

John Frusciante - Cut Myself Out

tom:

Bm D

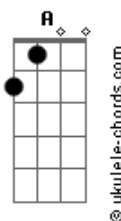
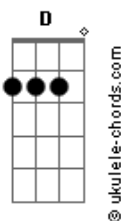
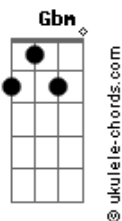
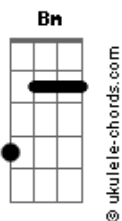
You fall around these times
 Where you made me come, dear
 Leave all the days behind
 That made you run

I shall forget the days
 That you told me too

I was such a waste
 When I cut myself out

Now the fall is over, baby
 You'll descend

Acordes



But at a rate
 You'll find is slow

(Gbm D Gbm D)

And all these times afraid to walk the room
 That you have to take, there is no other way
 It's forces far above you, though you want me too
 I'll decorate these heights, I'll make it fit right

Somehow we wait from old to young

Now the word is small
 All the way over

[Final] Gbm D Gbm D Gbm