

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