Liquor Store Blues
Bruno Mars

    C#m
Standing at this liquor store,
   G#m   A   G#m
Whisky coming through my pores, Feeling like I run this whole block.
    C#m   G#m
Lotto tickets, cheap beer, that s why you can catch me here,
   A   G#m
Trying to scratch my way up to the top

     C#m   G#m   A   G#m
Because my job got me going nowhere, so I ain t got a thing to lose.
     C#m   G#m   A   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,
  A   B7
One drag for my sorrow.
   C#m   G#m
Get messed up today,
    A   B7
I ll be ok tomorrow.
   C#m   G#m
One shot for my pain,
  A   B7
One drag for my sorrow.
   C#m   G#m
Get messed up today,
    A   B7
I ll be ok tomorrow.

   C#m   G#m
Me and my guitar tonight, singing to the city lights
    A   G#m
Trying to live with more than what I got

C#m   G#m
 Cause 68 Cents just, ain t gonna pay the rent so
A   G#m
 I ll be out here til they call the cops

     C#m   G#m   A   G#m
Because my job got me going nowhere, so I ain t got a thing to lose.
     C#m   G#m   A   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#m                    G#m
I ll take one shot for my pain,
      A           B7
One drag for my sorrow.
     C#m              G#m
Get messed up today,
        A    B7
I ll be ok tomorrow.
      C#m                 G#m
One shot for my pain,
      A            B7
One drag for my sorrow.
      C#m              G#m
Get messed up today,
        A    B7
I ll be ok tomorrow.


     C#m                        G#m
Here comes Junior Gong, I m flying high like superman
        A                         G#m        C#m
And thinkin that I run the whole block, I don t know if it s just because
     G#m                       A                        G#m
Pineapple kush between my jaws, Has got me feeling like I m on top, Feeling like

      C#m                      G#m              A                    Bm
I wouldn t stand up to the cops, And stand up to the big guys, because, all of
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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