

John Frusciante**"Your Pussy's Glued To A Building On Fire"**

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Your pussy's glued to a building on fire
I paint my mind just 'cause I'm alive
And if you see me roaming the hillside
Won't you come along?
You paint your eyes
Mine are in the sky
No worldly word I could say
Could be golden
The smile on my face isn't always real
But the way you make me feel
Is all that's really real
Your little dark house

Oh, won't you come along?
You paint your eyes ((mumbling...)) ohhh...

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