

# Deep Kick

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

It started when we were little kids  
Free spirits but already tormented by our own hands  
Given to us by our parents, we got together  
And wrote on desks and slept in laundry rooms near snowy mountains  
And slipped through whatever cracks we can find  
Minds altered, we didn't falter  
In portraying hysterical and tragic characters  
In a smog filled universe  
We loved the dirty city and the journeys away from it  
We had not yet been or seen our friends, selves  
Chase tails round and round in downward spiral  
Leaving trail of irretrievable vital life juice behind  
Still the brothers blood comrades partner family cuss  
Was impenetrable and we lived inside it laughing with no clothes  
And everything experimental 'til death was upon us  
In our face mortality and lots of things seemed futile then  
But love and music can save us and did  
While the giant gray monster grew more poisoned and volatile around us  
Jaws clamping down and spewing ugly shit around  
Nothing is the same so we keep moving, we keep moving  
Went off and got some hair cuts  
Looking wild and got all drugged up  
Hopped a train into the night  
Got a ride with a the transvestite  
Two boys in San Francisco  
Two boys in San Francisco  
Blasted off in another bathroom  
Those coppers woke us up  
Motherfuckers woke us up  
Two young brothers on a hover craft  
Telepathics, love and belly laughs

Storm the stage of Universal  
Slim shine talk box go subversal  
Papa's proud and so he sent us  
Pounding hearts full and relentless  
Two boys in London, England  
Two boys in London, England  
Climbing out of hostel windows

Wearing gear so out but in though  
Come on kid and do the no, no  
Two young brothers on a hover craft  
Telepathics, love and belly laughs  
Oh shit  
Oh shit  
We went to Fairfax High School  
Jumped off buildings into their pools  
We'd sit down, grease at Canters  
Run like hell they can't catch us  
Two boys in L.A. proper  
Two boys in L.A. proper  
Stealin' anything that we could  
Gotta sneak into the Starwood  
Gotta peak into the deep good  
I remember ten years ago  
In Hollywood, we did some good  
And we did some real bad stuff  
But the Butthole Surfers said it's better to regret  
Something you did than something you didn't do  
We were young and we were looking  
Looking, looking for the deep kick  
Seen 'em come, seen 'em go

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