Dame Fortune

The Holy Modal Rounders

Longing, you're lapped in fortune,
Chuck my chin, scratch my back,
Bite my neck, break my ear
Take up all the awful slack.
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over just like rover,
Do it just a little lower,
Slightly to the left and lower.
Deal 'em down, deal 'em dirty,
Life's a wheezing hurdy gurdy,
Deal 'em up and deal 'em clean,
Man is just a soft machine.
Throw your changes hand I'll catch them,
If I can I'll use 'em well,
Dance your dance of timeless wonder,
Bind me in your crystal spell.
Pour your horn of plenty on me,
Tell me secrets rare and strange,
Take me where all dreams assemble,
Show me how the rhythms change.

Lyrics submitted by HippyLyric.

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