

Big Mr "Green Tinted Sixties Mind"

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Paul Gilbert)

She just woke up, but she's still tired

Is that the telephone ringing ?

The curtains can't hold back the light

That's reaching into her dreams

Down in her heart

If it had fingers, it's be tearing it apart

You be lookin' groovy

In a sixties movie

Maybe tell the press you died

Little legend baby

Try your very best to hide

A green-tinted sixties mind

She keeps some memories locked away

But they are always escaping

Neglect won't make them fade away

They're reaching into her dreams

Down in her heart

Don't need fingers to be tearing it apart

Gotta face the day

There is no other way

To clear the fog inside your mind
Fill it up with dreams
But all that she can seem to find
A green-tinted sixties mind
Hangin' out with Janis
Movin' to Atlantis
Could've made it if you tried
What's the poing of force
It's easy as a horse to ride
A green-tinted sixties mind
You be looking groovy
In a sixties movie
Maybe tell the press you died
Little legend baby
Try your very best to hide
Try your very best to hide
A green-tinted sixties mind
- U can't hide

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