

How High

John Frusciante

We met you through your fortune
You're made of high
We slipped through the streams of the city
We slip your mind

How high, how high?
Past life
How high, how high?
Leave your body

You leave the past in a field
When your odds are timed
When you stand in a plane

This ground does rise

How high, how high?
Past life
How high, how high?
Leave your body