

Taste Of Her Lips
Friska Viljor

B **F**
In summerdays
G
When we were kids
B/F
We were safe
B **F**
Chasing pretty girls
G **B/F**
Just to catch another kiss
B **F**
The taste of her lips
G **B/F**
Made you full of butterflies
B **F**
And now we re still the same
G **B/F**
But the girls they have changed

Am **G** **F**
They re gonna make you feel like you ve never done a thing right
Am **G** **F**
Drag you down and then pull you up in their sight
Am **G** **F**
And when you think you re good they prove to you that you re not
Am **G** **F**
And when you had enough they re gonna put the guilt on you

B **F**
I ve been looking for that something
G
Turns out that there is nothing
F
That makes me feel that way
B **F**
I call you i recall you always
G
You re the only one that takes me
F
Closer to the truth
B
Closer to my youth

F G B/F

B F
There were times when we were friends
G
When all was good
B/F
With everything
B F
But the most part of our lives
G B/F
They have turned to something bad

Am G F
That s when you made me feel like I never did a thing right
Am G F
Dragged me down and pulled me into your sight
Am G F
And when I had enough you questioned all that i said
Am G F
And my confusing mind would always fall for that

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Turns out that there is nothing
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B F
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F B F B F B F

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I ve been looking for that something
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That makes me feel that way

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F

I call you i recall you always

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You re the only one that takes me

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Closer to the truth

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Closer to my youth