

Death Of A Martian chords by Red Hot Chili Peppers
Tabbed by thehisham

This is an alternate easier version of playing Death of a Martian. Transposed from key of Cm.

Capo: 3rd Fret

[Verse]

Am
Bear paws and rascal power
G
Watching us in your garage
Am
Big girl, you ate the neighbor
C G
The nova is over

Am Am7
Wake up and play
G
Balleradio
Am
Make room for Clara's bare feet
C G
The lover a Martian

[Pre-Chorus]

E E7
Tick tock and waiting for the meteor
E
This clock is opening another door

[Chorus]

Am
Lots of love, just keep it comin'
G
Making something out of nothin'
F E
These are the best that I

Am
I don't know how to say
G
Losin' what I love today
F E
These are the best that I

Am
Lots of love, just keep it comin'
G
Making something out of nothin'
F E
These are the best that I

Am
I don't know what to say
G
Look at what I lost today
F E
And these are the things that I

[Verse 2]

Am
Blood flowers in the kitchen
G
Signing off and winding down
Am
This Martian ends her mission
C G
The nova is over

Am Am7
She caught the ball
G
By the mission bell
Am
Chase lizards, bark at donkeys
C G
The lover a Martian

[Pre-Chorus]

E
Let's bow our heads and let the trumpets blow
E
Our girl is gone, God bless her little soul!

[Chorus]

Am
Lots of love and keep it comin'
G
Making something out of nothin'
F E
These are the best that I

Am
I don't know how to say
G
Losin' what I love today

F E
These are the best that I

Am
Lots of love, just keep it comin'
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Am
I don't know what to say
G
Look at what I lost today
F E
And these are the things that I

[Outro]
Am G
She's got a sword in case
F E
Though this is not her lord in case
Am G F E
The one who can't afford to face her image is restored to grace.
Am
Disappeared,
G
No trace.
F E
Musky tears, suitcase.
Am G
The down turn brave little burn cub
F E
bear careless turnip snare rampages, pitch color pages...
Am G
Down and out but not in Vegas,
F E Am
Disembarks and disengages. No loft.
G F
Sweet pink canary cages plummet
E
Pop dewskin fortitude for the
Am
sniffing black noses
G F E
That snort and allude to dangling trinkets
Am G
That mimic the dirt cough go drink its.
F E
It's for you.
Am
Blue battered naval town slip kisses
G F E
Delivered by duck muscles and bottle-nosed grifters
Am G
Arrive in time to catch the late show.
Am
It's a beehive barrel race.
G F E
A shehive stare and chase wasted feature
Am G
Who tried and failed to reach her.
F E
Embossed beneath a box in the closet. That's lost.
Am G F
The kind that you find when you mind your own business
E Am
Shiv sister to the quickness before it blisters
G F
Into new morning milk blanket.
E Am
Your ilk is funny to the turnstyle touch
G F E Am
Bunny whose bouquet set a course for bloom without decay.
G F E Am
Get your broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights fallen freckles...away...

LAST 1 COMMENTS

argilbert: This is great! Thank you!