Star Track

Jefferson Airplane

Star Track.
(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 handIt 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 lineYou 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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