

## 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