

# John Frusciante, The World's Edge

These are different lives  
Being lived at the same time  
Like holding in to a whole  
The world's edge is closer  
I'm gonna leap right off her  
And that will be the end of me  
Intersecting lines  
Falling way behind  
I'm walking on a rope  
Drifting from her  
I've never been further  
All I know is right  
Dreams drift right past me