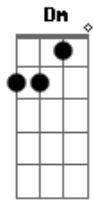


John Frusciante - Your Pussy Is Glued To A Building On Fire

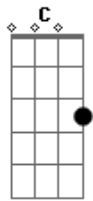
tom:
 Your pussy's glued to a building on fire
 I paint my mind just because I'm alive
 And if you see me roaming the hillside
 Won't you come alo-ooong?
 You paint your eyes

Mine are in the sky
 No worldly word I could say could be golden
 The smile on my face isn't always real
 But the way you make me feel
 Is all that's really real
 You little duck house

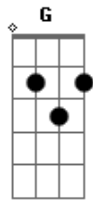
Acordes



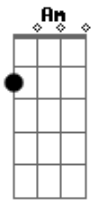
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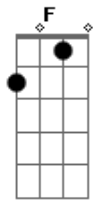
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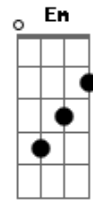
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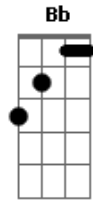
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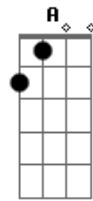
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