

# John Frusciante, Look On

I can't get through  
Knots in my mind  
I resent  
The self i can't find  
I can't get through  
A paper and a pencil  
Are the best friends i've got  
I went to downtown LA.  
Got picked up by the cops  
I didn't get what i wanted  
But i didn't care a lot  
I saw that life was kidding  
Look on  
I'm warning you  
I skipped a life  
To be here  
i've got no right  
I'm bad luck  
I used to feel a lot  
Things used to be alright  
so much was going on  
I'm empty now inside  
When i thought life was terrible  
Things were going fine  
Vincent called as a set up  
Look on  
It's not right  
I lost my fame  
It's a cheap trick  
I wanna do it again  
I've got no life  
I am a seperate entity  
From the guy i was before  
Here nobody wants me  
I hoped for something more  
I flip through empty pages  
That i thought i wrote on  
I can't tell what is dreaming  
Look on