

Now we sit here in our special place,
all wearing our happy faces gladly.
Sunlight appears in our world; our joy
has been turned from badness.
Now we've moved and left alone
and it's easier that way.
We are riding on rainbows
and happy today.
Now we move to the sun in every direction;
we are cloaked in veils of mystic protection...
joking a lot, smoking or not,
floating our yacht off to freedom,
voting to be Aquarian!
I hold silver flashing metal in the palm
of my petal hand, watching it quiver:
to breathe too close is death -
ah, but what is breath but a way to deliverance?
Soon we will all be joined
in a great silver tube,
wanting every one to come along,
that means you too!
Now we move to the sun in every direction;
we are cloaked in veils of mystic protection...
mapping the way, clapping to say
we're happy today, and assured of
the fact that we're all Aquarian!
Hardly any money... who needs bread anyway?
Well, I mean to say, it's just the road to freedom!
Everything's too funny; we just ride along so high,
watch the bad scenes floating by, who needs them?
Soon we will all be joined
in a great silver tube,
wanting every one to come along,
that means you too!
Now we move to the sun in every direction;
we are cloaked in veils of mystic protection...
Lighting the path, righting the past,
fighting the dark like centurions,
writing our names as Aquarians!
As Aquarians, but as Aquarians!
Writing our names as we move to the sun,
we're Aquarian!