

John Frusciante, Cut Myself Out

You fall around these thoughts
Where you made me come, dear
Leave all the days behind that made you run.
I shall forget the days that you told me to
I was such a waste when I cut myself out
Now the fall is over baby

You'll descend but at a rate you'll find is slow
And all these times afraid to walk the room
That you have to take, there is no other way
It's forces far above you, though you want me to
I'll decorate these heights, I'll make it fit right
Somehow we wait from old to young
Now the word is small
Oooohaayayahhh.....