

# Cola

Words & Music by Richard Nowels & Elizabeth Grant

$\text{♩} = 120$

**Chords:** C#m, B, F#/A#, A, C#m, B, F#/A#, A, C#m, B, F#

**Lyrics:**

1. My pus-sy tastes like Pep-si Co-la.  
2. I fall a-sleep in an A-me-ri-can flag.

My eyes are wide like cher-ry pies.  
I wear my dia-monds on Skid Row.

I got a taste for  
I pledge al-le-giance

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men who are old - er. — It's al - ways been so it's no sur - prise. —  
 to my — dad — for teach - ing me ev - 'ry - thing he knows. —






Ah, he's in the sky with dia - monds and he's mak - ing me cra - zy. —






All he wants to do is par - ty with his pret - ty ba - by. — Come on, — ba -






— by, — let's ride. — We can es - cape — to the great sun - shine. — I know your wife. —



Chords: C<sup>#</sup>m, B, F<sup>#</sup>/A<sup>#</sup>, A

— and she would-n't mind. — We made it out — to the oth-er side. — We made it out —

Chords: C<sup>#</sup>m, B, F<sup>#</sup>/A<sup>#</sup>, A

1. — to the oth-er side. — We made it out — to the oth-er side. — Come on, — come on,

Chords: C<sup>#</sup>m, B, F<sup>#</sup>/A<sup>#</sup>, A

come on, — come on, — come on ba - by. Oh, — oh, — yeah.



2.

A C#m B

Drugs, suck it up like va - nil - la ic - ys.

F#/A# A C#m

Don't treat me rough, treat me real - ly nice - ys. De - co - rate my neck,

B F#/A# A

Di - a - man - tes, ic - es. Whoa, come on, — come on, oh, —

C#m B F#/A# A

oh, — oh, — oh, — oh! Come on, — ba-



**C#m** **B** **F#/A#**

- by, — let's ride. — We can es - cape — to the great sun - shine. —

**A** **C#m** **B**

I know your wife — and she would-n't mind. — We made it out —

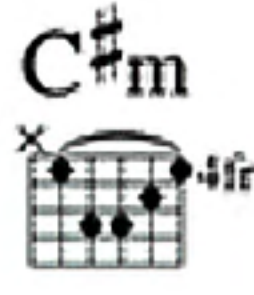
**F#/A#** **A** **C#m**

— to the oth - er side. — Come one, — ba - by, — let's

**B** **F#/A#** **A**

ride. — We can es - cape — to the great sun - shine. — We made it out —







to the oth - er side. We made it out to the oth - er side.





Come on, come on, come on ba - by.




*vocal ad lib.*

Come on, come on, come on ba - by. Oh,




*Repeat and fade*

oh, my pus - sy tastes like Pep - si Co - la.