Grow Your Own

Small Faces

One and a-two and a-three and a-four and aThis feeling of spring
Like the wing of a bird that is flying
The nights they go cold as my mind does go old
And I'm looked at, inspected, hated, acceptedThe wise men they wrangle
Their minds look for angles and meaning
(Meaning)
But the ceiling is light as I glide
Through the night and I'm leaving
Living, being, mmm, mmm, mmm

Songwriters
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