

Two Heads

Jefferson Airplane

You want two heads on your body
And you've got two mirrors in your hand
Priests are made of brick with gold crosses on a stick
And your nose is too small for this land
Inside your head is your town
Inside your room, your jail
Inside your mouth, the elephant's trunk and booze
The only key to your bail
Want two heads on your body
And you've got two mirrors in your hand
Two heads can be put together
And you can fill both your feet with sand
No one will know you've gutted your mind
But what will you do with your bloody hands?
Your lions are fighting with chairs
Your arms are incredibly fat
Your women are tired of dying alive
If you've had any women at that
Wearing your comb like an ax in your head
Listening for signs of life
Children are sucking on stone and lead
And chasing their hoops with a knife
New breasts and jewels for the girl
Keep them polished and shining
Put a lock on her belly at night, sweet life
For no child of mine
Want two heads on your body
And you've got two mirrors in your hand

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