

## **John Frusciante** **"Cut Myself Out"**

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You fall around these lights where  
You made me come, dear  
Leave all the days behind that made you run.  
I sure forget the days that you told me to  
I was such a waste when I cut myself out

Now the fall is over baby  
You'll descend but at a rate you'll find is slow

And all these times afraid to walk the room  
That you have to take, there is no other way

It's forces far above you, though you want me to  
I'll decorate these heights, I'll make it fit right  
Somehow we wait from old to young  
Now the word is small  
All the way over.

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