

John Frusciante, Ah Yom

I've got a million to choose from
A million ways things could be
In dull moments I feel like
There's a million options I see
The trouble is choosing one
The trouble is doing one
A slave in the fields one night
He's running along
Gets far enough to be a free man
And he's feeling so strong
That's how actions should be
Freeing
Step after step is our only choice in a walk
When we run at the mouth we jump back and forth
There's only one place I'm going
There's only one destiny
And if my mind tells me otherwise
Then it's a poor guide for me
All of the energy in life
Is nothing more than a spark in a fire
The whole course of time is the blink of an eye
Rain in the slums
Ah Yom
Into the cards
Ahm Yum
Rain in the slums
Ah Yom
Into another world
Ahm Yum