

Star Track

Jefferson Airplane

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(Paul Kantner) If your head spins round try to see the ground if you can
My busy eyes missed her path through the air as she ran
 My sensory mind is too old to cry
 Not ready to live and too strange to die
 So stop your doubt push the world on by
With your hand It takes time to love and open minds to love
 And who's got time on their hands
Well life can be hard when you're holes in a card
 In some electronic hand
 You'll wander around from place to place
 Disappear without a trace
 And someone else will take your place
In line You can fool your friends about the way it ends
 But you can't fool yourself
Take your head in hand and make your own demands
 Or you'll crystallize on the shelf
 The freeway's concrete way won't show
 You where to run or how to go
And running fast you'll go down slow in the end

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