

Trial by Fire

Jefferson Airplane

Gonna move out on the highway, make this moment last
Til it closes with the future, blending with the past.
Rollin' on and doin' fine, what do you think I see?
That boney hand comes a beckonin', saying buddy come go with me
.

That engine just ain't strong enough to get you round the turn
Lie on your back in the middle of a field, and watch your body
burn.

Don't try to tell me just who I am when you don't know yourself
Spend half your time running out on the street
With your mind home on a shelf.
Lookin' at me with your eyes full of fire
Like you'd rather be seein' me dead
Lying on the floor with a hole in my face
And a ten gauge shotgun at my head

You can leave me here, but I won't tell
Things I know about you and know so well
The way you smile at me, try to set me free
And keep me wondering what the future will be

Rollin' on, won't be long
I won't leave here til' I sing this song.