Groove Thing

Randy California

This is the midnight radio one
As music in the moonlit starry night
Beneath this purple haze our common dark
The heavens obscure, starlight travels into infinity
Yet we only see it when the night is black
This is the question the brothers and sisters fear
What is the color of the soul?
Said Buddha, Jesus, Plato, and the poets of old
That evening is the color of the soul
We hide ourselves in artificial light
We think ourselves safe and out of sight
You have a million dollars still
Enough money to build a city on every hill
Work hard brother, love alone will pay your bill
Look good sister, love alone will pay your bill
Die rich, love alone will pay your bill
And evening is still the color of the soul

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