

In a Crisis

Jefferson Starship

I rolled over in bed to touch her head
She was mumbling in her sleep
And I listened close to everything she said
She was dreaming about the rocks and trees
Bleeding everywhere and I wrote down every single thing she said

And she said, the spirits of the earth
Are so hungry for justice, they cry
And the spirits of the sky
Are with us tonight and they cry

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we fight our way
We fight our way inside

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we find our way
We find our way back home, yeah

I rode my bicycle by her house
She was gardening in the dark
Singing to the green beans and the beets
She was wearing her high heels
Chopping the high weeds, dealing out life and death
And I wrote down every single thing she said

And she said, the spirits of the earth
Are so hungry for justice, they cry
And the spirits of the sky
Are with us tonight and they cry

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we fight our way
We fight our way inside

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we find our way
We find our way back home, ooh, ohh, ooh, ohh

And I followed every dream she dreamed
Everywhere she led
And I wrote down every secret thing
Every word she left unsaid

The spirits of the earth
Are so hungry for justice they cry
And the spirits of the sun
Are lined up on our side and they cry

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we fight our way
We fight our way inside

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we find our way
We find our way back home

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we fight our way
We fight our way inside

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we find our way
We find our way back home

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we fight our way
We fight our way inside

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
In the good times we find our way
We find our way back home

In a crisis we cut away
What we don't need anymore
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