

Green-Tinted Sixties Mind

Mr. Big

She just woke up, but she's still tired
Is that the telephone ringing?
The curtains can't hold back the light
That's reaching into her dreams
Down in her heart
If it had fingers, it'd be tearing it apart

You be lookin' groovy
In a sixties movie
Maybe tell the press you died
Little legend baby
Try your very best to hide
A green-tinted sixties mind

She keeps some memories locked away
But they are always escaping
neglect won't make them fade away
They're reaching into her dreams
Down in her heart
Don't need fingers to be tearing it apart

Gotta face the day
There is no other way
To clear the fog inside your mind
Fill it up with dreams
But all that you can seem to find
A green-tinted sixties mind

Hangin' out with Janis
Movin' to Atlantis
Could've made it if you tried
What's the point of force
It's easy as a horse to ride
A green-tinted sixties mind

You be looking groovy
In a sixties movie
Maybe tell the press you died
Little legend baby
Try your very best to hide
A green-tinted sixties mind
-U can't hide-