

Let the Sunshine in, (1324)

We starve, look at one another short of breath,
walking proudly in our winter coats,
wearing smells from laboratories, facing a dying nation,
of moving paper fantasy, listening for the new told lies,
with supreme visions of lonely tunes.

Somewhere inside something there is a rush of greatness,
who knows what stands in front of our lives:
I fashion my future on films in space.
Silence tells me secretly everything, everything.
Singing, my space songs an a spider-web sitar,
Life is around you an is in you,
Answer for Timothy leary deary.

Let the sunshine: let the sunshine in, The sunshine in. (4x)