

Welcome to this groove, you can move right
We gonna take you higher (higher)
Not caught in the quagmire ('mire)
I can't survive on a stupid nine to five
I'd rather be poor, writin' tunes, livin' on a commune
Kickin' it with my brothers (brothers)
And significant others (others)
Life in pursuit of money, uh huh, we think it's funny
The only thing that money it could ever bring for me
Would be some gifts for my friends
Follow me now, trips for my family
The only thing I love is freedom (freedom)
The people around me, I need 'em (I need 'em)
I'd like to buy the world a Coke, but like I said, I said
You could never get me interested in dreams of wealth myself
My birthday happens to land on April 12th... whack

A Coney Island of the mind, it's mine
I swipe the sweets, strip the beats in the sunshine
Loco homes I stroll because I'm thinking
A tone poem alone is love medicine
Then the demon, spring revolution in my spirit
Here it is and I will kill with it

Traveling, head spinnin' from the medicine
Illusions fadin' out and comin' on again
Unwind your blind mind, find entire minutes
Abstract the tract of sight, day breaking in it
Doles out my share of the world, ocean and sun
Rising with a whirling motion (yeah)

I fought, kicked and screamed my way to getting born
Now I feel worn and I say come on
The night won't save anyone
Won't you roam, we've grown so we can write again
Our soul select its own way for the travellin'
We're here, we're breathing and we wanna keep our blood running
So we're gonna keep gunning 'til the next homecoming
I like the boogie to the bang bang boogie
Say up jump the boogie to the bang bang, come on