

Steppenwolf

Hawkwind

You can see my eyes are lupine
The liquid golden fires glare
My loping walk, my slinking spine
Are signs that there is something there
The way my nostrils flare for odors
The way my ears prick up for sound
My hair's electrically aware
Tells me things for miles around
I am a man-wolf, I am a wolf man
I have half a canine mind
I have half the mind of man
I am neither of one kind
Maybe it was only an hallucination
I'm no stranger to such things
I made a thorough investigation
The image had a power that clings
To my jaded imagination
My brain has found the bells it rings
Like a wolf my willful loafing
My languishing alone in my lair
Where you will never hear me laughing
I'm half in love with dark and despair
The Moon's a howling, mouth of mercury
Quicksilver quivering in the sky
It echoes like a cave of chromium
That'll vacuum up my soul when I die
I am a wolf man, I am a man-wolf
A freak, a fiend, a figment of mind
A species of the steppes and city
I am neither of one kind
Dissolving in the slender of this desolation
The forest has been filled by a fog
Exactly a description of my isolation
I made a note of it in my log
To the secret of all creation
I follow my own trail like a dog
I am a wolf man who walks alone in the gas lamp
Shadows of the streets at night
I am a man-wolf upright on two feet in the
City dressed somberly as a man
I am a wolf man under skies heavy with snow
My eyes are convex lenses of ebony embedded
In amber

I am a man-wolf
The fat bourgeois and his dapple ganger
Are buried in their solid glare
Twin specimens of insect set for display
I am a man-wolf, the man in me would kill the wolf
I am a wolf man, the wolf in me would eat the man
I am a wolf man, who despises the striving of common men
Who sees them at work, at their daily tasks
At factories and office desk
Who watches them at evening, elbows lift at tavern tables,
Heads lolling in song
Ich weiss nicht wat ik zagen zollen I saw a neon sign reflected in a pool of liquid sky
It was not what I expected I was only walking by
The sign said "to the magic theater"
It is not for everyone
It is but for madmen only, the first performance has begun
I looked up to see that notice where the lights were
Shining from
Nothing but blank wall was there
And their reflection too was gone
Maybe it was only an hallucination
I'm no stranger to such things
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The image had a power that clings
To my jaded imagination
My brain has found the bell it rings

Songwriters

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