

Wrabel - The Village

Tom: F
Intro: Bb Dm F Am

No, your mom don't get it
And your dad don't get it
Uncle John don't get it

And you can't tell grandma
'Cause her heart can't take it
And she might not make it

They say, "Don't dare, don't you even go there
Cutting off your long hair, you do as you're told"
Tell you, "Wake up, go put on your makeup
This is just a phase you're gonna outgrow"

There's something wrong in the village
In the village, oh

They stare in the village
In the village, oh

There's nothing wrong with you
It's true, it's true

There's something wrong with the village
With the village

There's something wrong with the village

Feel the rumors follow you from Monday
all the way to Friday dinner

You got one day of shelter
then it's Sunday hell to pay

you young lost sinner

Well I've been there, sitting in that same chair
Whispering that same prayer half a million times

It's a lie though, buried in disciples
One page of the Bible isn't worth a life

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There's something wrong with the village
With the village

There's something wrong with the village

(Bb Dm F Am)
(Bb Dm F C)
(Bb Dm F Am)
(Bb Dm F Am)

There's something wrong in the village
In the village, oh

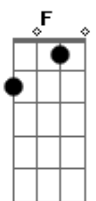
They stare in the village
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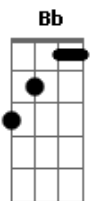
There's something wrong with the village
With the village

There's something wrong with the village

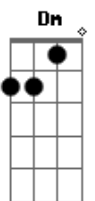
Acordes



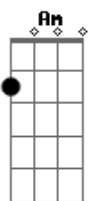
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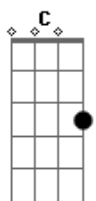
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