

# Red Hot Chili Peppers, Deep Kick

It started when we were little kids  
Free spirits but already tormented  
By our own hands given to us by our parents  
We got together and wrote on desks  
And slept in laundry rooms near snowy mountains  
And slipped through whatever cracks  
We can find minds altered  
We didn't falter in portraying hysterical  
And tragic characters  
In a smog filled universe  
We loved the dirty city  
And the journeys away  
From it we had not yet been  
Or seen our friends selves  
Chase tails round and round in  
A downward spiral leaving a trail  
Of irretrievable vital life juice  
Behind still the brothers blood  
Comrades partner family  
Cuzz was impenetrable  
And we lived inside it laughing  
With no clothes and everything  
Experimental till death was upon us  
In our face mortality  
And lots of things seemed futile  
Then but love and music can save us  
And did while the giant grey monster grew  
More poisoned and volatile around us  
And jaws clamping down  
And spewing ugly shit around  
Nothing is the same so we keep moving  
We keep moving.

Went off and off and got some hair cuts  
Lookin wild and got all drugged up  
Hopped a train into the night  
Got a ride with a transvestite  
Two boys in San Francisco  
Two boys in San Francisco  
Blasted off in a Bart bathroom  
Those coppers woke us up  
Mothersfuckers woke us up

Two young brothers on a hover craft  
Telepathetic love and bellylaughs

Storm the stage of Universal  
Slim shine talk boy go subversal  
Papa's proud and so he sent us  
Pounding hearts full and relentless  
Two boys in London, England  
Two boys in London, England  
Climbing out of hostel windows  
Wearing gear so out but in though  
Come on kind and do the no no

Two young brothers on a hovercraft  
Telepathics love and belly laughs

We went to Fairfax High School  
Jumped off buildings into their pools  
We'd sit down and grease at Canters  
Run like hell they can't catch us  
Two boys in L.A. proper

Two boys in L.A. proper  
Stealin' anything that we could  
Gotta sneak into the Starwood  
Gotta peak into the deep good

I remember 10 years ago  
In Hollywood we did some good  
And we did some real bad stuff  
But the Butthole Surfers  
Always said it's better to regret  
Something you did than something you didn't do  
We were young and we were looking, looking for the deep kick...  
Seen 'em come seen 'em go