

## A Song for All Seasons

Jefferson Airplane

Well the word was out on the street today  
All the friends that I'd met would have to say  
While your records line the shelves  
You're fighting amongst yourselves  
That's a hell of a lot of dues for you to pay  
Well the word my friend you know is on the street  
It's on the lips of everyone I meet  
While you're climbin up the chart  
Your band just fell apart  
I guess your life just ain't really that complete  
You know your car with which I was impressed  
Well I hear that it's gonna be repossessed  
Well I thought you had it made  
But you ain't even paid  
For the things that you've bought  
Since the acid test  
I hear you manager skipped town with all your pay  
And your lead singer's bulge turns the censors grey  
Wall that's really a doggone shame  
But who's there left to blame  
And all you ever really wanted was just to play  
They say your drummer he's crazy as a loon  
Last night they found him baying at the moon  
As as for your lead guitar  
He just cracked up his car  
But he should be out of traction very soon  
Well my friend it's time for me to go  
I just can't be late for my evening show  
You see I've written this tune  
And I hope that very soon  
I'll be heard on Top 40 radio