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Truth Hurts (cleaned) - Lizzo
INTRO
C Am C Am
                Am
Why're men great 'til they gotta be great?
Woo!
VERSE 1
                            Am
I just took a DNA test, turns out I'm 100 percent that (girl)
Even when I'm crying crazy
Yeah, I got boy problems, that's the human in me
Bling bling, then I solve 'em, that's the goddess in me
coulda had a bad (girl), non-committal
Help you with your career just a little
You're 'posed to hold me down, but you're holding me back
And that's the sound of me not calling you back
CHORUS
                   Αm
 Why're men great 'til they gotta be great?
               Αm
 Don't text me, tell it straight to my face
                    Am
 Best friend sat me down in the salon chair
               Am
 Shampoo press, get you out of my hair
С
      Am
 Fresh photos with the bomb lighting
             Am
 New man on the Minnesota Vikings
 Truth hurts, needed something more exciting
C (big strum) (Am, no chord)
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Bom bom bi dom bi dum bum bay

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VERSE 2
You tried to break my heart?
        Am
Oh, that breaks my heart
That you thought you ever had it
       Am
No, you ain't from the start
Hey, I'm glad you're back with your (girl)
I mean, who would wanna hide this?
                                    Αm
I will never, ever, ever, ever be your side chick
I put the sing in single
Ain't worried 'bout a ring on my finger
So you can tell your friend, "shoot your shot" when you see 'em
                 Αm
 It's okay, he already in my DMs
CHORUS
                   Αm
 Why're men great 'til they gotta be great?
                Am
 Don't text me, tell it straight to my face
 Best friend sat me down in the salon chair
               Αm
 Shampoo press, get you out of my hair
             Am
 Fresh photos with the bomb lighting
               Αm
 New man on the Minnesota Vikings
                     Am
 Truth hurts, needed something more exciting
C (big strum) (Am, no chord)
Bom bom bi dom bi dum bum bay
BRIDGE x2 (single strums)
I'ma hit you back in a minute
I don't play tag, (babe), I been it
                          Αm
We don't (mess) with lies, we don't do goodbyes
                            (slap uke in time)
We just keep it pushing like ay-ay-ay
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