

# John Frusciante, A Name

These don't have a name  
I've been a fool to let it out that way  
And it'll keep on coming back  
A fool gets laughed at  
and I'll go on and on and on  
Letting it out when the feeling's strong  
I wonder who in the single thing  
Made this night and this ugly dreams  
These all pass away  
It is clear that one can see through a day  
And i may have met my match  
Completely unattached  
with no one no one no one  
on whom to rely  
Let's sing that song  
well I didn't read the last page  
You thought of me at that final stage  
eenie meenie miny moe  
It's about time  
About time to go