Ice Cream Phoenix

Jefferson Airplane

You don't know just
When to stop and when to go.
City streets in the dead of winter
Stop your mind with dirty snow.
Walk at night and
Touch your hand to the golden lights
And let them show.
Feel the shadows disappearing.
I'll smile and say
I told you so.
Baby...
Tell me why, if you think you know why,
People love when there's no tommorow
And still not cry when it's time to go,
And still not cry when it's time to go,
And still not cry when it's time to go?
The wall of your memory
Still echoes your sorrow;
The pictures of sadness
Are not what they seem.

So hold out your smile, take
My hand and be happy;
These pictures of sadness
Are not all they seem.
Are you so old that you've no childhood?
Is your timeline so unreal
That all your sunsets
Come in the morning?
Baby...tell me...how you feel?
Shelves of books in your mirror reflected,
The sidewalks and alleys that you've seen,
Show colours change as the images fade in
The magical vanishing memory machine.
Baby...
Tell me how, if you think you know how,
People love when there's no tommorow?
Do people love if there's no tommorow,
And still not cry when they have to go,

And still not cry when they have to go,
And still not cry when they have to go?

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