

# Red Hot Chili Peppers - Death Of a Martian

Tom: <b>Bb</b>	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	
	Tick tock and waiting for the meteor	
	This clock is opening another door	
Bata com o ritmo da musica	Refrao	
	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	
	Segunda parte	
	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	
	Pre refrao	
	Let's bow our heads	
	And let the trumpets blow	
	Our girl is gone	
	God bless her little soul	
	Repete o refrao depois o final	
	(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.	
	Disappeared.	
	No trace.	
	Musky tears.	
	Suitcase.	
	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.	
	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.	
	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

