

Second Walk

John Frusciante

I take a second walk
Down the street of fame
I've paid it off and paid for it again
All these miserable feelings never end
But to fall and be down's something I transcend
I've been a meal of mine
And slid down my throat
And all I'm facing is one more way to go
Died so many times and then reappeared
All death looks like to me is a world that causes fear
I'm taking my place
In a world with different space
No time at all except how you move
Be who you are
Do what you do
Not win or lose

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