

Who Really Knows

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Thinkin stickin lickin, got a time bomb, it's tickin and tickin
Nothin but a freaky drumstick of cold chicken
Feel the flower power getting ripe for the hour
You gotta pick up a pick if you could just start pickin

Got your pocket rocket, better go find a socket
Or with a flattery battery you could sit there and rock it
Got a lock better lock it, got a gun better cock it
Got to try it or buy it or fly it high before you knock it

Who really knows where the world comes from?
Who really knows where it's going?
I think I might go along for the ride
Just thinking, breathing, tripping, and growing.

Peter, Paul, & Mary had it right from the very beginning
Huffing and singing and puffing and thinking and bringing
The fire higher to the lip of the higher liar
Burning and yearning to walk a while on the higher wire

Someone tell her that the soul of the seller
Is simply stuck in the trunk of a sixty-four Impala
With the top down, a blood hound
Sniffing, licking, thinking he can kinda smell her

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Who really knows where it's going?
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Seeing, breathing, touching, healing
Seeking, teaching, loving, just being

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