

## Repeating

John Frusciante

Everyone's alike here now  
when it was right I moved out  
back from where I came  
Life is a funny game  
ending on a calling card  
not even knowing where we are  
I make a cowardly mistake  
where are all the plans we made  
here I go again to fall apart  
so long  
when er meet again I will not be there  
beliving in a thing you see to disbelive  
all the days that slipped away are repeating  
aint you comin' along this time  
I'll show you the things that were mine  
I'm bleeding from the walls that cry  
life has always passed me by  
here I go again to fall apart  
so long  
when we meet again I will not be there  
beliving in a thing you see to disbelive  
all the days that slipped away are repeating