

Your Pussy's Glued To A Building On Fire

[John Frusciante](#)

Your pussy's glued to a building on fire
I paint my mind just 'cuz I'm alive
If you see me roaming the hillside
Won't you come along? You paint your eyes, mine are in the sky
No worldly word I could say would be golden
The smile on my face isn't always real
But the way you make me feel is all that's really real
You little duck house

Songwriters

John Frusciante Published by

MOEBETOBLAME MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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