

Police Dog Blues

Jorma Kaukonen

Well I heard the news just the other day;
Now I feel there's something I must say;
Well the darkness comes too often;
This time next year I'll build my coffin;
Made out of lead so X-rays cannot see;
We gotta be free.
Political men they burn their lives out talkin';
We people of the earth just keep on walkin';
Well we don't know what to say;
Only live our lives as slaves;
All we can do is race on to the grave;
Well we gotta get away.
Well they're much too old to care about the future;
They're sewing up the past with shining sutures;
It's immortality they crave;
Their days are done so now they're brave;
Their lives will live in books for fools and slaves;
We gotta get away.
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