

Hear Say

John Frusciante

He don't see now you don't see the heaps of elevation in me
No one gave me time or rhythm
I don't give you mine
Intricacies, intricacies
Sees as deep into anything
Help me son cuz you will give me mine in further intimacy

In a steady set up scene
The lights are closing in on thee
Who is this that stands right up to time and closes in
Endless hearsay, listen hearsay,
Apples gleam in riches' filthy
Heaven give me signs for I'm inclined eternally

You don't hear now she don't hear the sound of music in your ears
Arrows point at those that dictate black to you and me