

World Of Adventures

The Flower Kings

I'm back in the world of adventures
in grand new adventures, expect to fly
I'm deep into sonical changes
radical strangeness and I don't know why

We run the fields in the summernight
in silent kisses in black and white
and we'll make footprints on a higher ground
We're children of the Woodstock nation
lost in peace and contemplation

I'm the magic carpet rider
the strawberry glider across the sky
We're getting high on adventures
say goodbye to the pressure
prepare to fly

We run the fields in the summernight
in silent kisses in black and white
and we'll make footprints on a higher ground
We're children of the Woodstock nation
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