

Wishbone Ash, Slime Time

There's a long night ahead.
Noise enough to wake the dead.
Then you and I can cut loose.
Gonna show you where I roost.
A world gone mad
slime time on the news.
Politics of fear
shortening the fuse.

Yes, I've grown weary,
so very weary.
(Take this) weight off my shoulders.

Get to questioning my sanity.
Don't need them to check my integrity.
Can't be blind to my vanity.
With friends like these, well, who needs enemies?

When I'm wracked with the pain,
been nearly driven insane,
I reach for you in the night,
make the load seem light.
You raise my kundalini
never been more in tune with my fantasies.
Its a revelation,
the new infatuation.

Yes, I've grown weary,
so very weary.
(Take this) weight off my shoulders.
Get to questioning my sanity.
Don't need them to check my validity.
Can't be blind to, yes, my vanity.
With friends like these, well, who needs enemies?

We're all part of a manifest destiny.
I'm down on pushing this corporate identity.
There'll never be a need for their indemnity.
As long as there's blacktop right in front of me
never been more in tune with your energy