

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