

Epic (#38)

Grace Slick

What are the pipes a-playing for said files on parade?
Why do they shake the darkness with their sound?
Why are the drummers rollin' on to call us here again?
Who will they take away this time around?
I can feel the hurricane and I can smell the sun
And if I had my way we could try one.
So gather in all you knew when you thought that you were young.
Stand before the walls and sing! Sing
And if you think we've come nowhere at all
Think about where we were just ten years ago
All of us most everybody lookin' just looking for a hero.
All the times that we knew
All the ways that we grew
it's just a faraway
An alien high - if it don't come through to you,
That everybody everywhere in the world must agree
The time is so ripe for love, love, clear love
In the hazy afternoon when the people run around
In the hazy afternoon by the city gates
The beggars on the stairs weavin' young children
In the hair of the shy young ladies
Do you feel your mind is bending twisting turning too
Do you sometimes feel they'll run you crazy
Go and lay your hand into the hand of a friend.
One and one is two times more than you.
And everything that you can do for somebody in this world
And all the sounds that run around in your mind my baby
Take 'em all put 'em in your life hold it up to the light
And let it shine.
Take it all in your hands
Take it in your hands and hold it to your ear
Music in the shell dance around the waterline
In your life you can untune the sky
So everybody everywhere in the world might feel
Another language without reading you can
Hear what they sing - All needing love