AEROPLANE

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, CHAD SMITH and DAVID NAVARRO

Moderately fast
Gm7/C
Csus2
B♭maj7/C
C
B♭maj7/C
C
B♭/C
C

I like pleasure spiked with pain and music is my aeroplane.
It's my aeroplane.

C7
Gm11

Songbird sweet and sour Jane and
music is my aeroplane.
It's my aeroplane. Pleasure spiked

with pain.
That mother fucker's always spiked with pain.

Looking in my own eyes,
Sitting in my kitchen,

hello girl
I'm turning into dust again.

I can't find the love I want.

My
Someone better slap me
before I start to rust
before I start to decompose,
side of me.

Looking in my rear view mirror,
I'm overcoming gravity.

Looking in my rear view mirror,
I can make it disappear,
It's easy when you're sad to be.

I can make it disappear, have no fear.
It's easy when you're sad, sad like me.
I like pleasure spiked with pain and music is my aeroplane.

It's my aeroplane.

Song-bird sweet and sour Jane and

music is my aeroplane. It's my aeroplane. Pleasure spiked

with pain.
Just one note could make me float, could make me float away.

One note from the song she wrote could fuck me where I lay.

Just one note can make me choke, one note that's not a lie.
Just one note could cut my throat, one note could make me die.

I like pleasure spiked with pain and music is my aeroplane.

It's my aeroplane.

Songbird sweet and sour Jane and music is my aeroplane.
It's my aer-o-plane. Pleasure spiked with pain.

Is my aer-o-plane.

(w/Gtr. Solo)
All a-round the world, we can make time

romp-in' and-a-stomp-in', 'cause I'm in my prime. Born in the north and sworn to entertain ya,

'cause I'm down for the state of Penn-sylvania. I try not to whine, but I must warn ya
'bout the mother-fuck-in' girls of California. Alabama-baby said hallelujah.

Ab Gm

Good God, girl, I wish I knew ya. I know, I know for sure.

loc

Fm Cm Ab

that life is beautiful around the world. Well, I know, I know.

Ab Gm Fm Cm

it's you. You say hello and then I say I do.
Come back, baby, 'cause I'd like to say I've been around the world, back from Bombay.
Fox hole, love pie in your face,
livin' in and out of a big fat suitcase. Bon-a-fide ride, step aside my Johnson.

Yes I could, in the woods of Wisconsin. Wake up the cake; it's a lake. She's kissin' me
as they do when they do in Sicily.
I know, I know

for sure that life is beautiful around the world.

Well, I know, I know it's you. You say hello and then I

(Lead vocals tacet 1st time)

say I do. Whoo!
Where you wan-na go? Who you wan-na be? What you wan-na do? Just come with me.

I saw God, then I saw the fountains. You and me, girl, sit-tin' in the Swiss mountains.
Me oh my, oh, me and guy-o,
fre-er than a bird, 'cause we're rock-in' O-hi-o.

A-round the world I feel du-ti-ful.
Take a wife, 'cause life is beau-ti-ful.

I know, I know for sure.
Bing-bang, dong-gong, ging-gang, dong-loco

gong, bing-dang.
Well, I know, I know.
it's you.
Bing-bang, dong-gong, ging-gang, dong-

Moth-er Rus-sia, do not suf-fer.
I know you're bold enough. I been a-round the world and I have

seen your love. Well, I know.
BEHIND THE SUN

Words and Music by FLEA, ANTHONY KIEDIS, HILLEL SLOVAK, JACK IRONS and MICHAEL BIENHORN

Moderate Rock
N.C.

One day, while bathing in the sea,
while I shower in the rain,
island flying through the sky,

my talkin' dolphin spoke to me.
I watch my dolphin swim away.
one day your son might ask you why.

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He spoke to me in symphony,
The one who listens to the surf,
And if your son should be a girl,

dom's peace beneath the sea.
feel the pulse beat of the earth.
too might ask you of this world.

He looked at me, eyes full of love.
And like my dolphin swims so free,
The sun shines sweet up on your beach,

"Yes, we live behind the sun."
sun does swim into the sea.
yes, my dolphin loves to teach.

Behind the sun.
E/D     N.C.     E9

D/A     A/C#     E/D     N.C.     E9
Be - hind the sun,         yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

D/A     A/C#     E/D     N.C.
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, behind the sun.

E9

sun goes up and the sun goes down, but like the heart of the sun, my heart continues to pound.
BREAKING THE GIRL

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Jazz/Rock Waltz

G

A/G  Bb/G

C/G

G7sus  C/G

D/G  G

G

A/G  Bb/G

C/G  D/G  G

G

A/G  Bb/G

C/G  G7sus  C/G  D/G  G

I am a man

Raised by my dad,

cut from the know.

Rarely do

girl of the day.

He was my

friends come and then go.

That was the way.

Original key: G major. This edition has been transposed down one half-step to be more playable.
She was a girl, soft left a
She was the girl

tranged. lone,
We feel were the two, our to

lives re-aranged.
make me her home.

Feeling so good that day.
I don't know what when or why:
A feeling of love that

The twilight of love had ar-

day. rived.

Twisting and turning, your

feelings are burning, you're breaking the girl.

She meant you no harm.
Think you're so clever, but now you must sever; you're breaking the girl.

He loves no one else.

Percussion solo ad lib.
CALIFORNICATION

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Moderately slow

Am(add2)       F(add2)       Am(add2)

mf

F(add2)       Am(add2)       F(add2)

Psychic spies from China try to steal your mind's elation, and

Am(add2)       F(add2)

little girls from Sweden dream of silver screen quotations, and

C       G       F       Dm       Am(add2)

if you want these kind of dreams, it's California.
It's the edge of the world and all of western civilization. The sun may rise in the east; at least it's settled in the final location. It's understood that Hollywood sells California.
Am    Fmaj7

Pay your surgeon very well to break the spell of aging.

Am    Fmaj7

lebri ty skin, is this your chin or is that war you're wag ing?

Am    Fmaj7

First born unicorn.
Am  Fmaj7

Hard-core soft porn.

C G7 Dm Am C G Dm

Dream of California

Am(add2) F(add2) Am(add2)

- tion.

F(add2) Am(add2)

Marry me, girl. Be my fairy to the world, be my
Very own constellation. A teenage bride with a baby inside gettin' high on information. And buy me a star on the boulevard. It's Californication. Space may be the final frontier, but it's
made in a Hollywood basement. And Cobain, can you hear the spheres singin' songs off station to station? And Alderon's not far away; it's California.
Everybody's been there and I don't mean on vacation.

First born unicorn.

Hardcore soft porn.

Dream of California.
Destruction leads to a very rough road, but it
also breeds creation. And earthquakes are, to a girl’s guitar, they’re
just another good vibration. And tidal waves couldn’t save the world from
California... Ooh... California
Pay your surgeon very well to break the spell of aging.
Sicker than the rest, there is no test, but this is what you're craving.
Dream of California...
What I've got, you've got to give it to your mamma.
What I've got, you've got to give it to your papa.
What I've got, you've got to give it to your daughter.
You do a little dance and then you drink a little water.
What I've got, you've got to get it, put it in you. What I've got, you've got to get it, put it in you.

What I've got, you've got to get it, put it in you. Reeling with the feel-ing, don't stop, con-tin-ue.

Re-al-ize I don't want to be a mis-er. Con-fide with Sly; you'll be the wis-er.

Young blood is the lov-in' up-riser. How come ev-ery-bod-y want to keep it like the kais-er?
Give it a-way, Give it a-way, Give it a-way now. Give it a-way. Give it a-way. Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way, Give it a-way, Give it a-way now. I can't tell if I'm a king-pin or a pauper.

Greed-y lit-tle peo-ple in a sea of dis-tress. Keep your more to re-ceive your less.

Un-im-pressed by ma-te-ri-al ex-cess. Love is free love. Me say, "Hell, yes."
Low brow, but I rock a little know-how. No time for the pig-gies or the hoose-gow.

Get smart. Get down with the powwow. Never been a better time than right now.

Bob Marley, poet and a prophet. Bob Marley taught me how to off it.

Bob Marley, walkin' like he talk it. Goodness me, can't you see, I'm gonna cough it.
Give it away, give it away, give it away now.
Give it away, give it away. Give it away now.

Give it away, give it away, give it away now. Oh,
oh, yeah.

Give it away, give it away, give it away now. Give it away, give it away, give it away now.

Give it away, give it away, give it away now. I can't tell if I'm a king-pin or a pauper.
Backwards Guitar Solo

Me, swimmin' in my ability. Dancin' down on life with agility. Come and...
drink it up from my fertility. Blessed with a bucket of lucky mobility.

My Mom, I love her 'cause she loves me. Long gone are the times when she scub me.

Feelin' good, my brother gonna hug me. Drinkin' my juice, young love, chug-a-lug me.

There's a river born to be a giver. Keep you warm, won't let you shiver.
His heart is never gonna wither. Come on everybody, time to deliver.


Give it away. Give it away. Give it away now. I can't tell if I'm a king-pin or a pauper.

Em

Backwards Guitar Solo
What I've got, you've got to give it to your mamma.

What I've got, you've got to give it to your papa.

What I've got, you've got to give it to your daughter. You do a little dance and then you drink a little water.

What I've got, you've got to get it, put it in you.

What I've got, you've got to get it, put it in you.
What I've got, you've got to get it, put it in you. Reel-ing with the feel-ing, don't stop; con-tin-ue.

Re-al-ize I don't want to be a mis-ser. Con-ride with Sly; you'll be the wis-er.

Young blood is the lov-in' up-ris-er. How come ev-ery-bod-y want to keep it like the kai-ser?

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.

Give it a-way now.
KNOCK ME DOWN

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Moderately fast Rock

N.C.  Dm7  N.C.  Dm7

N.C.  Dm7  F5  Dm7  Am7  Gm7

N.C.  

Never too soon to

be through be in' cool, too much too soon.

Dm7  Am7  Gm7

Too much for me, too much
for you... You're gonna lose in time.

Don't be afraid to show your friends that you hurt inside, inside.

Pain's part of life, don't hide behind your false pride, it's a lie, your lie.

If you see me actin' mighty, if you
D5    C5    Am7    Em7
see me get-tin’ high, knock me down.

C    G
I’m not bigger than life. If you see me get-tin’ mighty, if you

D5    C5
see me get-tin’ high, knock me down.

Am7    Em7
To Coda

C    G    Dm7    Am7    Gm7
I’m not bigger than life...
I'm tired of be-in' un-touch-a-ble, I'm not a bove the love.

I'm part of you and you're part of me. Why did you go a-way?

Find-ing what you're look-in' for can end up be-in',
C#m7 G#m7 F#m9 Em7 Bm7 Am7
be-in' such a bore.
I pray for you most ev-
'Cm7 G#m7 F#m7 D.S. al Coda
'ry day, my love's with you.
Now fly away.
If you
CODA C G F#5 E5
I'm not bigger than life.
If you see me gettin' might y, if you
F#5 E5 C#m7 G#m7
see me gettin' high, knock me down.
I'm not bigger than life. If you see me gettin' mighty, if you see me gettin' high, knock me down.

I'm not bigger than life. It's so lonely when you don't even know yourself. It's so lonely.
MY FRIENDS

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, CHAD SMITH and DAVID NAVARRO

Moderately

N.C.   Dsus2   Dsus2/F   G   C

Dsus2   Dsus2/F   G   Gsus   F6/9   Dsus2   Dsus2/F

My friends are so depressed.

G   C(add9)   Dsus2   Dsus2/F   G   Gsus   F6/9

I feel the question of your loneliness. Confide, 'cause

Dsus2   Dsus2/F   G   C(add9)   Dsus2   Dsus2/F

I'll be on your side; you know I will, you know I will.
Ex-girlfriend called me up
My friends are so distressed
I heard a little girl,
and standing
and what she said

Desperate on the prison phone
on the brink of emptiness
said was something beautiful

They want to give her seven years
No words I know of to express
"To give your love no matter what."

For being sad.
this emptiness.
is what she said.

I love all of you.
hurt by the cold.
So hard, and lonely too.

when you don't know yourself.

Imagine me,
OTHERSIDE
Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Moderately

How long, how long will I slide?

Separate my slide.

I don't,

I don't believe it's bad.

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Slit-tin' my throat, it's all I ever. I heard your voice through a
Pour my life into a
photograph. I thought it up, it brought up the past.
The ash-tray's full and I'm spillin' my guts.

Once you know, you can never go back. I gotta take it on the
She wants to know, am I still a slut? I gotta take it on the

other side. Centuries are what it
other side. A scarlet scarlet and she's
meant to me. A cemetery where I marry the sea.
in my bed. A candidate for my soul mate bled.

A stranger things could never change my mind. I gotta take in on the
Push the trigger and I pull the thread. I gotta take in on the

other side. Take it on the other side. Take it on.

Take it on.

1 2

D.S. al Coda

Take it on.
Turn me on, take me for a hand ride. Burn me out, leave me on the other side. I yell and tell it that it's not my friend. I tear it
down. I tear it down and then it's born again.

How long, how long will I slide? Separate the

side. I don't.
don't believe it's bad.
Slit-tin' my throat, it's all

I ever had.
How long?
I don't.

I don't believe it's bad.

Slit-tin' my throat, it's all I ever.
SCAR TISSUE

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA,
JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Moderately

F

Dm

(1, 3.) Scar tissue that I wish you saw.
Sarcastic mis-ter-know-it all.
(2.) Blood loss in a bath-room stall,
South-ern girl with a scar-let drawl.

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.

To Coda

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 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
F   Dm7
with the birds I'll share this lonely view.

F   Dm7
with the birds I'll share this lonely view.
ly new.

D.S. al Coda

With the birds I'll share this lonely view.
SOUL TO SQUEEZE
from the Paramount Motion Picture THE CONEHEADS

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA,
JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Moderately, not too fast

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I got a bad disease._
Oh, so polite, indeed._

From my brain is where.
Well, I got ev'rything._

I bleed._
I need._

Insanity it seems._
Oh make my days a breeze._
Dm   F   C   Bb
has got me by my soul to squeeze.
Take away my self destruction.

F   C   Dm   Bb
Well, all the love from me
To-day, love smiled on me.
It's bitter, baby, and it's very sweet. A Holy roller coaster, but I'm on my feet.

Dm   F   C   Gm7   Bbmaj7
with all the dying trees I scream.
Took away my pain, said please.
Take me to the river. Lay me on your shore. Well, I'll be comin' back, baby. I'll be comin' back for more.

F   C   Dm   Bbmaj7
The angels in my dream,
All let your ride be free.
had turned to demons of greed, that's mean.
You gotta let it be, oh yeah,
because I cannot forget, but I will not endeavor. Simple pleasures are much better, but I won't regret it ever.

Where I go I just don't know.
I got to, got to, got to take it slow.
When I find my piece of mind.

I'm gonna give you some of my good time.
Where I go I just don't know.
I might end up somewhere in Mexico.
When I find my piece of mind
I'm gonna keep it for the end of time.
SUCK MY KISS

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Funky
Gm

Yeah.
Oh yeah.

(2nd time only)

Gm

2. (Hit me!)

(8vb)

Should have been could have been would have been dead if I

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did-n't get the message go-in' to my head. I am what I am.

Most moth-er-fuck-ers don't give a damn. Aw ba - by, think you can

be my girl? I'll be your man. Some-one full of fun, do me 'til I'm well done.

Lit-tle Bo Peep com-in' from my stun-gun. Be-ware, take care;
most motherfuckers have a cold ass stare.
Aw baby, please be there.

Suck my kiss give me my share.

Hit me; you can't hurt me.
Suck my kiss.

Kiss me. Please pervert me.
Stick with this.
Is she talking dirty?
Give to me sweet sacred bliss. Your mouth was made to suck my kiss.

Look at me; can't you see? All I really want to be
is free from a world that hurts me. I need relief.

Do you want me, girl, to be your thief? Aw baby, just for you I'd

steal anything that you want me to. KISSING.

Chick-a chick-a-dee, do me like a banshee. Low brow is how.
Swim-min' in the sound of bow wow wow... Aw baby, do me now.

Do me here, I do allow.

Hit me; you can't hurt me. Suck my kiss. Kiss me. Please per-vert me.

Stick with this. Is she draw-in' a curt-sey?
Give to me sweet sacred bliss. That mouth was made to...

Gm

Guitar solo ad lib.

8vb

End solo

CODA

Give to me sweet sacred bliss. That mouth was made to suck my kiss.
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I DRIVE ON HER STREETS 'CAUSE
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I WALK THROUGH HER HILLS 'CAUSE SHE

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I WALK THROUGH HER HILLS 'CAUSE SHE

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I WALK THROUGH HER HILLS 'CAUSE SHE

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C#m    A   E    B
my only friend is the city I live in, the
knows who I am. She sees my good deeds and she
I'm all alone. At least I have her love, the

C#m    G#m    A   E    B
city of angels. Lonely as I am, to
kisses me windy.

C#m    A   Emaj7
get-her we cry. that is a lie. get-her we cry.

F#m    E    B    F#m
I don't ever want to feel like I did that day.
Take me to the place I love, take me all the way.

I don’t ever want to feel like I did that day.

To Coda

Take me to the place I love, take me all the way, yeah.

D.S. al Coda
(Take 2nd ending)

yeah, yeah.

It’s
take me all the way,
  yeah,
  yeah, yeah.

Oh,
  no no no,
  yeah, yeah.

Love me, I said,
  yeah, yeah.

One time.

Under the bridge down town
is where I drew some blood. Under the bridge downtown

I could not get enough. Under the bridge downtown

forgot about my love. Under the bridge downtown

I gave my life away. Vocal ad lib.
WARPED

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, CHAD SMITH and DAVID NAVARRO

Medium Rock

N.C.

My
tend ency for de pen den cy is

off ending me.
It's upending me.

I'm pretending, see, to be

strong and free from

my dependency.
It's warping me.

Ho!
So much I love, so rare

to dare,

fraid of ever been

ing there.
Take me home; I need repair. Take me, please, to anywhere.
Craving sends me crawling, oh.

Beg for mercy.
Does it show, a vacant

city that's full of holes? Hold me please; I'm feeling cold. She

CODA

N.C. Play 3 times Play 3 times