

# Bike

## John Frusciante

I want, I want, I want searching  
I'd never been right before  
There's a minimum for lurching  
I will erase my face  
There is no time or place  
It's just the way you are seeing  
I'm a song, I'll arrest myself  
Healing, healing  
Life is gold and omitted my home  
Reeling, reeling  
Feelings hit the floor  
There's never been more than war  
Our appetites bind resisting  
There is more than fate  
There never is loss you take  
Only the wind of receiving  
I want, I want, I want searching  
I want, I want, I want  
Heavens whore eating at my sides  
What's goal that picks at my soul  
I never was loved before  
For who I am, no more  
The universe can be forgiving  
There is no more fate than there is no mistakes  
And mind is a big tape just playing  
I want, I want, I want  
There is you by my side  
And I want you, I need you  
In the afternoon take a bike and become you, become you  
And I want you, I need you  
In the afternoon take a bike  
And become you, become you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.