

Canción: Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

Autor: David Bowie

La letra y los acordes de esta canción fueron redactadas y compartidas en el sitio web www.letrasyacordesweb.com por el usuario: José Zuñiga

www.letrasyacordesweb.com

| II. | NIRO: A | sus2 D | 9 Asu | s2 D9 | 9 | |
|---|------------|-----------|----------|---------|-----------------|------|
| | | Asus2 | 2 | | | |
| | Spy, | spy, pr | etty gir | 1 | | |
| | | | D9 | Asus | s2 | |
| I see you see me through your window | | | | | | |
| | Don't t | urn you | r nose | up | | |
| | | | | D9 / | Asus2 D9 | |
| Well, you can | if you nee | ed to, yo | ou won | 't be t | he first or las | st . |
| F C | | | | | | |
| lt must strain you | to look d | lown so | far fro | m you | r Father's ho | use |
| D | С | G | Am | | Am7 | |
| And I know what a louse like me in his house could do for you | | | | | | |
| | E | D | С | G | | |
| I'm the | Cream o | of the G | eat Ut | opia [| Dream | |
| Е | | D | С | | FC | |
| And you're the | gleam in | the dep | ths of | your b | anker's sple | en |
| | | CFC | | | | |
| | | CFC | | | | |
| | | | FC | | | |
| | I'm a p | ohallus i | n pigta | ils | | |

| | | FC | | | | | | |
|---|------------------------------|------------|------------|--|--|--|--|--|
| And the | here's blood | on my nos | se | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| And my tissue is rotting | | | | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| Where | Where the rats chew my bones | | | | | | | |
| | F | Bb F | | | | | | |
| And | my eye sock | ets empty | , | | | | | |
| | | Bb F | | | | | | |
| See nothing but pain | | | | | | | | |
| | С | FC | | | | | | |
| I keep having this brainstorm | | | | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| Abo | About twelve times a day | | | | | | | |
| G | Α | Bb | С | | | | | |
| So now, you could spend the morning walking with me, quite amazed | | | | | | | | |
| F | Fm | С | FC | | | | | |
| As I'm Unwash | ed and Some | ewhat Slig | htly Dazed | | | | | |
| | CFC | | | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| I go | ot eyes in my | backside | | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| That see electric tomatoes | | | | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| On credit card rye bread | | | | | | | | |
| | | FC | | | | | | |
| There a | are children ir | n washroo | oms | | | | | |
| | F | Bb F | | | | | | |
| Hold | ing hands wit | th a queei | า | | | | | |
| | | Bb F | | | | | | |

| And my heads full of murders | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| C FC FC | | | | | | |
| Where only killers scream | | | | | | |
| G A Bb C | | | | | | |
| So now you could spend the morning talking with me quite amazed | | | | | | |
| F Fm C F C F C | | | | | | |
| And I'm raving mad and Somewhat Slightly Dazed | | | | | | |
| SOLO: F F C C | | | | | | |
| FFCC | | | | | | |
| G C | | | | | | |
| F C | | | | | | |
| Now you run from your window | | | | | | |
| F C | | | | | | |
| To the porcelain bowl | | | | | | |
| FC | | | | | | |
| And you're sick from your ears | | | | | | |
| FC | | | | | | |
| To the red parquet floor | | | | | | |
| F Bb F | | | | | | |
| And the Braque on the wall | | | | | | |
| Bb F | | | | | | |
| Slides down your front | | | | | | |
| C FC | | | | | | |
| And eats through your belly | | | | | | |
| F C | | | | | | |
| It's very catching | | | | | | |
| G A Bb C | | | | | | |
| o now, you should spend the mornings lying to your Father guite amazed | | | | | | |

Fm C F CAbout the strange Unwashed and Happily Slightly Dazed

F