

# Your Pussy's Glued To A Buliding On Fire

**John Frusciante**

Your pussys 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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