

# Untitled #12

John Frusciante

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 fellah'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.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>