Acordesweb.com

Not the same anymore The Strokes



And now the door slams shut F#mMaj7
The child prisoner grows up

```
Α
                                 D
To seek his enemies throat cut (I m on and on it, on and on and on it)
We re on the way, fuel the jet
F#mMaj7
Can see that what he wants, he gets
What does your sworn enemy regret
I didn t know, I didn t care
I don t even understand
Didn t somethin? wrong, I wasn?t sure
Stay on top of this horse
I was afraid, I fucked up
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I couldn t change, it?s too late
F#m F#mMaj7 A F#m
F#m
And now it s time to show up
F#mMaj7
I m late again, I can t grow up
And now it?s on me, they ve given up
D
Uncle s house, I forget
Violent tendencies I give
Your timing sucks, she went overboard
Don t forget, you are insured
I didn t know, I wasn t sure
Can t remember all that well
I couldn t change, was too late
Yeah, yeah, yeah
```

Primero en #AcordesWeb.com