

Miss You

Louis Tomlinson

C **G**
Is it my imagination?

Am
Is it something that I m taking?

F
All the smiles that I m faking
Everything is great
Everything is fucking great

C **G**
Going out every weekend

Am
Staring at the stars or the ceiling

F
Hollywood friends, got to see them
Such a good time
I believe it this time

C
Tuesday night

G
Glazed over eyes

Am **F**
Just one more pint or five
Does it even matter anyway?

C **G**
We re dancing on tables

Am
Till I m off my face

F
With all of my people

C
And it couldn t get better, they say

G
We re singing til last call

Am
And it s all out of tune

F
Should be laughing, but there s something wrong

Fm
And it hits you when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I miss you

G
Just like that and I m sober

Am

I m asking myself: Is it over?

F

Maybe I was lying when I told you
Everything is great
Everything is fucking great

C

G

And all of these thoughts and the feelings

Am

Chase you down if you don t need them

F

I ve been checking my phone all evening
Such a good time
I believe it this time

C

Tuesday night

G

Glazed over eyes

Am

F

Just one more pint or five
Does it even matter anyway?

C

G

We re dancing on tables

Am

Till I m off my face

F

With all of my people

C

And it couldn t get better, they say

G

We re singing til last call

Am

And it s all out of tune

F

Should be laughing, but there s something wrong

Fm

And it hits you when the lights go on
Shit, maybe I miss you

C

G

Now I m asking my friends if I should say I m sorry

G

Am

They say: Lad, give it time, there s no need to worry

Am

I can t even be near the phone now

F

I can t even be with you alone now

C

Oh how, shit changes

G

We were in love

Am

Now, we re strangers

When I feel it coming up I just throw that shit away

G

Get another two shots and it doesn t matter anyway

C

G

We re dancing on tables

Am

Till I m off my face

F

With all of my people

C

And it couldn t get better, they say

G

We re singing til last call

Am

And it s all out of tune

F

Should be laughing, but there s something wrong

Fm

And it hits you when the lights go on

C

G

We re dancing on tables

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Shit, maybe I miss you