

Murmur

John Frusciante

Lips are blue, baby blew the sky,
Baller right from my-y height.
I can't rest these eyes,
How long? Sleep tight, yeah.

Sha-la-la-la-la-na day cause they can hear my house,
(Non-chalant expletive.) (Pronounced "Mroy")

La-la-de cause they did anything ah-ha,
Feet is clay.