

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

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