

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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