

Red Hot Chili Peppers - Tippa My Tongue

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We've only just begun
                            tom:
                \mathsf{Cm}
Intro: Cm F Cm F
                                                               Funky Monks are on the run
       Cm F Cm F
                                                               Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
Cm7
Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
                                                               And when you walk away
Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
                                                               I'm the word the kids would say
                                                               Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
Well, I'm an animal, something like a cannibal
A very flammable and partially programmable
                                                               ( Cm7 F Cm7 F )
                                                               ( Cm7 F Cm7 F )
                                                               (Ab Fm Bb)
Centuries of overuse
                 Bb Cm7
                                                               ( Cm7 F Cm7 F )
Now I wear it, my St. Louis
                                                               ( Ab Fm Bb )
Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
                                                               Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
                                                               Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
Well, it's ubiquitous
                                                               Well, I believe in love
Tell me, can you stick with this?
                                                               Perfectly deceiving love
I'm on the brink of this
                                                               It's vociferous
And tell me what you think of this
                                                               And come and get a whiff of this
I'm in The Bowery, God
                                                               Ab
                  Bb Cm Cm7 F
                                                               I'm at the pyramids
Slow me down if I get hard
                                                               Fm
                                                                           Bb
                                                               Never had a fear of kids
We've only just begun
                                                               Cm7
                                                               Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
Funky Monks are on the run
                                                               Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya, Ya
Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
                                                               Cm7
And when you walk away
                                                               I'm on the precipice
I'm the word the kids would say
                                                               I come and make a mess of this
Gonna get you now
                                                               It's the apocalypse
( Cm7 )
                                                               I try to get a suck of this
Her perfume smells like gasoline
                                                               I'm at the country fair
                                                               Haystack ride, I'll pull your hair
My girlfriend's trash is nice and clean
Acid landing on my tongue
                                                               We've only just begun
I think you know we just begun
                                                               Funky Monks are on the run
She don't want the ladies room
                                                               Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
             Bb
Transatlantic super groom
                                                               And when you walk away
                                                               Rh
                                                               I'm the word the kids would say
Your airplane is a monument
                                                               Gonna get you now
The sexy art of continence
And now I know you by your scent
                                                               We've only just begun
Let it be, we both get bent
                                                               Funky Monks are on the run
                                                               Gonna get you with the tip of my tongue
Need a minute to repair
                                                               And when you walk away
           Bb
Sunny side does always share
                                                               I'm the word the kids would say
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F Gonna get you now

Acordes

