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
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
Will find it's way back to us once again
Will find it's way back to us once again
Once again