

John Frusciante, The Past Recedes

And then the past recedes
and I won't be involved
The effort to be free
Seems pointless from above
You're looking down at me
I'd rather stay below
Than have you staring up at me
It is nowhere I want to go
Ay, this business of how long we try to stay alive
Why to be here you first got to die
so I gave it a try
And what do you know
Time was so long ago
And things come back you see
To where they don't belong
and every drop of sea is the whole ocean
I lied to the greatest thieves
about anything and everything
I'm a figure of forgotten speech
I'm out of reach
I can't play it safe
But I'm might just in case
I'm disguised as a reaching hand
I'm a working man
I don't understand why clockout
come so slow everytime
That's one line I stay right behind