

The Real

John Frusciante

I don't know the real from what I thought I saw
I can't remember where I went where I was I'm gonna move toward a point in time
Where you are in a state of mind
And anytime I can read your thoughts
Some of them yours and some of them I thought up There's no good reason for a heartbreak
Nothing's repeating every Monday
It's no good sayin', you'll always be mine
These jokes life's playin' it makes me so tired, so tired It's already too much to always seen you off
The sense that hours go back is enough I like to fade when I write this line
Every reason to paint a decline
Every mile I walk is five
I'll get where I'm goin' in the next life And all the while there's a false face
This every killing is left untraced
This kind of falling saved my son
This constant longing for what's gone, what's gone What's gone
What's gone

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