

John Frusciante - Your Pussy's Glued To a Building On Fire

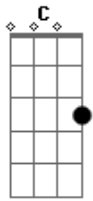
Tom: C

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

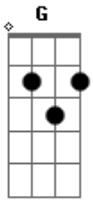
Mine are in the sky

No worldly word I could say would be golden
 The smile on my face isn't always real
 But the way you feel make me feel is all that's
 really real
 You little duck house
 (F A Dm Bb)

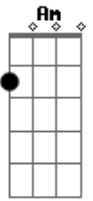
Acordes



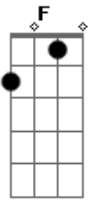
© ukulele-chords.com



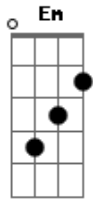
© ukulele-chords.com



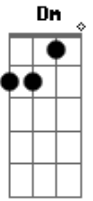
© ukulele-chords.com



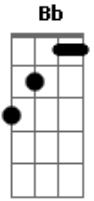
© ukulele-chords.com



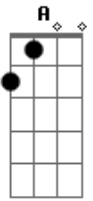
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com