

# Hawkwind, D-Rider

We're children playing in the sun  
A sense of freedom on the run  
We never knew what time it was  
We just knew how sublime it was

Our course determined by our stars  
My momma knows just where we are  
The Earth was forming from below  
A dragon showed which way to go

Spacing out, we're spacing in  
Phasing out, we're phasing in  
Turning up by burning out  
Lifting off and gazing in

Our luck, it changes with the tide  
Our constellations changing side  
Macro mirror-image fades  
Our over-conscience colour shades

We're astral-planing, floating free  
On our continuum frequency  
A ring was formed out of the stone  
Metamorphose, tetraform

Spacing out, we're spacing in  
Phasing out, by phasing in  
Turning up by burning out  
Lifting off and gazing in