

John Frusciante, Loss

We make the music that divides you
It's handed down as a thing to cry to
And all my wars they treat you kindly
There's nothing more important that i see
There was a time when all was empty
Unorganized a clog a death scene
Things opened up and there's so many
Paths to walk ports of entry
Now that I'm gone
Now that i'm long gone
This minute has come and gone
I never said to do anything but forget me
I can't be lost
I've learned everything form loss
For what's gained there's an inner cost
I won't pay it i never would
We left the seasons back in Long Town
There was a hint of sadness going round
We met the brothers who drove arrows
And shot assumptions wide and narrow
I know i mean what i'm forgetting
We give for everything we're getting
A lot that hasn't been put away
It's building up for that fateful someday
Now that i'm gone
Now that i'm long gone
This minute has come and gone
I never said to do anything but forget me
When it seems i'm around
Check again what's up and what's down
Any silences make a sound
before the equation i'm the answer