

animal skulls (drosophilla melanogaster)

Em C
 Sunday morning
 G D
 the rain has the same
 Em C G D
 color as the sky

 Em C
 looks like the war in my kitchen
 G D Em C G D
 yesterday won the vinegar fly

 Em C
 i think that insect, without respect
 G D
 is trying to eject my favourite mixtape
 Em C
 out of my tapedeck
 G D Em C G D D(e@3)
 with tangled effect

 F G Em
 F and maybe you think that the rain metaphors with the feelings connected with you
 F G Em
 Am and maybe you're right and the rain metaphors with the feelings connected with you
 F G Em F
 but inside a war there's no poetry time, no breakpoint to think stupid stuff,
 F G Em Am
 and so i go round hunting animal skulls and today i dont cant get enough

 F G Em F
 F G C H
 F G Em F
 F Em D D
 Em C
 there's no alternative to a fight
 G D
 against this capricious and
 Em C
 aggressive flying stranger
 G D
 that interferes my

Em C
sadness and occupies
G D Em C G D
my territory

Em C
let me take you down
G D
cause i'm going to
Em C
strawberry-battle fields
G D
nothing i real

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F G Em F
F G C H
F G Em F
F Em D D
Em C
As the day leave,
G D
and the world falls into
Em C
black i look arround me,
G D Em C G D
but noone and nothing looks back

Em C
some drosophilas
G D
are passing by
Em C
and outside the rain falls,
G D Em C G D

still with color of the sky

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