

# Jefferson Airplane, Star Track

If your head spins round try to see the ground if you can  
My busy eyes missed her path through the air as she ran  
My sensory mind is too old to cry  
Not ready to live and too strange to die  
So stop your doubt push the world on by  
With your hand  
It takes time to love and open minds to love  
And who's got time on their hands  
Well life can be hard when you're holes in a card  
In some electronic hand  
You'll wander around from place to place  
Disappear without a trace  
And someone else will take your place  
In line  
You can fool your friends about the way it ends  
But you can't fool yourself  
Take your head in hand and make your own demands  
Or you'll crystallize on the shelf  
The freeway's concrete way won't show  
You where to run or how to go  
And running fast you'll go down slow in the end  
Running fast you'll go down slow in the end