

Sleep

John Frusciante

Deep asleep
Need some waking up
Time can't see what he does to us
Shadows fall asleep
Thank you, thank you
Mind and body breathe
Thanks

Bastard son is in my eyes
It takes wholes of lives to see things right
I'm the opening of tides
There is open and there's open from the other side

Intertwined one in another goes
Reassigned souls in flattened time
Sad as we are blind
I love you, I love you
As ifs actual
The pains flows through

Swelling space inside a window
Something's there when "God" and "oh" share height or rate
In the old Encino term
There is one who separates, in between and low as dirt

Living scene
It's what goes up and down
Along a street inner vision only sees
Ahh place me there
I'm with you, I'm with you
Life takes me anywhere
The blues we share
And duration builds its climb
You can count on me to darken light
In the fields of flowers burned
There is one down below, straight beneath who never learns

In a need you peel the self from the bones
I say
Irritate til you're not needed anymore
It's war
Living things have a meaning all their own
Breathing sings to the soul like Marian Anderson