

John Frusciante, Scratches

The scratches of a dark night
The rashes of foresight
And I wanted you
The weight of my freezing
I had come to you
The face I was given
I have no similarities to
The spaces in the law look
Like the faces in a word book
I get by
The matches of opportunities
The last thing I've never seen
And I scream it to you
The pain I was needing
Was sort of true
The one aim I was clearing
Was the walls that grew
The crazes I overlooked
The leans into the kook
And I did
And I was screaming bloody murder
When the charges came
And I stopped by the road side
'Cuz this is from wehere I came
My God but it's so far away
It would seem accidents have gone straight to you
And you've changed your point of view
And the places you're going to
I got Crowded
I get crowded
And I'm so glad that you're mine
It twists up the fabric of time
And I'm useless
And your faces are bodies
And your hands are feet
Let me roll around
In things I can't believe
But I tried
Yes I tried
And I tried
You know I tried