

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

Tom: C

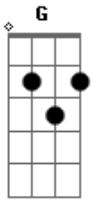
C  
 Your pussy's glued to a building on fire  
F Em Dm  
 I paint my mind just cuz I'm alive  
G C  
 And if you see me roaming the hillside  
G Am  
 Won't you come along?  
Bb Dm  
 You paint your eyes  
Bb Dm

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 )

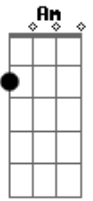
## Acordes



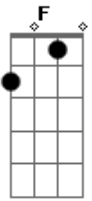
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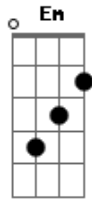
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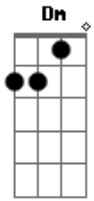
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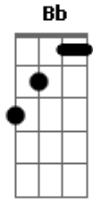
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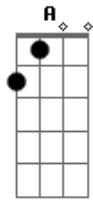
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