

Second Walk

John Frusciante

I take a second walk
Down the street of fame
I've paid it off and paid for it again
All these miserable feelings never end
But to fall and be down is something I transcend
I've been a meal of mine
And slid down my throat
And all I'm facing is one more way to go
Died so many times and then I reappeared
All death looks like to me is a word that causes fear
I'm taking my place
In a world with a different space
No time at all except how you move
Be who you are
Do what you do
Not win or lose