

# John Frusciante - Cut Myself Out

tom:

Bm D

You fall around these times  
 Gbm D  
 Where you made me come, dear  
 Gbm D  
 Leave all the days behind  
 Gbm D  
 That made you run

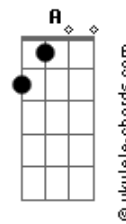
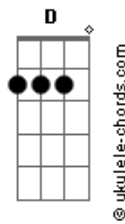
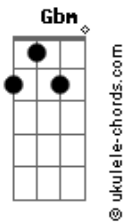
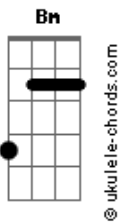
Gbm D  
 I shall forget the days  
 Gbm D

That you told me too  
 Gbm D  
 I was such a waste

Gbm D  
 When I cut myself out

A D A D  
 Now the fall is over, baby  
 A D  
 You'll descend  
 A

## Acordes



But at a rate  
 A D  
 You'll find is slow

( Gbm D Gbm D )

Gbm D Gbm D  
 And all these times afraid to walk the room  
 Gbm D Gbm D  
 That you have to take, there is no other way  
 Gbm D Gbm D  
 It's forces far above you, though you want me too  
 Gbm D Gbm D  
 I'll decorate these heights, I'll make it fit right

A D A D  
 Somehow we wait from old to young

A D A D A  
 Now the word is small  
 D Gbm D  
 All the way over

[Final] Gbm D Gbm D Gbm