

Let the sunshine in

Hair

1 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

2 ^{hm} Somewhere inside something there is a ^{hm} rush of
greatness who knows what stands in front of ^A
our lives I fashion my-y future on films in space ^D
^{hm} ^{F#} silence tells me secretly-y everythi-i-inng, ^{hm} ^{G(maj7)} eeeeeeverythiiiiing ^D
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