

## Fabby - Grace Slick

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tom:
                                                               Toast our glasses of blood and wine
                                                               I know I'm sexual, feminine, mysterious
I can't take it anymore
                                                                             G
                                                               My eyes is magnetic
In hell everything is so heavy, so heavy, so heavy
                                                                I'm dancing belly dance numbing you
          F2
A whirlwind feelings
                                                                I cover you with my hair, tentacles to invite you
There will be a day when you go want to talk, to find me
                                                               Violins in the background, charming lyricism
Because the hourglass runs very fast and the sands of time run
                                                                Sopranos scream in multiple orgasms, dripping on the floor
Through my fingers
                                                               More fire, your music among incenses and old stories
I'm in a trance and all I wanted to do was listen to your
                                                                                      Em
                                                                I move cosmos with my fingers and my powerful mind
                                                                My love so deep goes through the veil of forgetfulness
Until I died
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, your voice breaks my soul,
                                                                Flowers fall on us
breaks
                                                                              G7
                                                                Lavender soothes me like your voice
Grace is so strong, manly, my desire is immense
                                                                Recite me a poem, cover me with praise
Love your white hair and your nose, and your nose, I say
                                                               Deliver me flowers
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, your voice breaks my soul,
                                                                Violins and bongs echoing, soft harps
breaks my soul
                                                                Twilight Gods
Oceans of time have passed and I still feel you so present
                                                                You stroke my hair in your lap
Horses wild running
                                                               Hold me from behind baby in your arms I feel protected
Naked witches dance in the sacred circle, Walpurgis night
                                                               And the world can already end
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, your voice breaks my soul,
Acordes
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breaks my soul

