

John Frusciante, Invisible Movement

Extra time when you think it's over
Live a life when you've rolled over and died
I don't feel pain
I don't travel this line
Levitate and feel the ground get closer
Ecstasy made every step a mile
When it becomes a waste
Why hold on for dear life
Wide pain in the blue white break up
All paths divide
Life has a way of opening up
All names travel with their owner
Tho' they've no space, they move all around
I see invisible moment in every town
Every cry is a separate emotion
Happenings are planned
And then they arrive
They go on with or without you there