

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.

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

(And they said)

Bm **A** **C**
You are a socialist cokehead we know from your clothes

Bm **A** **C**
You are a Satanist worshipper of things evil

Bm **A** **C**
Think you re a poet a folksinger poseur nah-oh

Bm **A** **C**
A volleyball player you ve got to be kidding us all

D G D G
So we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

D G D G
Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

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

C B
Mary you look like hell
C B
Stuck in that ridiculous shell, oh
G D

Give us some light and god s pure love

C **G**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

G **D**

Give us some light and god s pure love

C **G**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

G **D**

Give us some light and god s pure love

C **Em** **Ebm**

We re taking you to Hollywooo-ood

(**Em**, **Eb**, **D**, **A**, **Am**)

(Holllyyyywooooooddd!)

D **G** **D** **G**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

D **G** **D** **G**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

Bm **A** **C**

One plays a socialist cokehead we dress in my clothes

Bm **A** **C**

One plays a Satanist worshipper of things evil

Bm **A** **C**

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

Bm **A** **C**

One plays a volleyball player with both her wrists broke

D **G** **D** **G**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

D **G** **D** **G**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

D **G** **D** **G**

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

D **G** **D** **G**

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