SCAR TISSUE

Moderately

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA,
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(1, 3.) Scar tis-sue that I wish you saw._
(2.) Blood loss in a bath-room stall;_  
Sar-cas-tic mis-ter-know-it all._

Close your eyes and I'll_ kiss you _'cause_ with the birds I'll share._
Wave good-bye to Ma_ and Pa _'cause_ with the birds I'll share._

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With the birds I'll share this lonely view. And

with the birds I'll share this lonely view. And

Push me up against the wall,
young Kentucky girl in a push-up bra.

Soft spoken with a broken jaw,
step outside, but not to brawl.

Fall in all over myself to lick your heart and taste your health. 'Cause

Autumn's sweet, we call it fall. I'll make it to the moon if I have to crawl. And
with the birds I'll share this lonely view. And
With the birds I'll share this lonely view:

CODA

With the birds I'll share this lonely view: