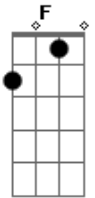


# John Frusciante - Curtains

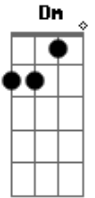
tom:  
F  
The curtains are made for moving  
'Cause you know, sometimes you're not always there  
You don't need it now  
Your head's shaped like a cow  
'Till all is here, the world's just a sphere  
No bigger than the balls you suck  
Hey you with your head down  
Don't you know that can't be where it's always at?  
You've all been always there  
Your head's shaped like a pear

Eb Bb  
You search through the lights  
Instead of jumped in the pie  
Of life that you slice till it's just right  
Am G F  
You're so often seen along the west side wheel of the  
Em Dm C E  
Mills that you steal to get around the curtain of the slob  
Am G F  
It's always made you feel the best  
You always need less and less of the casual forces  
That lead you away from the nest  
Am G F  
I know your face. It's all out of place  
Am G F  
I know your face. It's all out of place

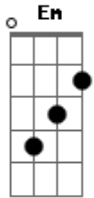
## Acordes



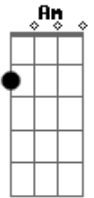
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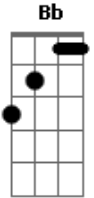
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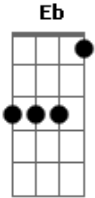
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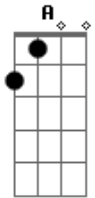
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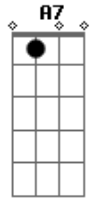
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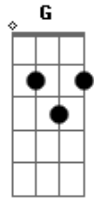
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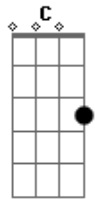
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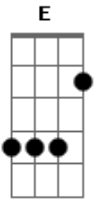
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