

1970

Mod Sun

I swear it's 1970  
Let's take em back  
Let's go

Yeah, I swear it's 1970  
I'm up in San Fran, off of Haight and Ashbury  
Shotgun in the v-dub, I'm screamin' out "free love"  
Rewritin' history quit relivin' that rerun  
Hitchhiked to Venice, became an apprentice  
Of a guru who used to serve Dalai Lama at breakfast  
And he taught me relativity, to orchestrate a symphony  
Of positivity, empathy, synergy, and divinity  
Health wealth success and happiness will always be my mantra  
Possessions don't own you man, I learned that shit from my rasta  
You got the whole world on a string  
Learned that from Frank Sinatra  
Long live the lizard king, forever

I'ma be the change that I want to see  
People gon' remember me, I swear it's 1970  
Money's cool and everything, but I'd rather make a memory  
I swear it's, I swear it's 1970

One thousand smiles an hour, think weed is a flower  
We fight the fist with peace signs of power til hate is devoured  
We dry the eyes of tears we encounter, no more debbie downer  
I don't even get sour when someone like  
"Hey go take a shower you hippy"  
I swear it's 1970

No better feeling than chillin in Greenwich Village the illest  
(quote me)  
Ask Dylan and Ginsberg and Kesey to all bless me (holy)  
Folk taught me survival, poetry was the Bible  
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, it just spoke to my soul  
Scorin' goals like mo goalie, we standing up to the bully  
Prepared to speak it til they hear it, my kindred spirit's Spicole  
On a journey to unite the world and no one can slow me  
Impossible says "I'm possible," back to the story

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That's 1970 shit man  
Come anytime with me  
Mod Sun  
M-O-D S-U-N  
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta