

John Frusciante

"Interior Two"

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We've fallen into the hands of doom
We're coming out interior two
Why don't you come on over, man?

Things here will never be the same
We feed the light with shadows of pain
Why don't you come on back again?

I hear our song in the wind
I see clouds laughing in sync

We fall into forever's lap
We speak when all the lines are tapped
And we endlessly come on back
We come on back

I hear our song in the wind
I see clouds laughing again

Where ever did we find this night?
I'll come back in another life
Why don't you come back over again?
Won't you come back over? Yeah, yeah

Come back, come back, come back
Come back, come back, come back
Come back, come back, come back

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