

Praga Khan, Power Of The Flower

Show me you're real
It's just a trick to make me feel
That you're human, kind
like the movies at night
Hollywood's on my side
I'd better turn my face away
Transcendental in LA

Confusion rains down
Wandering lonely as a cloud
Digesting every word they say
Attracted in a funny way
A supernatural brigade
Did they come here to hide
Or to capture my mind

Open up for the Power of the Flower

They got technicolor screens
Just inhale and choose a dream
Shapes and colours on command
Neon visions in the sand
Psychedelic Cuckooland
Wrapped up in a a wool cocoon
Floating in red ballon

I got Vishna on my side
Jesus takes me for a ride
High Vibrations go on
To the sun, to the sun
Magic mushrooms on the run
Join the flower men brigade
Play the holy weed charade

Open up for the Power of the Flower