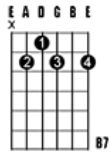


# Reverend And The Makers - A Letter To My 21 Year Old Self

Tuning: EBGDAE **Capo @ 4**

## Whole Song

:Em	%	D	%
C	%	B7	% :



## Verse 1

**Em**  
Tryna get famous  
Tryna make a work of art  
**D**  
Tryna be the greatest  
So ya wanna be a music star  
**C**  
Well you should'a known better  
Wish I could'a wrote letters  
**B7**  
To my 21 year old self

## Verse 2

You don't wanna do this  
Ya gonna quit the music biz  
Imagining the hubris  
In reckoning someone cares  
But nobody's forthcoming  
Any port in a storm but it's  
Hard for my 21 year old self

## Pre Chorus

**Em**  
To tell ya not let such fears  
Dominate any o' ya bestest years  
**D**  
Take care that your friends and peers  
Don't get near with the bags of gear  
**C**  
Nobody knew better  
Nobody asked whether  
**B7**  
T'was good for my 21 year old self

## Chorus

**Em**  
Don't say yes to everything  
**D**  
And don't concern yourself with what anyone thinks  
**C**  
Maybe be kinder to yourself and know your worth  
**B7**  
Know when to leave, say sorry first  
**Em**  
Don't let ya heart get hardened  
Trust that you'll prevail  
**D**  
And don't be paralysed by the fear you'll fail  
**C**  
And don't disguise ya feelings behind arrogance  
**B7**  
You can have it all but not all at once

## Verse 3

There wasn't a career advice  
Truly the best and worst of times  
One day it'll be behind  
You n' I bet that ya might well find  
That when it's all better  
God only knows whether  
I'll say to my 21 year old self