

John Frusciante, Goals

Sucking on a rhyme
You know I dont feel right
Its dreams that steal all my time
They take it from my eyes

I dont try as much to feel anything these days
I will try and reach the field and there I will stay
No time comes to me now
Theres nothing im for or opposed to
Theres nothing im really supposed to do
Goals disrupt the past

One thing about a life
Its an endless straight line
Dreams I once had
There taking me for a ride

Just show me the way to leave
Thats all I need
Well I dont notice anything
Thats where ill be
Life doesnt come to me now
And I wouldnt want it to
Theres nothing id like to do
Ghosts disrupt the past

Nothing I realize
No one I despise
Nothing to hide behind
This time
No one I despise
Nothing I realize
Nothing to hide behind
This time