

# The Real

**John Frusciante**

I don't know the real from what I thought I saw  
I can't remember where I went where I was I'm gonna move toward a point in time  
Where you are in a state of mind  
And anytime I can read your thoughts  
Some of them yours and some of them I thought up There's no good reason for a heartbreak  
Nothing's repeating every Monday  
It's no good sayin', you'll always be mine  
These jokes life's playin' it makes me so tired, so tired It's already too much to always seen you off  
The sense that hours go back is enough I like to fade when I write this line  
Every reason to paint a decline  
Every mile I walk is five  
I'll get where I'm goin' in the next life And all the while there's a false face  
This every killing is left untraced  
This kind of falling saved my son  
This constant longing for what's gone, what's gone What's gone  
What's gone

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