

Zach Bryan - Like Ida

tom:
Intro: ^G ^D ^C ^G
^G ^D ^C ^G

[Primeira Parte]

^G
When you wake in the morning
^D
And I'm not by your side
^C ^G
Just know that I'm halfway to Dallas
^G
I'm stoned out my mind
^D
I'm half buzzed 'bout full time
^C ^G
Since you left me to die here last August
^G
When you make it to Nashville
^D
You can tell by one hat tilt
^C ^G
That that shit just ain't my scene
^G
I like out of tune guitars
^D
And takin' jokes too far
^C ^G
And my bartender extra damn mean

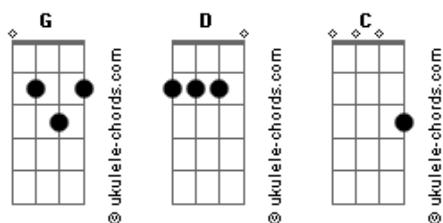
[Refrão]

^C ^G
So roll where you're rollin'
^D ^G
I'll be prayin' you're fine
^C ^G
Wherever where you're goin'
^D ^G
Stay walkin' that line
^G ^C ^C ^G
'Cause they'll eat and they'll spit you
^D ^G
But you're not their fool
^C ^G
They don't know you like Ida
^D ^G
Back home on barstools
^G ^D ^C ^G)
(^G ^D ^C ^G)

[Segunda Parte]

^G
I'm out on the road
^D
When I'm going I go

Acordes



^C ^G
I make music with all of my friends
^G
I miss your silhouette
^D
Catchin' coastal sunsets
^C ^G
And the sound of that rusty door hinge
^G
But that day's bound to come when I
^D
Finish this run and I'm
^C ^G
Rollin' right into your arms
^G
And that bullshit you see
^D
On the late night T.V
^C ^G
Is a long way from our beatin' hearts

[Refrão]

^C ^G
So roll where you're rollin'
^D ^G
I'll be prayin' you're fine
^C ^G
Go where you're goin'
^D ^G
Stay walkin' that line
^G ^C ^C ^G
'Cause they'll eat and they'll spit you
^D ^G
But you ain't their fool
^C ^G
They don't know you like Ida
^D ^G
Back home on barstools
(^G ^D ^C ^G)
(^G ^D ^C ^G)

[Refrão]

^C ^G
So roll where you're rollin'
^D ^G
I'll be prayin' you're fine
^C ^G
Wherever you're goin'
^D ^G
Stay walkin' that line
^G ^C ^C ^G
'Cause they'll eat then they'll spit you
^D ^G
You ain't their fool
^C ^G
They don't know you like Ida
^D ^G
Back home on barstools