

## Cut-Out

John Frusciante

Your number fakes coming along whitout you  
Knowing a shift took place  
Your father hooks a wing about you  
If you flail this broken sword around you'll  
Cut nothing up  
Again we'll face these things when they're dead issues  
Moments take each other's place  
Born and forgotten the same way  
Hey, I'll pay you to cut me out  
A blower of hot flesh is a baby  
That's the first white stuff I sucked  
To feed this open fire with with windy day  
Moments take each other's place  
Born and forgotten the same way  
Never knowing who you are