

One More of Me

John Frusciante

Now that the day has come
I see myself as everyone
I am what's all around me
No, nothing it just cannot be
Feeling has come from the sun
Like most everything and everyone
What seems lost is free from the force that slowly destroys us
And kill all matter of
Well, we don't control the chance that plays with us
And we get existence back by hurting others
And when we go the other way it's ourselves we hurt
But who pushes on through eventually will see
Every moment's first
Every moment's first
What's gone will never come back
But it exists when you think of it
And what is anything, anyway
But a series of things running through your brain
All of the fucked things you do
Are the product of what's happened to you
Whatever you create from love
Is a gift from the place which some call above
There's only the forces of hate and love
One break things down and one build them up
Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaah Hey
Oohhhhhh