

John Frusciante, Central

I'm central to nowhere
Thinking of sweeping it clean
When we choose to go were losing more than just our surroundings
I've gone around the sides of this universe as it stands
Outside the limits of all existence
Where light never ends
We should be grateful to the gods
Whoever they're real to they are
I value my placement as in Hell
Remember that moment that I fell
Anything that could one day be is as real as what I'm saying
If something is nothing it must not be something in any possible way
Lose yourself in the far off worlds that are right under your feet
Switch below with above all the way up into infinity
We should be thankful who we are
Whether we know ourselves or not
Walking alongside myself
Neither of us listens very well
I'm dreading a time that is not near
As a man on cross I have no fear I can't believe these words I'm saying
You gotta feel your lines
You gotta feel your lines