

Untitled #3

John Frusciante

A dove is a glove that I wear in my heart
And though I like to dress smart
It doesnt have any part of the world of fashion And youre there to put me down
And Im sick off the frowns that follow me around
I would like the sky but theres no reason why
Shed say to this world with the nose of a girl Turned up so loud that in arrears, steals the clouds
I've never been here and though you're physically near
You're pushing me away to decay like the days 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 Im 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 dont even know if Im real

Songwriters

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