

Going Inside

John Frusciante

You don't throw your life away
Going inside
You get to know who's watching you
And who besides you residesIn your body where you're slow
Where you go doesn't matter
'Cause there will come a time
When time goes out the windowAnd you'll learn to drive out of focus, I'm you
And if anything unfolds it's supposed to, oohYou don't throw your time away sitting still
I'm in a chain of memories, it's my will
And I had to consult some figures of the past
And I know someone after me will go right back

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