

# 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.

Refrão

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 refrão

|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 refrão

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

Repete o refrão depois o final

Gtr. 1

(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. 2

Disappeared.  
 No trace.  
 Musky tears.  
 Suitcase.

Gtr. 1

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

Gtr. 2

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. 1

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

