

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

|3.

Refrao

Repete a primeira parte

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

Final do ultimo refrao

|3.

Dedilhado que segue para o fim

Segunda parte

Repete isso 8 vezes e cantando junto

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

Solo: Cantando (Gtr.1 Guitarra 1 , Gtr2 Guitarra 2)

Gtr. 1
(feedback)

Pre refrao

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 1 slow bend and release

Let's bow our heads
And let the trumpets blow
Our girl is gone
God bless her little soul

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 1

Repete o refrao depois o final

Gtr. 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

Disappeared.
No trace.
Musky tears.
Suitcase.

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 1

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. 2

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

Gtr. 1

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.

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

