Balk

Speechwriters LLC

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First chord s the favorite of everyone indeed
It rings of possibilities of all the things you thought a song could be
Of all your hopes and dreams, dee dee dee dee
Next chord it disappoints, it disappoints like me
It heads in a direction and it stifles other opportunities
Of what a song could be, dee dee dee dee
Now I m calling you and it s a Sunday and I m feeling like a whore
Now I m telling you things I ve told you bout a thousand times before
It s the last time that I ll hurt you, I scream at the top of my lungs
The first time we kissed we heard different things for sure
I thought it was a love song a short one, yeah, but you were here and more
We both turned different chords, different, that s for sure
Now I m calling you and it s a Sunday and I m feeling like a whore
Now I m telling you things I ve told you bout a thousand times before
It s the last time that I ll hurt you, I scream at the top of my lungs
What the hell has happened to the way things used to be
Freedom meant much more than living harnessed gracefully
And I could tell you that I loved you
And believe it faithfully dee dee dee
And now I m calling you and it s a Sunday and I m feeling like a whore
Now I m telling you things I ve told you bout a thousand times before
It s the last time that I ll hurt you, I scream at the top of my lungs
(Then there s the country-ish riff played over and over again, which I ll now
tab here once)
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3-6-333-6-33-6-3	
555-25-2	
5-5-0	