

Slow Down

John Frusciante

(Transcribed by Thatyou)Severed hands of tragedy
tears of the men and stolen
all tried to pass their children
all tried to kiss them somehowwhats here to feel this morning
formed into a worn of gun (???)
wondered how it liked the days if
they're inside and now you're dead though (???)whooooooooaaaaahhhhhhhh
oooooooooooooI basically have no
clue on the lyrics of the last verse.No one go on home
in down
reach out
in front of
an a medalion
when I beat the world
some..... (???)

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