

# John Frusciante, This Cold

I don't need a ride to arrive  
I don't feel approached any time  
If you feel a fader on a decline  
Out of all you've ever been  
And you won't need time  
You never need time  
I don't need this every god  
You see every ghost am I  
Have we found a phase to be out of  
Transfer all your thoughts to me  
And you won't need love  
We don't need love  
I don't need this sin to go  
Down to where all forevers flow  
Every fate revealed slow  
Never talking back to me  
Say it out loud  
I feel this cold  
I never stay and I never go