

# Red Hot Chili Peppers - Death Of A Martian

tom:

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

Tick tock and waiting for the meteor  
 This clock is opening another door

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

( Cm Bb )  
 ( Cm Bb )

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

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

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  
 Look at what I lost today  
 And these are the things that I

( Cm Bb Eb Dm )  
 ( Cm Abm Eb G )

She's got sword in case  
 Though 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 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

**Eb** **Cm** **Ab**  
 The kind that you find when you mind your own business  
**Eb** **Cm**  
 Shiv sister to the quickness before it blisters into the  
**Ab**  
 Newmorning milk blanket  
**Eb** **Cm**

Your ilk is funny to the turnstyle touch bunny  
**Ab** **Eb**  
 Who's bouquet set a course for bloom without decay  
**Cm** **Ab** **Bb**  
 Get you broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights fallen  
 freckles  
**Cm**  
 Away

## Acordes

