

A Song For All Seasons

Jefferson Airplane

Well the word was out on the street today
All the friends that I'd met would have to say
 While your records line the shelves
 You're fighting amongst yourselves
 That's a hell of a lot of dues for you to pay
Well the word my friend you know is on the street
 It's on the lips of everyone I meet
 While you're climbin up the chart
 Your band just fell apart
 I guess your life just ain't really that complete
 You know your car with which I was impressed
 Well I hear that it's gonna be repossessed
 Well I thought you had it made
 But you ain't even paid
 For the things that you've bought
 Since the acid test
I hear you manager skipped town with all your pay
And your lead singer's bulge turns the censors grey
 Wall that's really a doggone shame
 But who's there left to blame
 And all you ever really wanted was just to play
 They say your drummer he's crazy as a loon
 Last night they found him baying at the moon
 As as for your lead guitar
 He just cracked up his car
 But he should be out of traction very soon
 Well my friend it's time for me to go
 I just can't be late for my evening show
 You see I've written this tune
 And I hope that very soon
 I'll be heard on top 40 radio

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>