

Just Passing

Small Faces

One and-a two and-a three and-a four and-a

This feeling of spring like the wing of a bird that is flying
The nights they go cold as my mind does go old and I'm looked at
Inspected, hated, accepted

The wise men they wrangle, their minds look for angles and meaning
(Meaning!)
But the ceiling is light as I glide through the night and I'm leaving
Living, being, mmm mmm mmm