

# John Frusciante, Enough Of Me

This precise time and right here  
Are not going anywhere  
I've had enough of new todays  
For once I'd like to go another way  
I speak my last words and then remember it may never end  
All that I've won I have lost  
Each passing moment cuts me off  
Well, I don't like to waste a chance but they're overflowing  
What I don't do will get done by somebody  
When I was five I saw some plants ungrowing  
Whether seen forwards or back they'd keep going  
They'd keep going  
If the seasons which change were all still  
It's so easy to see life would fail  
Whatever slips out of our hands  
Will find it's way back to us once again  
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It's so easy to see life would fail  
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Will find it's way back to us once again  
Will find it's way back to us once again  
Once again