

Spirogyra, Old Boot Wine

Don't be scared of shadows
Nasty man who look
Lots of rotten bullies
Pushing you around
They will never steal
what it means to feel
The wonders of being without
Where I stand it seems that existence is resistant to despair
Now I know my life has not been easy
But at least it has been there
Sometimes there'll be good times
Some folks can be kind
But the wind that blows inside us
will be blind
For this time I have waited for ages
All my ages have been dried
I've been lost in the swelling of oceans
All my notion have been hide
Over every mo hill
Under every mind
For the essence of notion is devotion to will

So you see I'm not going to mind it
Or define it with degrees
Every inch of being is like old time
Is the right time to be free