

# John Frusciante, Chances

This is the time to die  
I'm not someone on whom to rely  
Chances come and chances go  
This is letting go  
I feel the tightening of the dawn  
The creation of something I've sung  
No one goes back cause they're all there  
Are you everywhere  
Becoming who you think you are  
In order to do your part  
In the multi-dimensional scheme  
You'll know what I mean  
This is the time to die  
I'm not someone on whom to rely  
Chances come and chances go  
This is letting you know  
I'm almost where I'll never be  
This cutting off of fate like a string  
A line that falls to the floor  
And I'm not me anymore  
I'm not me anymore  
I'm not me anymore