

Freak Power, Moonbeam Woman

Who's that sister, mader her own space,
She's got moondust on her 'fro.
Damn we miss her sugarsome face,
Wistful, moonbeam sense to go.
Six months later she steamed up the van,
We got no small surprise.
Daisy lady sits on her hand, a naughty sparkle in her eyes.

Daisy Lady, come flyin' out my hand.
Daisy Lady, Playmate of the land.

Late arrival, never been kissed,
Strode up sneaking in tongues.
Settled nicely up to the wrist,
Grinding to the bass and the drum.
Three years later she's back in her stride,
Down Full Circle doin' the bump,
Lovely Lady, up on her feet,
She's getting over the hump.

Daisy Lady, come flyin' out my hand.
Daisy Lady, Playmate of the land.

That poor old poet didn't know so,
but she cooked the wrong goose.
She should have lapped it up
and licked it like we do with that juice.
And if you ask her she just shrugs
And digs the life that she chose.
My moonbeam woman, she sure 'nuff gets some when her cup overflows.

Can't stop, won't stop, rockin' to the lady 'cuz I get down and I go down [repeat]