

From my side I never mind
I can climb just to ride to nowhere
I don't think about a thing
I can bring on anything from nowhere
Critics who never do
Wanted to get to nowhere
I don't care if it's not fair
Who ever is there we're in nowhere
Primitive people at usual work
One hops with the other while another
Pretends to sprinkle red hot dirt
A pit of young breeders check their work
They undo the chords they told me not to move
None of us are hurt but we're all red handed
You can come back now, no use holding
Out where your brain is somewhere growing
A Big Idea