

John Frusciante "Saturation"

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I feel that wheels are turning,
I feel that wheels are turning round.
(Replay)
We made you,
We made you,
We made you what you are.
We brought them up that hill,
We brought them up to roll them down.
(Oh)
In the morning, light must clean you,
In the morning, light must clean you out.
Right out.
I'm sad that time escapes me,
It pushes ahead of me all day.
Remind me
remind me
Remind me of what I could've been
I feel the faster I'm going
The more I am slowing down
I'm the focus of the bring down
I'm the one who captures what he lost
And turns it round

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