

John Frusciante

"Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been"

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A broken record has a thousand answers to countless contradictions.

Your condition is running through the streets again
now you've drained your thoughts onto an empty page
with ink as red as blood

some words were never meant to be
like I was talking to myself

I drew a picture to remind me

what you look like when it's raining

use a lot of heavy words that never get you anywhere

the circle vent is cycling

another year has lived and died

Of blue tangled phone lines

of frequency that's frightening first dial to hear a

strangers voice crying

and now you've drained your thoughts onto an empty
page with

ink as red as blood some words were never meant to
be

like I was talking to myself

figure 8 crying your silver plates

icy eyes have you seen the midnight skies

wipe the sleet from your rusting eyes

fill this room with superstitious smile a chorus of all lies

wipe the sleet from your rusting eyes

I want you to see me for the first time

your blaring jagged lips

I'm dying to taste your icy eyes

you're your blaring jagged lips

I'm dying to taste icy eyes

figure 8 I wished I was better than your skates

icy eyes can you see through my disguise

figure 8 same old sour twist of fate

jagged lips your blaring icy eyes

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