

## 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