

How High

[John Frusciante](#)

We met you through your fortune
You're made of high
We slipped through the streams of the city
We slip your mind How high, how high?
Past life
How high, how high?
Leave your body You leave the past in a field
When your odds are timed
When you stand in a plane
This ground does rise How high, how high?
Past life
How high, how high?
Leave your body

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

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