

John Frusciante, How High

We met you through your fortune
You're made of high
You slipped through the streams of the city
We slip your mind

How high, how high?
Past life
How high, how high?
Leave your body

You leave the past in a field
When your odds are timed
When you stand in a plane
This ground does rise

How high, how high?
Past life
How high, how high?
Leave your body