

David Byrne - Psychedelic Afternoon

tom:
Bm

If you see someone with crazy hair

Well, that's my grandpa

And if you hear some singing from upstairs

It's only grandpa

All night long

The music played

It's the same old songs

But my grandpa's cool with me

Psychedelic afternoon

Let's all sing a hippie tune

I will sing my song for you

My grandpa taught to me, oh yeah

The clouds stick in my hair and in my eyes

In 30 flavors

I tried to taste them all, I can't decide

Which one is better

And the girl will smile

The whole day long

And she can see

Why my grandpa's cool with me

Psychedelic afternoon

Let's all sing a hippie tune

I will sing my song for you

My grandpa taught to me, oh yeah

Love train, flashlight (oh-oh-oh)

Airplane, blue skies (oh-oh-oh-oh)

Chocolate, justice (oh-oh-oh-oh, oh)

Freedom, romance

The weeds have grown up to the windowsill

In sunny weather

We take off all our clothes and laugh until

Our eyeballs water

We could dance

And some falling in love

And you could see

Why my grandpa's cool with me

Psychedelic afternoon

Let's all sing a hippie tune

I will sing my song for you

My grandpa taught to me, oh yeah

Psychedelic afternoon

Let's all sing a hippie tune

I will sing my song for you

My grandpa taught to me

Acordes

