

Sixty Watt Shaman "Seed Of Decades"

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I had the feeling I was carrying my head in my hands
Feet like a mile away and I could barely stand
Seemed I'd lost my way once again
Green absinthe at the liquor store to ask for direction,
alright

Direction...
A little bit of...
Direction...
Gotta get some

Hours later west side at the tattoo shop
Somethin' 'bout a bottle of pills and black tooth shots
The soothsayer said a prayer and sent me out on my
way
Seeds in hand I made the land with a swagger off into
the gray, alright

Direction...
A little bit of...
Direction
Gotta get some

I had the feeling I was underneath the light of the sun
Sowing seeds across the Great Union
Now they grow, now we know somehow we've freed our
minds
And we enjoy the fruit of these, an alchemy divine,
alright

Direction...
A little bit of...
Direction...
Gotta get some

Be my mama, save my soul
Fill my lungs with rock and roll
Smoke, my mama, smoke the bowl
Seed of decades rock and roll

Seed of decades
Seed of decades

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