

## Slow Down

John Frusciante

Severed hands of tragedy  
tears of the men and stolen  
all tried to pass their children  
all tried to kiss them somehow

whats here to feel this morning  
formed into a worn of gun (???)  
wondered how it liked the days if  
they're inside and now you're dead though (???)

whooooooooaaaaahhhhhhhh  
oooooooooooo

I basically have no  
clue on the lyrics of the last verse.

No one go on home  
in down  
reach out  
in front of  
an a medalion  
when I beat the world  
some..... (???)