

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