

# Flutes of Chi

## Ween

Everything that you are  
That you'd like to be  
Will come in three, my friend  
Times thine inequity  
The flutes of the chi  
Will sound again, my friend  
Wrap yourself up in gold  
The fruits of the old  
Are ripe to be told, my friend  
For, it's not what you are  
How you've come to be  
All this will end and begin again  
Everything that you are  
That you'd like to be  
Will come in three, my friend  
Times thine inequity  
The flutes of the chi  
Will sound again, my friend

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