

Put Your Records On by Corinne Bailey Rae

Intro: E9

Verse 1

A | F#m7 | E6 | A :||

Three little birds, sat on my window.
And they told me I don't need to worry.
Summer came like cinnamon
So sweet, little girls double-dutch on the concrete.

Pre-Chorus

F#m7 | C#7 | F#m7 | B7 | Dmaj7 | Dmaj7 | Dm7 | Dm7 |

Maybe sometimes, we got it wrong, but it's alright
The more things seem to change, the more they stay the same
Oh, don't you hesitate.

Chorus

A | F#m7 | E6 | A :||

Go, put your records on, tell me your favorite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,
Just go ahead, let your hair down.
You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow. Dmaj7 | Dm7 | A |

Verse 2

Blue as the sky, sombre and lonely,
Sipping tea in the bar by the road side,
(just relax, just relax)
Don't you let those other boys fool you,
Gotta love that afro hairdo.

Pre-Chorus

Maybe sometimes, we feel afraid, but it's alright
The more you stay the same, the more they seem to change.
Don't you think it's strange?

Chorus

Break

Bm7

Just more than I could take, pity for pity's sake

F#m7

Some nights kept me awake, I thought that I was stronger

Bm7

Dmaj7(1)

Bm7 (1) Bm7

When you gonna realise, that you don't even have to try any longer.

Bm7

Do what you want to.

Chorus 2x