

John Frusciante, Interstate Sex

Being in line is a dream I'm after
I can take it easier so is fights
Taking time is a way of light
What this takes you here to brings you no lie

I'll be up high
In the air
Between your home
I'll just get out
You'll never die
Chess book lay down
You go places they don't take me

ooooo

You believe to goes a faces
Theres a way you all arrive
At a place wher you've combined
Every moment that winces make you feel right

A days a low you'll be low being light
behind somewhere to go
you way come back
hearing things you say makes me blind
It's all right the seasons change

Interstate
Interstate
Interstate

Interstate sex, sex, sex
Interstate sex, sex, sex
Interstate sex, sex, sex

Sex, sex, sex
Sex, sex, sex