Hey Fredrick

Jefferson Airplane

Either go away or go all the way in
Look at what you hold
Come back down on a spear of silence
when it flies
you go on through
you come on through
the ridiculous no
oh no
one more pair of
Loving eyes look down on you
Sheets and a pillow
How old will you have to be before you
Stop believing
That those eyes will look down on you
That way forever
There you sit mouth wide open
Animals nipping at your sides
On wire wheels the four stroke man
Opens wide
the marching sound
the constant ride
and the casket is mine
all mine
one more pair of
Wire wheels bear down on you
Gear stripping the willow
How many machine men will you see before you
Stop believing that speed
Will slide down on you
Like brakes in bad weather

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