

John Frusciante **"Penetrate Time"**

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Flying over the black town
Voices call to me to get right down
Work it out again to catch my trout
throw it in as effects unpack

Grab resurrection
No one else could penetrate time

Learn you to move with the grass above all time
Past moving up and our futures grow back
Look where you're in, you find no trace of now
Going in, around in the only places you're free
Low birds, you were the full taste of this renound town

Low bird, you were the full taste of this renound town

You said what you wanted was your turn to die
To come up, you float down
The truth and agony found
You grow back with your face down
The press founded fields
You grow brighter,
You will always hear this sound

You can always have this back
It's so hard to make joy so sad
You can always just stand back
Its a heart that make tears roll down our faces

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