

John Frusciante

"Untitled #12"

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Blind your head in catastrophe icicles
No-one's fed in cycles led by cycles dead
Ask to shine the flag
Love is distance and blue sits like apples bite
And flows through our hands
I said 'Hi' to a man who shot his sister
Panned through the station
And jumped in front of a train
Said I'm a bit confused to meet you
Life's what scissors do to a day
So their smiles pave the way
Sand drips with waves
And clouds my head 'cause I'm a fortune fella's bed
And I'm the tunes played by the goons
Who ride in fairy's wombs
And stole the road the other way
And sold tomorrow to yesterday and
I know the feeling of pushing you out of a building
Tiny people pulsating hit the sky
Still the ground got up and wiped your face
You expected to fly, wind up your misfortune
Sling 'em to a maitre-dee
Who wears dead butterflies on his face
And is hoping to grow wings
He really wants to tell you
'Hey give your tears to today'

Grind yourself souvenirs under your stolen years
Hands in your pockets
Your hands getting numb been hurt in grinds jive
Do the avenues that seem to meet defeat you
Did you ever try to hug the sky behind your head
I walked forever sightseeing a screen
Shuffled a mean green ping
Dives head first into a hole in the water
Drives side to side like a floating machine
Dove dancing to a fable told to a sea of disintegration
Crawl to a celebration of dirt that leaves that taste of
wine
Sucked from a hair that digs into the darkness
Full of the fair that my head rides.
I slide your kind through a ladder

Hanging on a star
Stray close so far
Away from the climb
A tape like section of introspection
To rewind would be to recline.
Hit the pounds underlying gently
Ride on the side
Tell your problems to zero
He's got nothing to hide.

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