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 somenthing 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 reapeared
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 exept how you move
Be who you are
Do what you do
Not win or lose