

Psycedelic Postcard

The Flower Kings

The world is all in the hands of the Juggler
He knows where ever the wind blows
Girls collecting their shells on the sea shore
And soon the King's at the door

Bicycle riders, they're flying so high on the grind
The tournament sliders
Smalltown Cowboys just surfin' the stars of the Grill
Another cheap thrill in the night

Send me a postcard from land of the Loonies
Send me your greetings, the drop outs will tune in

Naked horses they scatter the shells to the wind
And dance on the graveyards
Arabs sealed to the cave of the Golden Charade
Now slaves to the shiver

Cigarette ceilings, this curious feeling
The Joker was more than a smoke in the jar
Siluettoes of Small Red Corvetto
The Prince and the Priestess, the Speed fetschettos

Makers, bakers
Rainmen they dance the mountains top twilights
Shakers, quakers
Mother Earth sleep with one eye open wide

Diggin' so deep but your senses are lost in sleep
You're out of control child
You're so funny when Sandman went kissing you
Every wizard needs his dreamdust

Slowly burning, your secret of journey
Keep it clean in the dream machine
Blue Marina, Kaleidoscopina, waterwell deeple dug
Sweet Amorphina

Send me a postcard from land of the Loonies
Send me your greetings, the drop outs will tune in
Send me your dream, one more to believe in
Send me a dream, realities lost and unseen

My mind's eye still can see
Can't take that away from me
In my mind's eye I'll be free
Freedom believer, freedom deliver