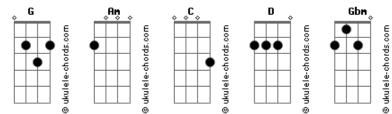
Tomorrows Bad Seeds - Bad Seeds

Tom: G G Am Wake up in the morning Turn down the light Said gettin ready for tonight G Am Wipe the sleep from my eyes Reach for my stash and zags It seems my sister stole my stash G Am Reach for my stash and zags See how tomorrows seeds Them grow up to be bad like me Am Ready to twist one up real fast G Am G Am G Am For tomorrows seeds them grow up to be bad Reggae music make me feel so irie G Am G G Am And though my clothes are a bit shabby Do you wanna get high with me Am Am G I still hold my head up high It'll make you feel real irie G Am Am G G Am Rockin this rub a dub style oh oh oohh When you rockin with tomorrows bad seeds But then i think to myself oh lord what can i do Gbm D Old mary jane i got to learn to not to love you ohh ohh Reggae music make me feel so irie Do you feel the way i do It'll make you feel real irie Open the door To take a walk outside When you rockin reggae dub old school When i'm with mary Oh how the music make me feel so irie Everything seems just right

And when i come home late And miss jane is nowhere to be found It seems my luck has all run out ooh oohh oohh

Acordes



But when i think to myself oh lord what can i do Old mary jane i got to learn to not to love you ohh ohh

But then i think to myself oh lord what can i do Old mary jane i got to learn to not to love you ohh ohh

Do you wanna get high with me It'll make you feel real irie When you rockin with tomorrows bad seeds