

John Frusciante - The Real

tom:

A

Gbm Db A E

I dont know the real from what i thought i saw

Gbm Db A E

I cant remember where i went, where i was

(Gbm Bm A E Gbm) (2x)

Gbm Bm A E D

I'm gonna move toward a point in time

Gbm Bm A E

Where where you are is a state of mind

Bm A E Gbm Bm A

E Gbm

And anytime I can read your thoughts, Some of them yours and
some I thought of

Gbm E D Gbm E

D

Theres no good reason for a heartbreak, nothing's repeating
every Monday

Gbm Bm A D

Its no good saying you'll always be mine

Gbm Bm A D

These jokes life's playing they make me so tired so tired.

(Gbm Bm A D) (2x)

Gbm E A E

It's already to much to always see you off

Gbm E A E

The sense that hours go back is enough

(Gbm Bm A E Gbm) (2x)

Gbm Bm A E D

I like to fade when I write this line

Gbm Bm A E

There's every reason to paint a decline

Bm A E Gbm

And every mile i walk is five

Bm A E Gbm

I'll get where I'm going in the next life

Gbm E D

And all the while there's a false face

Gbm E D

This every killing is left untraced

Gbm Bm A D

This kind of falling saved my son

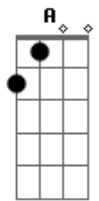
Gbm Bm A D

This constant longing for what's gone

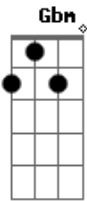
Gbm Bm A E

Whats gone

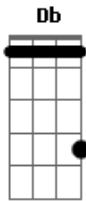
Acordes



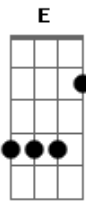
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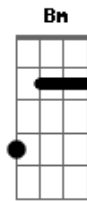
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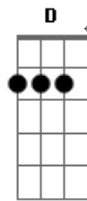
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