

John Frusciante, Cut-Out

Your number fakes coming along without you
Knowing a shift took place
Your father hooks a wing about you
If you flail this broken sword around you'll
Cut nothing up
Again we'll face these things when they're dead issues
Moments take each others place
Born and forgotten the same way
hey, I'll pay you to cut me out
I'll pay you to cut my out
A blower of hot flesh is a baby
That's the fiist white stuff I sucked
To feed this open fire with a windy day
Moments took each others place
Born and forgotten the same way
Never knowing who you are
Never knowing who you are
Never knowing who you are
Never knowing who you are
Are
Are
Are...