Congratulations, you've found your Shangri-La.
 And you say you have a passport to the state of Nirvana.
 But didn't you do it all with the help of that old dada?
 — Maybe you can't see, it's not all it's cracked up to be and nothin's free. *
 Yes, it really does matter if you're using loaded dice, if you please, there are difficulties, in paradise.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

- 2. For a while, you could smile, while it was still genuine.
 - Same old song, you could do no wrong, but when others do it it's a sin.
 You parried the curse, but only at first, of not being sure which camp you're in.
 You still think you'll win, in the end, but you still pretend . . .
 That it really doesn't matter if you're using loaded dice
 once you're loaded up into your heights of paradise . . .

<u>TAG</u>: No matter how you roll, hot as coal, or cold as ice — there are no freebies, there are difficulties, in paradise.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. There was a time you understood, while harvesting what was good.
But was it all stolen, from those you were controllin' in your hood?
Then on to slinkin, then to sinkin', till you floated as dead driftwood
— you surely made the grade, your legend laid, think you'll never fade...
Time will tell it well, it matters you were using loaded dice
till your karma and dharma heave you from your cliffs and paradise
that was one difficulty, you couldn't see, from your perch in paradise.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

No matter how you roll, hot as coal, or cold as ice — there are no freebies, there're difficulties, in paradise . . .

[INSTRUMENTAL TAG TO END]

[END]

Written: August 15, 2015 [G, C]

^{*} A partial instrumental line precedes these 3 words