

Red Hot Chili Peppers, White Braids & Pillow Chair

I'm a tangled tiger
And I want to rip it all to shreds so I
Can ask it why

She's a loaded cobra
And she wanted to be with me for the ride

In a Sunday diner
I'm reminded there's no finer place to kiss
Than one like this

But babe, I can see what's right with you
White braids and pillow (Chair)
Babe, I could spend my nights with you
This pussy willow

Babe, I can see all sides of you
White braids and pillow chair
I don't know what I would do
Without your pillow

She's a Bobby Darin
Singing to the fish and herring sacrifice
Oh, that's her knife

There's a Karmann Ghia
Parked out back and we believe it is alive

You can see the river
Running through my devastated concrete eyes
They don't deny

But babe, I can see what's right with you
White braids and pillow (Chair)
Babe, I could spend my nights with you
This pussy willow

Babe, I can see all sides of you
White braids and pillow (Chair)
Babe, I don't know what I would do

California blue
Sing to you
Things to do
California blue
Sing to you

Deep Ventura sky
Rolling by
Rolling wide
Deep Ventura sky
Rolling by

Santa Cruz in June
Be the gloom
Surf the moon
Santa Cruz in June
Surf the moon

San Francisco Bay
Safe to say
Paved the way
San Francisco Bay
Paved the way

