

# YUNGBLUD - Parents

Tom: G  
Intro: Am Fm  
I was born in a messed up century  
My favourite flavoured sweets are raspberry amphetamines  
I bought a car, Beretta, age 16  
I brush my teeth with bleach 'cause I ain't got time for cavities  
My daddy put a gun to my head  
Said, "If you kiss a boy, I'm gonna shoot you dead"  
So I tied him up with gaffa tape and I locked him in a shed  
Then I went out to the garden and I fucked my best friend

'Cause my high hopes are getting low  
Because these people are so old  
The way they think about it all  
If I tried, I would never know  
My high hopes are getting low  
But I know I'll never be alone  
It's alright, we'll survive  
'Cause parents ain't always right

I-I-I-I, I-I-I-I  
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I  
I-I-I-I, I-I-I-I  
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I

Put a toaster in my bath, watch my mum and dad laugh.  
See a thousand volts go through the son they wish they never had

They told me casual affection leads to sexual infection  
But it's hard to get an erection when you're so used to rejection

Yeah, the teacher fucked the preacher  
But then he had to leave her  
Had to wash away the sins of a male cheerleader  
"Hi, nice to meet ya," got nothing to believe in

So let me know when my breathing stops  
'Cause my high hopes are getting low  
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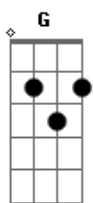
I-I-I-I, I-I-I-I  
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I  
I-I-I-I, I-I-I-I  
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I

Tick, tock, stop the clock  
Because I get the feeling that I'm gonna get shot  
Tick, tock, stop the clock  
Because I get the feeling that I'm gonna get shot

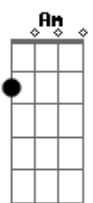
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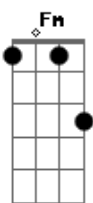
## Acordes



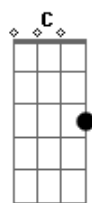
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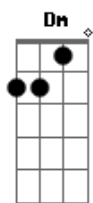
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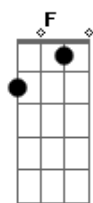
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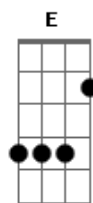
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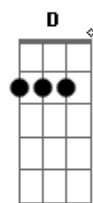
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