

Bike

John Frusciante

I want, I want, I want searching
I'd never been right before
I walked right out that door
There's a minimum for lurching
I will erase my face
There is no time or place
It's just the way you are seeing
I'm a song, I'll arrest myself
Healing, healing
Life is gold and omitted my home
Reeling, reeling
Feelings hit the door
There's never been more than war
Our appetites bind resisting
There is more than fate
There never is loss you take
Only the wind of receiving
I want, I want, I want
Heaven's whore eating at my sides
What's a goal that picks at my soul
I never was loved before
For who I am, no more
The universe can be forgiving
There is no more fate than there is no mistakes
And mind is a big tape just playing
I want, I want, I want
There is you by my side
And I want you, I need you
In the afternoon take a bike and become you, become you