

Night Reconnaissance
The Dresden Dolls

This is simplified version, I just worked it out on ukulele, and it s probably not perfect, but it sounds resonably close to the song.

Fm	Eb	Bb
Nothing is crueller than children who come from good homes		
Fm	Eb	Bb
God ll forgive them I guess but whose side are you on		
Fm	Eb	Bb
Driving around the old town I remember it all		
Fm	Eb	Bb
Dropping my lunchbox and tampax all over the hall		

(And they said)

Cm	Bb	Db
You are a socialist cokehead we know from your clothes		
Cm	Bb	Db
You are a Satanist worshipper of things evil		
Cm	Bb	Db
Think you re a poet a folksinger poseur nah-oh		
Cm	Bb	Db
A volleyball player you ve got to be kidding us all		

E♭ **A♭** **E♭** **A♭**

So we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

E♭ **A♭** **E♭** **A♭**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

Fm	Eb	Bb
No-one can stop us the script is a work of genius		
Fm	Eb	Bb
No-one has bought the rights yet but we re not giving up		
Fm	Eb	Bb
Every unwanted lawn jockey fits in the script		
Fm	Eb	Bb
Directed by spielberg and starring the masochist club		

Db C
Mary you look like hell
Db C
Stuck in that ridiculous shell, oh
Ab Eb

Give us some light and god s pure love

Db **Ab**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

Ab **Eb**

Give us some light and god s pure love

Db **Ab**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

Ab **Eb**

Give us some light and god s pure love

Db **Fm** **Em**

We re taking you to Hollywoooo-ood

(**Fm**, **E**, **Eb**, **Bb**, **Bbm**)

(Holllyyyywooooooddd!)

Eb **Ab** **Eb** **Ab**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

Eb **Ab** **Eb** **Ab**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

Cm **Bb** **Db**

One plays a socialist cokehead we dress in my clothes

Cm **Bb** **Db**

One plays a Satanist worshipper of things evil

Cm **Bb** **Db**

One plays a poet who starts up a band of his own

Cm **Bb** **Db**

One plays a volleyball player with both her wrists broke

Eb **Ab** **Eb** **Ab**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

Eb **Ab** **Eb** **Ab**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

Eb **Ab** **Eb** **Ab**

And we give them good homes give them love they ve never known

Eb **Ab** **Eb** **Ab**

In the loft in the barn in the town where I was born