

# Iron Weasel - Face Down In a Plate Of Nachos

Tom: C

Can't believe you said it's over  
 I made you nachos you called me cheap  
 Up all night, I'm so exhausted  
 Ate the nachos and fell asleep

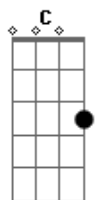
Face down in a plate of nachos  
 The chips are pointey. The sauce is hot  
 Face down in a plate of nachos

The cheese is burning it hurts a lot

My heart is numb, my face is number  
 Guacamole is on my head  
 Now my wounds are full of salsa  
 I kinda wish was be eating bread

Face down in a plate of nachos  
 The chips are pointed. The sauce is hot  
 Face down in a plate of nachos  
 Now these nachos are all i got

## Acordes



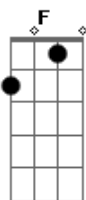
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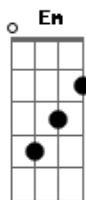
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