

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 'cause I'm alive
And 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
Your pussy's glued to a building on fire
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