

# Till It Shines

## Crosby, Stills & Nash

What does it take to getcha  
To admit it?  
How much light  
Till it shines on you, yeah?  
How much did she betcha  
You couldn't get it?  
What does it signify  
When it lands on you?  
They will tell you you're a loser  
They'll stone you in the street  
Makes you kinda wonder  
'Bout the people you meet, yeah  
There's a telegram, they send ya  
To tell you that you won  
And that now your life is gonna  
Suddenly be fun  
It's a piece of empty paper  
It's a piece of empty pie  
It's a vision of illusion  
It will surely pass you by  
And I don't know what to tell ya  
I haven't got a clue  
I don't know why people  
Do the things that they do, no  
What does it take to getcha  
As confused as me?  
And how much information  
Is gonna finally set you free?  
What does it take to getcha  
To admit it?  
How much light  
Shines on you?  
How much light  
Is gonna shine on you?  
How much light  
Shines on you?

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