

## Scratches

John Frusciante

The scratches of a dark night  
The rashes of foresight  
And I wanted you  
The weight of my freezing  
I had come to you  
The face I was given  
I have no similarities to  
The spaces in the law look  
Like the faces in a word book  
I get by  
The matches of opportunities  
The last thing I've never seen  
And I scream it to you  
The pain I was needing  
Was sort of true  
The one aim I was clearing  
Was the walls that grew  
The crazes I overlooked  
The leans into the kook  
And I did  
And I was screaming bloody murder  
When the charges came  
And I stopped by the road side  
'Cuz this is from wehere I came  
My God but it's so far away  
It would seem accidents have gone straight to you  
And you've changed your point of view  
And the places you're going to  
I got Crowded  
I get crowded  
And I'm so glad that you're mine  
It twists up the fabric of time  
And I'm useless  
And your faces are bodies  
And your hands are feet  
Let me roll around  
In things I can't believe  
But I tried  
Yes I tried  
And I tried  
You know I tried