

Simon Robinson

"Secular"

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Free from the lies of a scary after life.
I make my way to the golden gate.
Of club number nine
in this wonderful night life.
All my friends heading my way.

They've got drinks and mates,
though I don't know them by name,
I sure can tell a pretty face.
And they're pushing to the dance floor,
they know what i'm here for,
the rhythms now closing in.

We've taken over,
forever and again.
It's easy when you're hot
and you know this is your song.
Conscious abiding, lye heavy to the wall.
They can keep their flower power,
i'm heading for more.

I am secular.

Caught in the infinite,
the changing co-ordinates,
of where our minds are heading next.
Something tells us this is new,
although we've done it more than known.
What's again to partying?

We've got what's left of sane,
and we're heading out again.
A run for the top model crew.
We've got more to boot,
shots racing through our roots,
entering to new age.

We've taken over,

forever and again.
It's easy when you're hot
and you know this is your song.

Conscious abiding, lye heavy to the wall.
They can keep their flower power,
i'm heading for more.

We are secular.
We are secular.

Free from the lies of a scary after life.
I make my way to the golden gate. (Make my way to the
golden gate)
Of club number nine
in this wonderful night life.
All my friends heading my way.

They've got drinks and mates,
though I don't know them by name,
I sure can tell a pretty face.
And they're pushing to the dance floor,
they know what i'm here for,
the rhythms now closing in.

We've taken over,
forever and again.
It's easy when you're hot
and you know this is your song.
Conscious abiding, lye heavy to the wall.
They can keep their flower power,
i'm heading for more.

We are secular.
We live secular.
We have secular nights.
We are secular□

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