

John Frusciante

"This Cold"

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I don't need a ride to arrive
I don't feel approached any time
If you feel a fader on a decline
Out of all you've ever been
And you won't need time
You never need time
I don't need this every god
You see every ghost am I
Have we found a phase to be out of

Transfer all your thoughts to me
And you won't need love
We don't need love
I don't need this sin to go
Down to where all forevers flow
Every fate revealed slow
Never talking back to me
Say it out loud
I feel this cold
I never stay and I never go

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