

Lotus

Tommy Bolin

Cool he dies on his own time,
Roarin' I won't hear your thunder.
Called each other Chinese names,
If, oh, the book just has a number.
There's a garden where the devil lurks,
Such a strange life this. They break their backs for sweat and gold,
And all the things in which they buy.
Things that I thought were heavy loads,
Like a Lotus in an oriental sky.

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