

Welcome to this groove, you can move right  
We gonna take you higher (higher)  
Not caught in the quagmire ('mire)  
I can't survive on a stupid nine to five  
I'd rather be poor, writin' tunes, livin' on a commune  
Kickin' it with my brothers (brothers)  
And significant others (others)  
Life in pursuit of money, uh huh, we think it's funny  
The only thing that money it could ever bring for me  
Would be some gifts for my friends  
Follow me now, trips for my family  
The only thing I love is freedom (freedom)  
The people around me, I need 'em (I need 'em)  
I'd like to buy the world a Coke, but like I said, I said  
You could never get me interested in dreams of wealth myself  
My birthday happens to land on April 12th... whack

A Coney Island of the mind, it's mine  
I swipe the sweets, strip the beats in the sunshine  
Loco homes I stroll because I'm thinking  
A tone poem alone is love medicine  
Then the demon, spring revolution in my spirit  
Here it is and I will kill with it

Traveling, head spinnin' from the medicine  
Illusions fadin' out and comin' on again  
Unwind your blind mind, find entire minutes  
Abstract the tract of sight, day breaking in it  
Doles out my share of the world, ocean and sun  
Rising with a whirling motion (yeah)

I fought, kicked and screamed my way to getting born  
Now I feel worn and I say come on  
The night won't save anyone  
Won't you roam, we've grown so we can write again  
Our soul select its own way for the travellin'  
We're here, we're breathing and we wanna keep our blood running  
So we're gonna keep gunning 'til the next homecoming  
I like the boogie to the bang bang boogie  
Say up jump the boogie to the bang bang, come on