

Uprane

John Frusciante

You know we have to lose
We break our minds to choose
Between when, what and where
The carriers of pain do not discriminate
Distinction's in the stars
Aw sides
Bringing me a vision in my mind's eye
Etiquette as a stroke
You don't know what I mean and yet you go to it
Rain from yourself to the cloudy sky till you are dry
Lightning strikes the sun
Won't you come on
Rain from yourself to the cloudy sky till you are dry
Lightning strikes the sun
Won't you come on