

Paul Kantner, Across The Board

Music & Lyrics: Grace Slick

Somebody aimed you when you were young
But nobody ever fired
Now you just sit there inside the gun
Bullet you're getting old and tired

If you want out - get out and get it all
I mean a fair trial is no trial at all
You're not guilty you can't even move without
A human hand
You can't cock yourself woman

You need a man

All the way you need him
All the way
All the way across the floor
Across the board

The man's only got one finger
He doesn't need anymore
He makes his way one prong down

All the way
All the way
All the way across the floor

Seven inches of pleasure
Seven inches going home
Somebody must have measured
All the way down the old bone

All the way
All the way
All the way
Down the old bone