

Amitri Del

"High Times"

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Little snow white, she is sleeping 24 hours a day

She's got a right to be lazy, flat out of reasons to breathe

And it's cold baby, yes it's cold

But everything is relative can't you see we're living in

High times, dig the new domain

Living through high times, just don't crash my spiritual plane

Little snow white, she was hungry

Told to go out and graft for it

At the end of the rainbow she was mind blown

To be staring at a crock of shit

And it's hard baby, yes it's hard

But with a little intuition you can shift position in the

High times, touch the magic stone

Living through high times, pick up that spiritual phone.

Frittering packs of refuseniks, too drunk to muster any contempt

10 ways to relax on a cruise ship, one way to cover the rent

I've whored myself around enough to know, baby

You don't come with the customers and smile when you're spoken to in

High times, catch the cosmic vibe.

Living through high times, hey, has Ginger Baker died?

Living through high times, my planet's all out of line

Living through high times, man, just like '69

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