

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

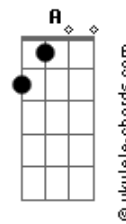
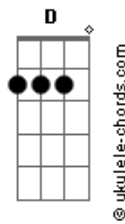
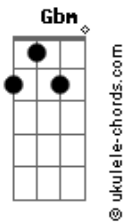
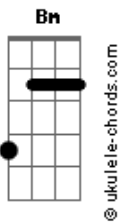
Gbm D
 I shall forget the days
 Gbm D

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