

# Jefferson Starship, Be Young You

The tongues of some men are made of metal  
The tongues of some men are made of oil  
But the keeper of those men never rolled  
Their tongues for anybody's free ride but his own  
Now the oily tongues are thirsty for black gold.

But the old men are going to bed  
They'll be sleeping through the future  
And the children red with fire  
They got to move away the old man's rusty beds.

Now the tongue, the tongue of a master  
That should be laughter - with dancing legs  
Like a flying wheel for the weak and sad man  
Some tongues of man are made of silence  
And your eyes will listen.