

Aquatic mouth dance
Red Hot Chili Peppers

CAPO 1er TRASTE

Intro:

| C#m | A G#7 |

C#m

Lookin back at the years gone by

A G#7

When The Message changed my life

C#m

Heavy metal, the nest was dead

A G#7

Well, and the rappers gave delight

C#m

But I don't know who

A G#7 C#m

Was looking out for anyone like me and you

A G#7

A-maybe here with Siouxsie Sioux

C#m

Day to day was the way we play

A G#7

Well, everybody needs to eat

C#m

Girl is gone and the front door too

A G#7

Well, I guess we move our feet

C#m

And I don't know why

A G#7 C#m

The color of your eyes was stol'n from the sky

A G#7

And earthquakes n?ver need to lie

C#m Amaj7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you

C#m Amaj7 C#m Amaj7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you now

C#m Amaj7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you

C#m

Everyone and their best friend knew

A G#7

That the west was overdue

C#m

Growing out of the fertile dirt

Well, and the cracks kept fallin through

A G#7

But I don't know what I m looking for

C#m A

I only know the deepest cut

G#7 C#m

It s coming from my gut

A G#7

Parking lot of the old Starwood

A G#7

Where the Misfits like to go

Billy Zom and his the silver string

A G#7

Well, it just might be John Doe

C#m

Well, I don t know where

A G#7

I m gonna sleep tonight

C#m

Please tell me, can you spare

A G#7

A pillow for my head and hair?

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you

C#m Ama j7 C#m

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you now

Ama j7

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

C#m Ama j7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you

C#m Ama j7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you

C#m Ama j7 C#m Ama j7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you now

C#m Ama j7

Aquatic mouth dance is waiting for you now

Inter:

| C#m | A G#7 | x

C#m

Pucker up for the hologram

A G#7

I better find out who I am

C#m

Let it out with a downtown scream

A G#7

Because we need more space to jam

C#m A

But I don t know how to turn it down

G#7 C#m

I end up being so damn loud

A

G#7

Ah, bend your brow, ah, bend it now

C#m

Prototypical Sunday nights

A

G#7

Smog flowers, they don't bite

C#m

Dirty skies never worked so hard

A

G#7

Better step to the Angels Flight

C#m

And I don't know if

A

G#m

C#m

The embers of my burning flame are from this spliff

A

G#7

The greatest gift, the greatest gift

Solo

| C#m | A G#7 | 4x

C#m

Peppered up at the Cathay bash

A

G#7

And with a forty-five to split

C#m

Spilling beer is a good fountain

A

G#7

Just like the milk from a mother's tits

C#m

But I don't know slow

A

G#7

C#m

Someone has to come and teach me self-control

A

G#7

Or should I just say Fuck it and we go?

Final

| C#m | A G#7 | 4x

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