

# Jack Foster III, Bohemian Soul

There was something in the snake oil  
and the jaded eyes they sold you,  
'cause you feel a lot like tin foil;  
you bend anyway they fold you.  
And most of the time you're colored green,  
Trapped inside their T.V. screen,  
Going with the flow,  
until your lover doesn't know you.

You believe you're locked up airtight  
But, your self-control is leaking.  
You're the only one at war with  
all the peace of mind you're seeking.  
You feel you're somewhere in between  
What you want and what you seem.  
You know you're going nowhere  
'cause you've lost your sense of feeling.

Oh, dreaming then  
Was so easy when  
You had Bohemian Soul  
Believing was being  
In flesh tone  
When your maverick spin  
Was attached to your skin  
You laughed  
Bohemian Soul

Life's a gypsy, catching dreamers  
as they tire of the dancing.  
Pinched between her tapered fingers,  
victims dangle in her trance.  
And as she circles through the night  
plucking souls 'till morning light,  
you borrow your tomorrow's strength  
while you're a shadow in her hands.

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