

Ween, Flutes Of Chi

Everything that you are,
that you'd like to be
Will come in three, my friend
Times thine inequity
The flutes of the chi
Will sound again, my friend
Wrap yourself up in gold,
The fruits of the old,
Are ripe to be told, my friend
For, it's not what you are,
How you've come to be
All this will will end and begin again

(solos)

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