

Look On

John Frusciante

I can't get through
Knots in my mind
I resent
The self i can't find
I can't get through
A paper and a pencil
Are the best friends i've got
I went to downtown LA.
Got picked up by the cops
I didn't get what i wanted
But i didn't care a lot
I saw that life was kidding
Look on
I'm warning you
I skipped a life
To be here
i've got no right
I'm bad luck
I used to feel a lot
Things used to be alright

so much was going on
I'm empty now inside
When i thought life was terrible
Things were going fine
Vincent called as a set up
Look on
It's not right
I lost my fame
It's a cheap trick
I wanna do it again
I've got no life
I am a seperate entity
From the guy i was before
Here nobody wants me
I hoped for something more
I flip through empty pages
That i thought i wrote on
I can't tell what is dreaming

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