

John Frusciante, Unchanging

And we will show that wherever you are
That is where all time starts
Its a pleasure to die
A pleasure to be gone
Into the sky we bove on
Life is unchanging
It let me go
Life gave me up
And i have no control
Everything goes a way that i do not
I clean up the clouds i ride
Ive never been up where i see the others climb
Seems like it must be nice
Laughters an ugly friend of mine
We share the best and worst of times
Everyone goes where they belong
Nobody goes elsewhere
Never much thought goes to being
Right or wrong