

Artist: guster

Title: Timothy Leary

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I closed the door and stepped into the city
The city stepped right back to me
There's cracks on every sidewalk of this city
Like licking lips to swallow me

This is a sea of cars on the road
Lined up like bottles, shook up, ready to explode
With feathers and string and wax I made wings
I climbed up a building, crossed my heart, and took a leap

One single voice makes a deafening sound
You can be anything this time around

I flew across the sea and to an island
I wrestled down an old King Kong
I rescued maidens captive on that island
Hero in a uniform

My conscience was clean and taking control
A model American just doing what he's told
And dusty old crates, and my father's tapes
But Timothy Leary said the words which led the way

One single voice makes a deafening sound
You can be anything this time around
You can be anything this time around

I won't go quietly this time around