Liquor Store Blues Bruno Mars

C#m Standing at this liquor store, G#m G#m Α Whisky coming through my pores, Feeling like I run this whole block. G#m C#m Lotto tickets, cheap beer, that s why you can catch me here, Α G#m Trying to scratch my way up to the top C#m G#m G#m Α Because my job got me going nowhere, so I ain t got a thing to lose. C#m G#m А G#m Take me to a place where I don t care, this is me and my liquor store blues. Refrão: C#m G#m I ll take one shot for my pain, в7 Α One drag for my sorrow. C#m G#m Get messed up today, Α в7 I ll be ok tomorrow. C#m G#m One shot for my pain, А в7 One drag for my sorrow. G#m C#m Get messed up today, Α B7 I ll be ok tomorrow. C#m G#m Me and my guitar tonight, singing to the city lights G#m Α Trying to live with more than what I got C#m G#m Cause 68 Cents just, ain t gonna pay the rent so G#m Α I ll be out here til they call the cops C#m G#m Α G#m Because my job got me going nowhere, so I ain t got a thing to lose. А C#m G#m G#m

Take me to a place where I don t care, this is me and my liquor store blues.

Refrão:

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C#mG#mABmI wouldn t stand up to the cops, And stand up to the big guys, because, all of<br/>them are saps

C#m \$G#m\$ All the talk them a talk and them fly make no drop

A Bm Enough ghetto youth cannot escape the trap

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