

# Usually Just A T-shirt: Untitled #3

**John Frusciante**

A dove is a glove  
That I wear in my heart  
And though I like to dress smart  
It doesn't have any part of the world of fashion  
And you're there to put me down  
And I'm sick off the frowns that follow me around  
I would like the sky but there's no reason why  
She'd say to this world with the nose of a girl  
Turned up so loud that it rings sings the cloud  
I've never been here and though you're physically here  
You're pushing me away to decay like the day that I loved  
There is a girl, blabbing nothing outside my window  
What do I have to show  
To a world that the only way to destroy  
Is to die like a baby boy  
I could be happy in infinity  
Of the space of my eyelid  
But I know I'm somewhere else  
Where the words on this page  
Are better than the scribbling nonsense they are,  
And it would be real,  
And I eat my last meal  
Wish that I could feel  
But now I don't even know if I'm real

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