

Spirogyra, Wings Of Thunder

I'm 21, but gosh I do feel old!
Too much concerned
With things which shouldn't worry me
Or hurry me, or make me rush

I'm really flash, but gosh I do feel bad!
Completely smashed
Careering down life's avenues
I'm out of place and out of touch

Rolling over on Wings of Thunder
We're riding out to the Sun
Haring over on Wings Of Thunder
We're bound to make it the Sun, Sun, Sun, Sun
We're gonna make it the Sun

Now I'm in love, and she has got me hooked
But things are good
With poor old me delirious
She takes it all so serious

Rolling over on Wings of Thunder
We're riding out to the Sun
Haring over on Wings Of Thunder
We're bound to make it the Sun, Sun, Sun, Sun
We're gonna make it the Sun

My head has spread, it won't stay in one place
Confused and laced
I'm liking going haywire
And I find I have a taste for the pace

Rolling over on Wings of Thunder
We're riding out to the Sun
Haring over on Wings Of Thunder
We're bound to make it the Sun, Sun, Sun, Sun
We're gonna make it the Sun