

Last Nights Fake Blood
Miniature Tigers

Chorus:

G **C**
Washing off last night s fake blood

From an even faker cut

G
Some poor girl s bleedin , bleedin

C
All over everything I own

F **G** **C**

Verse:

C
Merry Christmas, Hare Krishnas

F
Don t you wish you had it as good as I do

G
Nothing new to report from the floor of the airport, oh oh oh

C
They took my baby; they took it from me

F
That s the worst thing you could have done to yourselves

G
Now I m out for black magic revenge on all of your friends

There s a pet death comin

Chorus:

Washing off last night s fake blood

From an even faker cut

Some poor girl s bleedin , bleedin

All over everything I own

Verse:

C
Diamond death, there s nothing left for you and me

F
But a paper cut down from a family tree

G
Its leaves changing; now everything s gonna change

Chorus:

Washing off last night s fake blood

From an even faker cut

Some poor girl s bleedin , bleedin

All over everything I own

C
Take my shrunken head from your shelf

Am

Witch doctor with your potions and spells

F

You re just another evil girl I will have to forget

G

It s such a fantasy with her, I don t have to pretend

C

That this isn t happening to me again

Am

Don t look here when you lose all your friends

F

Yeah, you can disrobe, take off all of your clothes

G

Look at you now, you re the one who s exposed