

1970

Mod Sun

I swear it's 1970
Let's take em back
Let's go

Yeah, I swear it's 1970
I'm up in San Fran, off of Haight and Ashbury
Shotgun in the v-dub, I'm screamin' out "free love"
Rewritin' history quit relivin' that rerun
Hitchhiked to Venice, became an apprentice
Of a guru who used to serve Dalai Lama at breakfast
And he taught me relativity, to orchestrate a symphony
Of positivity, empathy, synergy, and divinity
Health wealth success and happiness will always be my mantra
Possessions don't own you man, I learned that shit from my rasta
You got the whole world on a string
Learned that from Frank Sinatra
Long live the lizard king, forever

I'ma be the change that I want to see
People gon' remember me, I swear it's 1970
Money's cool and everything, but I'd rather make a memory
I swear it's, I swear it's 1970

One thousand smiles an hour, think weed is a flower
We fight the fist with peace signs of power til hate is devoured
We dry the eyes of tears we encounter, no more debbie downer
I don't even get sour when someone like
"Hey go take a shower you hippy"
I swear it's 1970

No better feeling than chillin in Greenwich Village the illest
(quote me)
Ask Dylan and Ginsberg and Kesey to all bless me (holy)
Folk taught me survival, poetry was the Bible
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, it just spoke to my soul
Scorin' goals like mo goalie, we standing up to the bully
Prepared to speak it til they hear it, my kindred spirit's Spicole
On a journey to unite the world and no one can slow me
Impossible says "I'm possible," back to the story

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That's 1970 shit man
Come anytime with me
Mod Sun
M-O-D S-U-N
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta