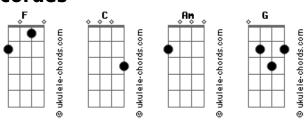


Bad Lip Reading - Bushes Of Love

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My aunt and uncle, double suns,
 (com acordes na forma de C )
Capostraste na 5^{\underline{a}} casa
                                                                 I'm sick of blue milk.
Intro: Am G Am G
                                                                 But then a desert hobo came and told me,
-How did my father die?
                                                                                    Am
                                                                 -We all got Chicken-Duck-Woman thing,
49 times, We fought that beast.
                                                                 Waiting for us.
Your old Man and Me.
          Αm
It had a chicken head with duck feet,
                                                                 Every day I worry all day.
With a Woman's face too.
                                                                 About what's waiting in the bushes of love.
       G
-Aw, that's rad!
                                                                 Cause something's waiting in the bushes for us.
                                                                 Something's waiting in the bushes of love.
And it was waiting in the bushes for us,
Then it ripped of your Dad's face.
                                                                 Every day I worry all day.
He was screaming something awful.
                                                                 About what's waiting in the bushes of love.
                                                                 Cause something's waiting in the bushes for us.
In fact there was this huge mess,
And I had to change the floors.
                                                                 Something's waiting in the bushes of love.
-The floors?
                                                                 Hold me when I open like a flower.
You see, his blood, it drained into the boards,
                                                                 Hold me right.
And I had to change 'em.
                                                                 Yeah, I ain't had to bake for a girl in a long time,
But we all got a Chicken-Duck-Woman thing,
                                                                 A long time.
Waiting for us
                                                                 -I think my cooking's awesome.
Every day I worry all day.
                                                                 I've got her picture in my photo wagon.
About what's waiting in the bushes of love.
                                                                 -Ha ha, keep it poppin'.
Cause something's waiting in the bushes for us.
Something's waiting in the bushes of love.
                                                                 She'd probably love to Honky tonk.
Every day I worry all day.
                                                                 (She'd probably love to Honky tonk.)
About what's waiting in the bushes of love.
                                                                 That's what I said.
Something's waiting in the bushes for us.
                                                                 I used to ride,
Something's waiting in the bushes of love.
                                                                 Across the desert.
-Yo,
                                                                 You know, I used to glide,
Never knew
                                                                 On my speeder.
                                                                 Pray that I don't find,
My dad
He didn't
                                                                 What I don't wanna find.
                                                                 Waitin' for me 'round the corner,
Care about me.
                                                                 Oh no, no.
Dead horizon,
Is all my macro-binoculars see.
                                                                 I used to ride,
Moisture-Farming
                                                                 Across the desert.
All my life
                                                                 You know, I used to glide,
And not a drop spilt.
                                                                 On my speeder.
My aunt and uncle, double suns,
                                                                 Pray that I don't find any more,
And sippin' blue milk.
```

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Acordes



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C Something's waiting in the bushes of love.
F
Every day I worry all day.

Am
About what's waiting in the bushes of love.
Am
Cause something's waiting in the bushes for us.
C F
Something's waiting in the bushes of love.

F
I used to ride,
F
Across the desert.
F
You know, I used to glide,
F
G
On my speeder.
Am
Pray that I don't find any more,
C
-Crispy bodies by the door.
```