Two Heads (alternate version)

Jefferson Airplane

You want two heads on you 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 room your jail
Inside your mouth the elephants trunk and booze,
Inside your head is your town
The only key to your bail
Coda: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
Your lions are fighting with chairs,
But what will you do with your bloody hands?
Your women are tired of dying alive
Your arms are incredibly fat;
If you've had any women at that.
Wearing your comb like an ax in your headList'ning for signs of life;
Children are sucking on stone and lead
And chasing their hoops with a knife;
Keep them polished and shining;
New breasts and jewels for the girl,
For no child of mine. (Go to CodaPut a lock on her belly at night, sweet life,

Songwriters
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