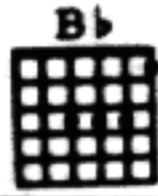


WHITE RABBIT

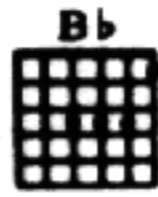
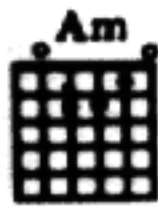
BOOGIEWOOGIE.RU

Psychedelic Stomp

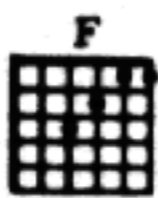
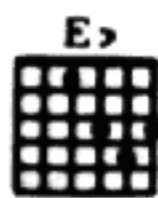
Words and Music by
GRACE SLICK



One pill — makes you larg-er — And one pill — makes you small. And the
you go — chas - ing rab-bits — And you know you're — going to fall. Tell 'em all



ones that — moth-er gives you don't do an - y - thing at all. Go ask
who got a smok-in' cater - pillar has giv - en, you the call. Call



A - lice — when she's ten feet tall. And if
A - lice — when she was just small. —



When men on the chess-board — get up and tell you where to go. — And you've

G **C**

just had some kind of mush-room, and your mind is moving low, Go ask

Am

A-lice I think she'll know. When logic and pro-

Am **Bb** **Am**

por-tion have fallen sloppy dead, And the White Knight is talk-ing

Bb **C** **E7**

back-wards, and the Red Queen's lost her head, Re-mem-ber what the Dor-mouse

C **G** **G** **C** **C**

said. Feed your head, feed your head.