

John Frusciante, The Mirror

Hit in the face when you open a door
Unconsiderate to yourself
You are always out of tune to you
Stepping back from where you are
Nevers angle is one for all
Fired by an unknown eye
That wasn't always a place for you to cry
Everyone knows becoming's what you do
When you die
The face in the mirror is not me - yeah hey hey
How many times have you been to the back
No one to see and
Nothing to laugh at
Going everywhere at once
Time does a crawl back to where it doesn't show
No one means me
When they say people don't grow
The face in the mirror is not me - yeah hey hey
The face in the mirror is not me - yeah hey hey