

## Trial by Fire

Jefferson Airplane

Gonna move out on the highway, make this moment last  
Til it closes with the future, blending with the past.  
Rollin' on and doin' fine, what do you think I see?  
That boney hand comes a beckonin', saying buddy come go with me  
.

That engine just ain't strong enough to get you round the turn  
Lie on your back in the middle of a field, and watch your body  
burn.

Don't try to tell me just who I am when you don't know yourself  
Spend half your time running out on the street  
With your mind home on a shelf.  
Lookin' at me with your eyes full of fire  
Like you'd rather be seein' me dead  
Lying on the floor with a hole in my face  
And a ten gauge shotgun at my head

You can leave me here, but I won't tell  
Things I know about you and know so well  
The way you smile at me, try to set me free  
And keep me wondering what the future will be

Rollin' on, won't be long  
I won't leave here til' I sing this song.