

The Prophet

The Lovin' Spoonful

Ask the children what you want to know
Light the night for me
Use the road when the prophet go
Though your eyes can't see

I wonder why you cruel inside her
And back when you find no one
Alone and cried, you stayed to die
Working hard and having no fun
Rest your oars and drift ashore
Let yourself let out and run
Step us in, na na na...

Sweetly filled from the tender well
Drink to all you need

I hear you cry while you're preaching crime
To the ways love should've been done
Be the smile, and open wide
Lift your face into the sun
Na na na...