

John Frusciante - One More Of Me

Tom: A

Now that the day has come
 I see myself as everyone
 I am what's all around me
 No, nothing it just cannot be
 Feeling has come from the sun
 Like most everything and everyone
 What seems lost is free from the force that slowly destroys us
 And kills all matter off
 Well, we don't control the chance that plays with us
 And we get existence back by hurting others
 And when we go the other way it's ourselves we hurt

But who pushes on through eventually will see
 Every moment's first
 Every moment is first
 What's gone will never come back
 But it exists when you think of it
 And what is anything, anyway
 But a series of things running through your brain
 All of the fucked things you do
 Are the product of what's happened to you
 Whatever you create from love
 Is a gift from the place which some call above
 There's only the forces of hate and love
 One breaks things down and one builds them up

Acordes

