

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 crueller 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