

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

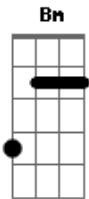
I was such a waste

When I cut myself out

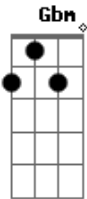
Now the fall is over, baby

You'll descend

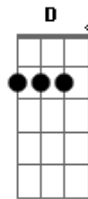
Acordes



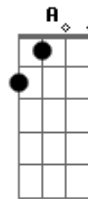
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But at a rate

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