

Cut Myself Out

John Frusciante

You fall around these lights where
You made me come, dear
Leave all the days behind that made you run.
I sure forget the days that you told me to
I was such a waste when I cut myself out
Now the fall is over baby
You'll descend but at a rate you'll find is slow

And all these times afraid to walk the room
That you have to take, there is no other way
It's forces far above you, though you want me to
I'll decorate these heights, I'll make it fit right
Somehow we wait from old to young
Now the word is small
All the way over.

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