

# I GOT THIS LOVE

## ft. Passion

Music by Miles Douglas, Daniel Riera  
& Max Miller-Loran  
Lyrics by George Watsky

### INTRO

Guitar

Guitar

TAB

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5-7 5-7-9-7 5-7-9-7 7-5 5-7-9 7-7-9 5-7 5-7-9-7 5-7-9-7 7-5 5-7-9-7 5-7-9-7 7-5 5-7-9-7 7-5-7
  
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E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 E min7 F#min7 G Maj7

x.

r.

r.

### CHORUS

E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 F#min7 G Maj7

x.

r.

r.

### VERSE

E min7 F#min7 G Maj7 E min7 F#min7 G Maj7

x.

[RAP]

# I GOT THIS LOVE

## ft. Passion

### Chorus (x2)

I got this love, I-I got this love, why, I got this love  
Because, because, because, because

### Verse 1

Because of Jonestown. Because of Auschwitz  
Because the leaves fall and we can't stop it  
But that makes fall leaves. I'mma start a mosh pit  
(ch!) This is your captain, hopping out the cockpit  
I forgot my parachute, but I got my bay sounds  
So I'll be going dummy, rocking on the way down  
I'll be saying, "Hey ground!" Howzabout we make  
out?  
I'll put on some Ray Brown. You can grab some take  
out  
Love isn't more sin, love isn't forced in  
Getting under your skin, digging for endorphins  
It's the portion some of us'll forgo  
Fingers on your torso tapping you in Morse code  
The opera aria we're singing like a bar song  
The stranger's pretty face that hits you like a car bomb  
The wrinkled note we passed in class in second grade  
And all it says up on the page (is)

### Verse 2

Because my Grandma lived to 99-eleven months  
Between a hundred years of solitude and heaven once  
Because she loved her son but couldn't ever say it  
right  
Because the language of the planet isn't day and night  
It's in the in between, it's when we intervene  
And never let a silly hater rabbit pimp the scene  
For the deaf kid in the aisle of the symphony  
Who hears it through the rumble of the tuba and the  
timpani  
For those lay waste to beauty with a straight face  
Everywhere on earth we're all escaping from the  
same place  
And, yes, occasionally we get drunk and out of line  
Last night, there's a lamp post that I asked to be my  
valentine  
Take a shady place, shine until it radiates  
Seventeen to eighty eight, make a break and head  
west  
Or make a promise to your lady in a red dress  
Last night in my hot mess  
That lamp post said yes

### Verse 3

Detroit is equal till there's half its people laid off  
While corporate lawyers and former employers  
play golf  
Because of furor over every juror paid off  
And because the Führer used to be a boy named  
Adolf  
Because of Anakin, instead of panickin'  
And because of every man who can be more  
than just a mannequin  
Because of Tienanmen, because there was a  
cameraman  
And because of the cameraman chasing princess  
Diana and  
Because of Tammany hall, because of Gramercy  
park  
Because of Amityville and because of amnesty  
Because of famine and because its not a fantasy  
Because of every tenement into family  
Tentative to say cause of Combs cause of Hannity  
Homes for humanity the bones of my ancestry  
Grown and gone on gravestones and drawn on  
payphones and palms  
Raised up in alms

**Watsky**

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