

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.

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