

Murmur

John Frusciante

Lips are blue, baby blew the sky,
Baller right from my-y height.
I can't rest these eyes,
How long? Sleep tight, yeah.
Sha-la-la-la-la-na day cause they can hear my house,

(Non-chalant expletive.)(Pronounced "Mroy")
La-la-de cause they did anything ah-ha,
Feet is clay.

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