

Curtains

John Frusciante

The curtains were made for moving
'Cause you know sometimes you are not always there
You don't need it now, your head's shaped like a cow
Till all is here, the world's just a sphere
No bigger than the balls you suck Hey you, with your hat down
Don't you know that can't be where it's always at?
You've all been always there, your head's shaped like a pear
You search through the light, instead of jumped in the pie of life
That you slice till it's just dry You're so often seen along
The westside wheel of the meals that you steal
To get around the coaching of this loss
It's always made you feel the best
You always made less and less of the casual forces
That lead you away from the nest I know your face, it's all out of place

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