

Chances

John Frusciante

This is the time to die
I'm someone on whom to rely
Chances come and chances go
This is letting go
I feel the tightening of the dawn
The creation of something I've sung
No one goes back 'cause they're all there
Are you everywhere
Becoming who you think you are
In order to do your part
In the multi-dimensional scheme
You'll know what I mean
This is the time to die
I'm not someone on whom to rely
Chances come and chances go
This is letting you know
I'm almost where I'll never be
This cutting off of fate like string
A line that falls to the floor
And I'm not me anymore