

## Radical Sleep

Jorma Kaukonen

Well, my dream girl from Manarus,  
Said her name was pain;  
Her body was a cloud,  
And her best friend was her vein.  
We're leanin' on a wall,  
Slidin' into night;  
Ready for a fall to paradise;  
I gave her radical sleep,  
A rocket to ride;  
She was back at misty dawn,  
She was back...  
Well, my China country girl,  
Was feigning phoney sleep;  
Repulsing eyes that look of all evil,  
Ran so deep.  
Well now leaning on a wall,  
Sliding into night,  
Ready for a fall to Paradise;  
I gave her radical sleep,  
A rocket to ride,  
She was back at misty dawn;  
She was back at misty dawn.  
Well, now my pale blue girl;  
From Bangkok, ahhh;  
Turned blue in the moonlight;  
Face full of chills,  
From eternity's lovelight.  
We're leaning on a wall,  
Sliding into night,  
Ready for a fall to Paradise;  
I gave her radical sleep,  
A rocket to ride,  
I gave her radical sleep,  
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I gave her radical sleep,  
A rocket to ride,  
She was back at misty dawn;  
She was back  
She was back at misty dawn.