

# John Frusciante, One More Of Me

Now that the day is come  
I see myself as everyone  
I am what's all around me  
No Nothing, it just cannot be  
Feelings come from the sun  
Like most everything and everyone  
What seems lost is free from the force  
It slowly destroys us and kills all matter of  
Well we don't control the chance that plays with us  
And we get existence back by hurting others  
When we go the other way, its ourselves we hurt  
But who pushes on through eventually will see every moment's first  
Every moment is first  
What's gone will never come back  
But it exists when you think of it  
What is anything anyway  
But a series of things running through your brain  
All of the fucked things you do  
All the product of what's happened to you  
What ever you create from love  
Is a gift from a place which some call above  
Cuz only the forces of hate and love  
One breaks things down and one builds them up  
Yeahhhhhhhh Hey