

# Where Love Goes (Sito)

## Mickey Hart

Where love goes, I will go too  
Up twenty-nine flights of stairs  
I won't say that I'll be true  
But look and I'll be there  
I won't say that I'm glad  
To make your heart my home  
All considered, it's not too bad  
But what can I call my own? I don't know if you're on the level  
Each thing in its proper time  
I don't spit in the beer of the devil  
If the devil don't spit in mine  
Don't express your sweet affection  
With a sharp left hook to the head  
Nothing but static in that direction  
Such love is already deadClap your hands  
And raise the power  
Raise the power  
Of love  
Root, stem, seed and flower  
Prepare for the power  
Of loveSito, Sito  
Sito, Sito  
Sito, Sito  
Sito, SitoI learned patience on the street  
A healthy dose of doubt  
Don't try to sweep me off my feet  
That's not what it's all about  
I see through you at a glance  
There's nothing much to know  
All those steps don't make a dance  
'Til you get some self controlWhat have I got?  
Now what have I got?  
That I did not have before?  
A French revolver I just bought  
And a lock on the bedroom door  
That don't mean that I don't believe in love  
You know I do  
Love to give and to receive  
I just don't believe in youClap your hands

And raise the power  
Raise the power  
Of love  
Root, stem, seed and flower  
Prepare for the power  
Of loveWhere love goes, I will go too  
Up twenty-nine flights of stairs  
I won't beg you to be true  
I just won't be there  
I won't say that I'm sad  
To bounce back on my own  
All considered, it's not so bad  
To wake up in the night aloneClap your hands  
And raise the power  
Raise the power  
Of love  
Root, stem, seed and flower  
Prepare for the power  
Of loveSito, Sito  
Sito, Sito  
Sito, Sito  
Sito, Sito

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