

John Frusciante, Far away

I can't disguise the things I do
And things I say have a way of hurting you
I'm over there
These dreams are all I have left
I've nothing to spare
I can't pretend to be who I'm not
And there are things you need from me
I haven't got
No way but to end
Pick up the pieces of our lives
And maybe love again
There's only one way for things to be
Between you and me