

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

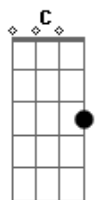
Face down in a plate of nachos
 The chips are pointey. The sauce is hot
 Face down in a plate of nachos

The cheese is burning it hurts a lot

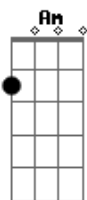
My heart is numb, my face is number
 Guacamole is on my head
 Now my wounds are full of salsa
 I kinda wish was be eating bread

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

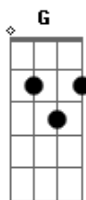
Acordes



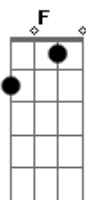
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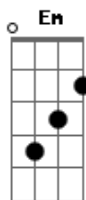
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