

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