Magazine - Editors

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Mim

Mim                    Sim                        La
Right this way, the room's full to burst
Mim                Sim                    La
Whatever you say, gotta quench that thirst

Mim
I've got a little secret for you
Sim              La
It's in a magazine
Mim
You've got an image to keep safe
Sim                       La
And bitten nails stay clean (Yeah!)

Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol

Sol                                          Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
And took the lighters, with a clenched fist
Sol                                      Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
Top up on healing, just gag a witness (Ohh)
Sol                                        Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
It takes a full lip, to run a tight ship
Sol
And took the lighters, with a clenched fist

Sol  Mim 4v

            Mim
Flash your winning smile
          Sim                La
Let your eyes work the room
                  Mim
These people are here for you
            Sim                    La
You're the bride, you're the groom

Mim
I've got a little secret for you
Sim              La
It's in a magazine
Mim
You've got an image to keep safe
Sim                       La
And bitten nails stay clean (Yeah!)

Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol

Sol                                          Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
And took the lighters, with a clenched fist
Sol                                      Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
Top up on healing, just gag a witness (Ohh)
Sol                                        Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
It takes a full lip, to run a tight ship
Sol
And took the lighters, with a clenched fist

Sol    Mim
Sol    Mim
         yeah!
Sol    Mim
Sol    Mim
         You took the lighters
Sol    Mim
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By TestoeAccordi.it

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Sol    Mim
Sol    Mim
Sol    Mim

Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol x2
Sol     Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
Ohhhhhhhhhhh

Sol                                    Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
Take on the liars, with a clenched fist
Sol                                   Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
Top up on healing, just gag a witness (Ohh)
Sol                                    Sim La Sim Fa#m La Sol
It takes a fat lip, to run a tight ship
Sol                                       Sim La              Sim Fa#m
I took the lighters, you're making 'em sad, You're making 'em sad

                  La   Sol
You don't mean a thing
You don't mean a thing
                     Sim La
You're making 'em sad
                     Sim Fa#m
You're making 'em sad
                      La Sol
You don't mean a thing
You don't mean a thing
                     Sim La
You're making 'em sad
                     Sim Fa#m
You're making 'em sad
                      La Sol
You don't mean a thing
You don't mean a
Don't mean a
                Sim La
Don't mean a thing
                   Sim Fa#m
You don't mean a thing

Sol  Mim x8
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By TestoeAccordi.it