

John Frusciante, Your Warning

You're warning me to get out of the way
Was the safest thing to say
This trying to get out of a tight spot
Isn't even worth a shot
And all of the world calls out at once
give us pain
It's a friend to us
And we don't decide for ourselves very much
what we are we owe to the fear of love
Don't bring it around
I've reached for that
Once it is called when you're married
and you've fallen out of love
What's it called when the family
you raised you don't know at all
Give us a point to miss
endings are killing me slow
I only ask for this emptiness replace my soul