

John Frusciante, The Real

I don't know the real from what I know I saw
I can't remember where I went
Where I was
I'm gonna move toward a point in time
Where where you are is a state of mind
And anytime I can read your thoughts
Some of them yours and some of them I thought up
There's no good reason for a heartbreak
Nothing's repeating every Monday
It's no good saying you'll always be mine
These jokes life's playing it makes me so tired
It's already too much to always see you off
The sense that hours go back is enough
I like to fade when I write this line
There's every reason to paint a decline
And every mile I walk is five
I'll get where I'm going in the next life
And all the while there's a false face
This every killing is left untraced
This kind of falling saved my son
This constant longing for what's gone