

# John Frusciante, With No-One

Seal your wide shores  
With no one in between  
You feel your fading dial  
You know someone's happened  
And you shouldn't feed these things  
But let's go  
Fading away your nights  
You fade to white  
You lay me down as I go to the store  
Sorrow ate me, I'm not me anymore  
Play these heavens one more time  
I'm not yours and I'm not mine  
Fly a ladder around  
Rails succumb to run  
Get up  
Hear your fates that again reload