

**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.

**F#m**                                **E**                                **B**  
Nothing is crueler than children who come from good homes  
**F#m**                                **E**                                **B**  
God ll forgive them I guess but whose side are you on  
**F#m**                                **E**                                **B**  
Driving around the old town I remember it all  
**F#m**                                **E**                                **B**  
Dropping my lunchbox and tampax all over the hall

(And they said)

**C#m**                                **B**                                **D**  
You are a socialist cokehead we know from your clothes  
**C#m**                                **B**                                **D**  
You are a Satanist worshipper of things evil  
**C#m**                                **B**                                **D**  
Think you re a poet a folksinger poseur nah-oh  
**C#m**                                **B**                                **D**  
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

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

**D**                                **C#**  
Mary you look like hell  
**D**                                **C#**  
Stuck in that ridiculous shell, oh  
**A**                                **E**

Give us some light and god s pure love

**D** **A**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

**A** **E**

Give us some light and god s pure love

**D** **A**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

**A** **E**

Give us some light and god s pure love

**D** **F#m** **Fm**

We re taking you to Hollywooo-ood

(**F#m, F, E, B, Bm**)

(Holllyyyywooooooddd!)

**E** **A** **E** **A**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

**E** **A** **E** **A**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

**C#m** **B** **D**

One plays a socialist cokehead we dress in my clothes

**C#m** **B** **D**

One plays a Satanist worshipper of things evil

**C#m** **B** **D**

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

**C#m** **B** **D**

One plays a volleyball player with both her wrists broke

**E** **A** **E** **A**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

**E** **A** **E** **A**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

**E** **A** **E** **A**

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

**E** **A** **E** **A**

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