Your Pussys Glued To a Building On Fire
John Frusciante

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 C               G                     Am
  Your pussy s glued to a building on fire
 F            Em                 Dm
  I paint my mind just cuz I m alive
 G                            C
  And if you see me roaming the hillside
            G      Am
  Won t you come along?
      Bb          Dm
  You paint your eyes
           Bb       Dm
  Mine are in the sky
             Am            C            Bb     Dm
  No worldly word I could say would be golden
        Am          C                 Bb
  The smile on my face isn t always real
           A                   Bb
  But the way you feel make me feel is all that s
        C
really real
                    F  A  Dm  Bb
  You little duck house

( F  A  Dm  Bb )
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