

John Frusciante, Slow Down

Severed hands of tragedy
tears of the men and stolen
all tried to pass their children
all tried to kiss them somehow

whats here to feel this morning
formed into a worn of gun
wondered how it liked the days if
they're inside and now you're dead though

whoooooooooaaaaahhhhhhhh
oooooooooooo

No one go on home
in down
reach out
in front of
an a medalion
when I beat the world
some.....