

John Frusciante, Ten To Butter Blood Voodoo

Exclamations feel
The fall you're set to conceal
She loves the man you told
Could you see me flying coach
Hey sister its unreal
The way I take the sky in my automobile
Could you show them the ten
Ever hear about heaven scent
Your highs taken to the sky
Yellow and zebras fly
Your skys taken to the flies
Next is found west
Feeling the best
Hela