

# John Frusciante, Place To Drive

Empty your half and mind  
Wait on, erase time  
There's bound to be too many  
(?Crawl to numb her sucker womb?)

In chambers calm yourself out first  
They all break out  
And they all break out

Seem to wish I'd a revolver,  
We move away from God

There was a place to drive  
There was a place to drive  
All along that day