

A clear and dusty day in June
My stoned mind just spilled that line
Describing, what's it like, describing?
Believing that the sum is "yes"

Looking around at all my comrades
My police state mind just spilled that line
I want to give names to our bonds
I need names to play the game

But what makes my heart run?
Why the thunder in my thighs?
My body
My mind
The idea of my life
Seems like a symbol