

Psychedelic Warlords

Hawkwind

(Brock)
(We're the psychedelic warlords
Playing spaced out rock and roll
Hang on to your heads now
Because we were born to go)
We're sick of politicians
harassment and laws
All we do is get screwed up
By other people's flaws
You think you know the answers
But we don't tell no lies
We can take you any way
Through seven different highs
The world's turned upside down now
There's nothing else to do
Except live in concrete jungles
That just block up the view
We're the psychedelic warlords
And that ain't no joke
Travel with us to lands far out
And just disappear in smoke