

From my side I never mind  
I can climb just to ride to nowhere  
I don't think about a thing  
I can bring on anything from nowhere  
Critics who never do  
Wanted to get to nowhere  
I don't care if it's not fair  
Who ever is there we're in nowhere  
Primitive people at usual work  
One hops with the other while another  
Pretends to sprinkle red hot dirt  
A pit of young breeders check their work  
They undo the chords they told me not to move  
None of us are hurt but we're all red handed  
You can come back now, no use holding  
Out where your brain is somewhere growing  
A Big Idea