

John Frusciante

"Mascara"

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By john frusciante
Transcribed by thatyou

There's a powdered sun dripping through a porthole
In a set design
Can you read your name
It's been so long since we bloomed from the inside
So where have you been since you fell off the flat edge
Of a world under nothing sky
You've been lying rye
They claim men you dance under the moonlight
Do what you think is the sum
Buts it a flesh and blood of a
Dismembered gone assembly
In four thousands of your years

Voice 1: you felt like history in your thighs
Voice 2: you get four red candles

Voice 2: on the table with your penis I arise
Voice 1: you're the one that makes me realize

Voice 1: with water flowing through to tomorrow
Voice 2: glued to your addiction
Voice 1: apples and cake must have been your mistake
Voice 2: but the smile you send in my direction

Voice 1: makes me feel like I'm alive

Voice 1: you're hidden by your wooden legs
Voice 2: you're my kind, you're my kind

Voice 2: you always make me feel like a moon in my
life

Voice 1: staring down at the world's head, all the time

Voice 2: it always makes me feel good to know you're
alive, wrapping your
Ties

Voice 1: down by the whirlpool, I finally realized you

must have built
In your snake, your little dark house

Voice 1: I've been insane well the time is slow

Voice 2: I've been to a society which you can't see
yourself and you can't
Feel sunshine

Voice 2: and if you see me roaming the hillside won't
you come along? it's
A hard road to the top of yourself. you'll always be
alone.

Voice 1: the pope don't matter when the pawn is your
sea, don't you agree?

Voice 2: I like you in my love, feels good just to know I
can love
Someone like you. they'll make it hard for you choose. I
can understand but
When you see creation coming you close your eyes.
and to you I'm sure it's no
Surprise that I could be one of the dead. thank God my
underwear's full of
Lead without you. without you.

Voice 1: when you're around I'm wound around your
thumb. you wanna be numb
Inside the gun. all your different lights are one big fight
against the
Baby inside that you've mistaken for pain.

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