

# John Frusciante, Second Walk

I take a second walk  
Down the street of fame  
I've paid it of and paid for it again  
All these miserable feelings never end  
But to fall and be down's something I transcend  
I've been a Meal of mine  
And slid down my throat  
And all I'm facing is one more way to go  
Died so many times and then reappeared  
All death looks like to me is a word that causes fear  
I'm taking my place  
In a world with different space  
No time at all except how you move  
Be who you are  
Do what you do  
Not win or lose