

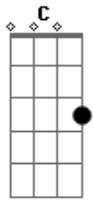
John Frusciante - Your Pussy's Glued To a Building On Fire

Tom: C

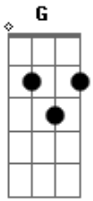
C
 Your pussy's glued to a building on fire
F Em Dm
 I paint my mind just cuz I'm alive
G C
 And if you see me roaming the hillside
G Am
 Won't you come along?
Bb Dm
 You paint your eyes
Bb Dm

Mine are in the sky
Am C Bb Dm
 No worldly word I could say would be golden
Am C Bb
 The smile on my face isn't always real
A Bb
 But the way you feel make me feel is all that's
C
 really real
F A Dm Bb
 You little duck house
 (F A Dm Bb)

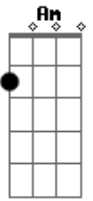
Acordes



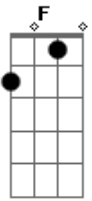
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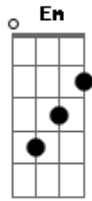
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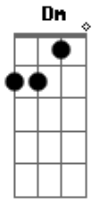
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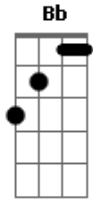
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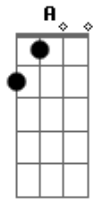
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