Your Pussys Glued To a Building On Fire John Frusciante

 ${\bf C}$ ${\bf G}$ ${\bf Am}$ Your pussy s glued to a building on fire

F Em Dm

I paint my mind just cuz I m alive

And if you see me roaming the hillside

G Am

Won t you come along?

Bb

Dm

You paint your eyes

Bb Dn

Mine are in the sky

Am C Bb Dm

No worldly word I could say would be golden

Am C Bl

The smile on my face isn t always real

A Bb

But the way you feel make me feel is all that $\ensuremath{\mathbf{s}}$

C

really real

F A Dm Bb

You little duck house

(**F A Dm Bb**)