

Red Hot Chili Peppers - Death Of a Martian

Tom: Bb	Gtr. 2	feedback
(let ring)	Letra:	
(with Leslie simulator)	Bear paws and rascal power Watching us in your garage Big girl you ate the neighbor The nova is over Wake up and play Balleradio Make room for clara's bare feet The love of a martian	
Pre-refrao	Pre refrao	
Bata com o ritmo da musica	Tick tock and waiting for the meteor This clock is opening another door	
	Refrao	
3.	Lots of love just keep it comin' Making something out of nothin' These are the best that I I don't know how to say Losin' what I love today These are the best that I Lots of love just keep it comin' Making something out of nothin' These are the best that I I don't know what to say Look at what I lost today And these are the things that I	
Repete a primeira parte	Segunda parte	
Final do ultimo refrao	Blood flowers in the kitchen Signing off and winding down This martain ends her mission The nova is over She caught the ball By the mission bell Chase lizards bark at donkeys The love of a martian	
3.	Pre refrao	
Dedilhado que segue para o fim	Let's bow our heads And let the trumpets blow Our girl is gone God bless her little soul	
Repete isso 8 vezes e cantando junto	Repete o refrao depois o final	
Solo: Cantando (Gtr.1 Guitarra 1 , Gtr2 Guitarra 2)	(She's got sword in case Tho this is not her lord incase The one who can't afford to face Her image is restored to grace.	
Gtr. 1 (feedback)	Disappeared. No trace. Musky tears. Suitcase.	
Gtr. 2	The down turn brave Little burncub bearcareless turnip snare Rampages pitch color pages... Down and out but not in Vegas. Disembarks and disengages. No loft.	
Gtr. 1	Sweet pink canary cages plummet pop dewskin fortitude For the sniffing black noses that snort and allude To dangling trinkets that mimic the dirt cough go drink its. It's for you.	
Gtr. 2	Blue battered naval town slip kisses delivered by duck Muscles and bottlenosed grifters arrive in time to catch the late show. It's a beehive barrel race.	
Gtr. 1		

A shehive stare and chase wasted feature who tried and failed
to reach her.
Embossed beneath a box in the closet that's lost.
The kind that you find when you mind your own mysteries.
Shiv sister to the quickness before it blisters into the

newmorning milk blanket.
Your ilk is funny to the turnstyle touch bunny who's bouquet
set a course for bloom without decay.
Get you broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights fallen
freckles... away...)

Acordes

