to the party
                                                             F C
                                                             I know that you're home
                Em F
                                                                           Am F C
I stepped outside to grab a smoke
                 Em F
                                                             I got somebody
You know how I get when I'm alone, no
                                                                  Am
                                                            Waiting for me at home
                                                                             Am F C
Refrão:
                                                             I got somebody
Cause my mind won't stop; it's just 11 blocks
                                                             Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
       C
I know that you're home
                                                                                                                     Fm
                                                     Am
Cause it's Friday night; you're not that type
                        G Am F C
                                                             11 blocks from my door to your doorstep
I know that you're home
                                                                                                              G
                                                G
                                                             Three years later and it feels too close
```

## **Acordes**

