

**Paul Janz****"Hijack"**

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Words: Kantner, Slick, Balin, Blackman

Music: Kantner

The summer was dry like your nose when you've been  
behind coke for a day and a  
Season  
We sail out into the grasshopper nite and we seek the  
righteous poison  
Sunday morning in speedway, y'know the people come  
around for a reason  
SUNDAY MORNIN SUNDAY MORNIN  
The land is green and you make it grow, go to the  
forest and move  
The sound of thundering electrical energy calls us to  
the park in the noon  
C'mon anybody-now fill my pipe \* to the park \* to the  
forest and move

When I feel you coming round me - ridin in the sun  
Goin home move your mind toward Mars and then  
beyond  
Genesis is not the answer to what we had before  
I we altogether in you

You know I remember the 23rd of November  
In the abyss of Chicago you can see the barbed wire -  
pigs around a lot of  
Nothin  
The witch hunters wail and they bark and they wheeze  
and they try to turn us  
Into their poison

You know - a starship circlin in the sky - it ought to be  
ready by 1990  
They'll be buildin it up in the air even since 1980  
People with a clever plan can assume the role of the  
mighty  
And HIJACK THE STARSHIP  
Carry 7000 people past the sun  
And our babes'll wander naked thru the cities of the  
universe

Cmon  
Free minds, free bodies, free dope, free music  
The day is on it's way the day is ours

You breathe out You breathe in  
And the glow of the machine'll get you on  
Moving slow, don't feel the changes  
Gracefully growing - as wild as we can be

Only the sun knows what we really need to know  
Only the sun holds the secret  
And more than human can we be  
Cause human's truly locked  
To this planetary circle

You gotta ride said the Doktor of space  
I have lived here once before  
The lites in the nite are a village of stars  
Of stars that I have explored  
Beyond the idea of beyond the void  
And beyond that and more  
Parallel lines in this village of stars  
Will lead you to the second door  
Time won't wait for the Doktor of space from the city of  
the sun to come

WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE  
CHAOS OR COMMUNITY  
CAN'T YOU SEE - ON THIS AND FUTURE SUNDAYS

7000 Gypsies swirlin together  
Offering to the sun in the name of the weather  
Gonna Hijack - HIJACK THE STARSHIP

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