

John Frusciante

"Untitled #3"

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A dove is a glove
That I wear in my heart
And though I like to dress smart
It doesn't have any part of the world of fashion
And you're there to put me down
And I'm sick off the frowns that follow me around
I would like the sky but there's no reason why
She'd say to this world with the nose of a girl
Turned up so loud that it rings sings the cloud
I've never been here and though you're physically here
You're pushing me away to decay like the day that I
loved

There is a girl, blabbing nothing outside my window
What do I have to show

To a world that the only way to destroy
Is to die like a baby boy
I could be happy in infinity
Of the space of my eyelid
But I know I'm somewhere else
Where the words on this page
Are better than the scribbling nonsense they are,
And it would be real,
And I eat my last meal
Wish that I could feel
But now I don't even know if I'm real

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