

Jefferson Airplane, The House At Pooneil Corners

You and me, we keep walking around and we see
All the bullshit around us.
You try and keep your mind on what's going down,
Cant help but see the rhinoceros around us.

Then you wonder what you can be,
And you do what you can to get far and high.
And you know I'm still gonna need you around.
And you know I'm still gonna need you around.

You say its healing, but nobody's feeling it.
Somebody's dealing, somebody's stealing,
And you say you don't see and you don't.
You say you wont know and you wont, when it comes.

Everything someday will be gone except silence.
The earth will be quiet again.
Seas from clouds will wash off the ashes of violence
Left as the memory of men.
There will be no survivors, my friend.

Suddenly everyone will look surprised,
Stars spinning wheels in the skies,
Sun is scrambled in their eyes
And circles like a vulture.

Someone stood at the window and cried one tear.
I thought that would stop the war, but someone is killing me.
That's the last time I do think anymore.
Jelly and juice and bubbles bubbles on the floor.

Castles on cliffs vanished
Just like heaps rubbish
Seen from the stars hour upon hour
As splinters, dust, and black flowers.

From here to heaven is a scar,
Dead center, deep as death.
All the idiots have left.
The idiots have left.

Cows are almost cooing,
Turtle doves are mooing;
Which is why a Pooh is pooing
In the sun
Sun