

# Jefferson Airplane, Two Heads

You want two heads on you body  
And you've got two mirrors in your hand.  
Priests are made of brick with gold crosses on a stick  
and your nose is too small for this land.  
Inside your head is your town  
inside your room your jail  
inside your mouth the elephants trunk and booze,  
the only key to your bail

Coda:

Want two heads on your body  
and you've got two mirrors in your hand  
Two heads can be put together.  
And you can fill both your feet with sand.  
Noone will know you've gutted your mind  
but what will you do with your bloody hands?  
Your lions are fighting with chairs,  
your arms are incredibly fat;  
Your women are tired of dying alive  
if you've had any women at that.  
Wearing your comb like an ax in your head  
List'ning for signs of life;  
Children are sucking on stone and lead  
And chasing their hoops with a knife;  
New breasts and jewels for the girl,  
Keep them polished and shining;  
Put a lock on her belly at night, sweet life,  
For no child of mine.