

John Frusciante, Interior Two

We walk into the hands of doom
We're coming out interior two
Why dont you come on over
Things here will never be the same
We feed the light with shadows of pain
Why dont you come on back again
I hear our song in the wind
I see clouds laughing insane
I hear out song in the wind
I see clouds laughing again
We fall into forever's lap
We speak when all the lines are tapped
And we endlessly come on back
Wherever did we find this night
I'll come back in another life
Why dont you come back over again
Won't you come back over