

# Let the sunshine in – Hair

We starve, look  
At one another, short of breath  
Walking proudly in our winter coats  
Wearing smells from laboratories  
Facing a dying nation  
Of moving paper fantasy  
Listening for the new told lies  
With supreme visions  
Of lonely tunes  
Somewhere,  
Inside something there is a rush  
Of Greatness, who knows what stands in front  
Of Our lives, I fashion my future  
On films in space  
Silence tells me secretly  
Everything Everything  
Manchester, England, England  
Manchester, England, England  
Across the Atlantic Sea  
And I'm a genius, genius  
I believe in God  
And I believe that God  
Believes in Claude  
That's me, that's me, that's me  
We starve, look at  
One another, short of breath  
Walking proudly in our winter coats  
Wearing smells from laboratories  
Facing a dying nation  
Of moving paper fantasy  
Listening for the new told lies  
With supreme visions of lonely tunes  
Singing  
Our space songs on a spider web sitar  
Life is around you and in you  
Except for Timothy Leary, dearie

Let the sunshine,  
Let the sunshine in The sunshine in  
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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych