

John Frusciante, Mascara

There's a belt of sun dripping through a porthole
In a set design
Can you read your name?
It's been so long since we blew from the inside
So where have you been since you fell off the flat edge
Of the world under an ugly sky
You've been lying by
But they meant you, dance under the moonlight
Do what you think is the sum
Of the flesh and blood
Above there's small birds gone to trembling
In for thousands of your years

[Voice 1:] You felt like crystal in your thighs

[Voice 2:] You get four red candles

[Voice 2:] On the table with your penis by your eyes

[Voice 1:] You're the one that makes me realize

[Voice 1:] Big water flowing through to tomorrow

[Voice 2:] Through to your vacation

[Voice 1:] Apples and cake must have been your stake

[Voice 2:] ? [something about "a gallon of wine"] but the smile you send in my direction

[Both: Makes me feel like I'm alive

[Voice 1:] You're hidden by your wooden legs

[Voice 2:] You're my kind, You're my kind

[Voice 2:] You always make me feel like a moon in my life

[Voice 1:] Stay here in down at the world's edge, for a time

[Voice 2:] It always makes me feel good to know you're alive, wrapping your ties

[Voice 1:] Down by the whirlpool, I finally realized you must have bitten your snake,
Your little guy

[Voice 1:] I've been insane well the time is slow

[Voice 2:] I've been to a society where you can't see yourself and you can't feel sunshine

[Voice 2:] And if you see me roaming the hillside won't you come along? It's all gone to
The top of yourself. You'll always be alone.

[Voice 1:] The Pope don't matter when the pawn is your sea, don't you agree?

[Voice 2:] I like you in my love, makes me feel good just to know I can love someone like you.

They'll make it hard for you choose. I can understand but when you see the tears coming you close
Your eyes.

To you I'm sure it's no surprise that I could be one of the dead.

Thank god my underwear's full of lead without you. Without you.

[Voice 1:] When you're around I'm wound around your thumb. You wanna be numb inside the gun.
All your different delights are one big fight against the baby inside that you've mistaken for pain.