

# Ramparts

## John Frusciante

like this summer unsettled  
and surprisingly grey  
I'm supposed to be warm  
but I'm tricked by a cold betrayal knowing that your cold war  
isn't over at all  
seeing how you try steering a craft  
that is bound to stall nothing's in your way  
and no one's out to save you  
so you can wither by the wealth  
or you can catch up on yourself so fed up with the good face  
to spare us from knowing  
what we already know  
and the faces we are scared of showing you have all that you had  
now it's time to give up  
and leave that miserable struggle  
you once thought your love could stop nothing's in your way  
and no one's out to save you  
so you can wither by the wealth  
or you can catch up on yourself nothing's in your way  
and no one's out to save you  
when your world is coming down  
and your ramparts hit the ground

Lyrics provided by

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