

# John Frusciante, Of Before

In this light I'm lost  
In the darkness of before I walked  
And I knew where I was all the time  
Seeing with every part of who I am

Anyway you're a ghost in life  
Pushed right out and kept inside of a bodiless weight  
Pressure that has no space

As he goes along  
He takes what he's lost and discards what he's won  
He's every bit as alive as you and I  
Everybody kills the light  
When they're about to sleep for the night

As you go through life  
You're a star in flight  
When you close your eyes at night  
Someone clears a path for you to ride

When you wake the next day  
You will only go that way  
That was cleared for you, cleared for you  
Made for you, made for you