

Red Hot Chili Peppers - Can't Stop

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tom:
                G
            [Primeira Parte]
Can't stop, addicted to the shindig
Chop top, he says I'm gonna win big
Choose not a life of imitation
Distant cousin to the reservation
Defunct, the pistol that you pay for
This punk, the feeling that you stay for
In time I want to be your best friend
Eastside love is living on the westend
Knocked out, but boy you better come to
Don't die, you know the truth as some do
Go write your message on the pavement
Burn so bright, I wonder what the wave meant
White heat is screaming in the jungle
Complete the motion if you stumble
Go ask the dust for any answers
Come back strong with 50 belly dancers
[Refrão]
    G
The world I love
The tears I've dropped
To be part of
The wave can't stop
Ever wonder if it's all for you
The world I love
     D
The trains I hop
To be part of
The wave can't stop
                             Bm C
Come and tell me when it's time to
[Segunda Parte]
Sweetheart is bleeding in the snowcone
So smart, she's leading me to ozone
Music, the great communicator
Use two sticks to make it in the nature
I'll get you into penetration
The gender of a generation
The birth of every other nation
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Worth your weight, the gold of meditation
This chapter's going to be a close one
Smoke rings, I know you're going to blow one
All on a spaceship, persevering
Use my hands for everything but steering
Can't stop the spirits when they need you
Mop tops are happy when they feed you
Jay butterfly is in the treetop
Birds that blow the meaning into bebop
[Refrão]
The world I love
The tears I've dropped
To be part of
The wave can't stop
Ever wonder if it's all for you
The world I love
The trains I hop
   Bm
To be part of
The wave can't stop
Come and tell me when it's time to
Wait a minute, I'm passing out, win or lose, just like you
Far more shockin' than anything I ever knew, how 'bout you
Ten more reasons why I need somebody new, just like you
Far more shockin' than anything I ever knew, right on cue
[Terceira Parte]
Can't stop, addicted to the shindig
Chop top, he says I'm gonna win big
Choose not a life of imitation
Distant cousin to the reservation
Defunct, the pistol that you pay for
This punk, the feeling that you stay for
In time I want to be your best friend
Eastside love is living on the westend
Knocked out, but boy you better come to
Don't die, you know the truth as some do
Go write your message on the pavement
Burn so bright, I wonder what the wave meant
Kick start the golden generator
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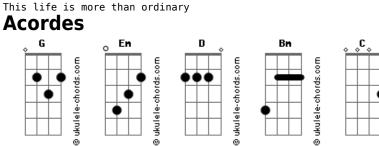
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Sweet talk but don't intimidate her Can't stop the Gods from engineering

Feel no need for any interfering

Your image in the dictionary

This life is more than ordinary



Can I get two, maybe even three of these?

Can't stop the spirits when they need you

This life is more than just a read-thru

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Comin' from space to teach you of the Pleiades