

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.

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

(And they said)

Dm **C** **Eb**
You are a socialist cokehead we know from your clothes

Dm **C** **Eb**
You are a Satanist worshipper of things evil

Dm **C** **Eb**
Think you re a poet a folksinger poseur nah-oh

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

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**
So we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance
F **Bb** **F** **Bb**
Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

Gm F C
No-one can stop us the script is a work of genius

Gm F C
No-one has bought the rights yet but we re not giving up

Gm F C
Every unwanted lawn jockey fits in the script

Gm F C
Directed by spielberg and starring the masochist club

Eb **D**
Mary you look like hell
Eb **D**
Stuck in that ridiculous shell, oh
Bb **F**

Give us some light and god s pure love

Eb **Bb**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

Bb **F**

Give us some light and god s pure love

Eb **Bb**

We know what you ve been dreaming of

Bb **F**

Give us some light and god s pure love

Eb **Gm** **F#m**

We re taking you to Hollywooo-ood

(**Gm**, **F#**, **F**, **C**, **Cm**)

(Holllyyyywooooooddd!)

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

Dm **C** **Eb**

One plays a socialist cokehead we dress in my clothes

Dm **C** **Eb**

One plays a Satanist worshipper of things evil

Dm **C** **Eb**

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

Dm **C** **Eb**

One plays a volleyball player with both her wrists broke

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

And we hide from the guns on our night reconnaissance

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

Steal flamingos and gnomes from the dark side of the lawn

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

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

F **Bb** **F** **Bb**

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