

John Frusciante, Curtains

The curtains were made for moving
Cause you know sometimes your not always there
You don't need it now, your head's shaped like a cow
Till all is here, the world's just a sphere
No bigger than the balls you suck
Hey you with your hat down
Don't you know that can't be where it's always at?
You've all been always there, your head's shaped like a pear
You search thru the light, instead of jumped in the pie
Of life that you slice till it's just dry.
You're so often seen along
The westside wheel of the meals that you steal
To get around the coaching of this loss
It's always made you feel the best
You always made less and less of the casual forces
That lead you away from the nest.
I know your face, It's all out of place.