Em A Em C

Good sense, innocence, cripplin' mankind, Dead kings, many things I can't define. Occasions, persuasions clutter your mind.

Incense and peppermints, the color of time.

Em Ebm D A

Who cares what games we choose?

Em Bm Dm A

Little to win, but nothing to lose.

Em A Em C

Incense and peppermints, meaningless nouns.

Turn on, tune in, turn your eyes around.

D G D G Gbm Gb

Look at yourself, look at yourself, yeah, yeah.

Look at yourself, look at yourself, yeah, yeah! [A]

Em A Em C

To divide this cockeyed world in two,

Throw your pride to one side, it's the least you can do.

Beatniks and politics, nothing is new.

A yardstick for lunatics, one point of view.

CHORUS then SOLO

Em A Em C

Good sense, innocence, cripplin' mankind,

Dead kings, many things I can't define.

Occasions, persuasions clutter your mind.

Incense and peppermints, the color of time.

CHORUS

Em Bm Dm A

In..cense and pepper..mints..

In..cense and pepper..mints

E D E D

Sha la la...Sha la la...Sha la la (x2)