

Jorma Kaukonen

"Radical Sleep"

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Well, my dream girl from Manarus,
Said her name was pain;
Her body was a cloud,
And her best friend was her vein.
We're leanin' on a wall,
Slidin' into night;
Ready for a fall to paradise;
I gave her radical sleep,
A rocket to ride;
She was back at misty dawn,
She was back....
Well, my China country girl,
Was feigning phoney sleep;
Repulsing eyes that look of all evil,
Ran so deep.
Well now leaning on a wall,
Sliding into night,
Ready for a fall to Paradise;
I gave her radical sleep,
A rocket to ride,

She was back at misty dawn;
She was back at misty dawn.
Well, now my pale blue girl;
From Bangkok, ahhh;
Turned blue in the moonlight;
Face full of chills,
From eternity's lovelight.

We're leaning on a wall,
Sliding into night,
Ready for a fall to Paradise;
I gave her radical sleep,
A rocket to ride,
I gave her radical sleep,
A rocket to ride,
I gave her radical sleep,
A rocket to ride,
She was back at misty dawn;
She was back
She was back at misty dawn.
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