

# Gypsy Kyss, Make It Work

Step back my weary one  
Look at what you were and what you've become  
Your eyes hang so very heavy  
Rest now, for you've today'd all you wanted done  
Sleep while you can  
Tomorrow is not finished  
So make it work  
Swirl your oils painter  
Prepare your frame and brush  
Your vision is still only yours  
That only you can feel for touching  
Ready all you have  
Masterpieces must be finished  
So make it work  
Still, I feel the blood  
as it flows through my veins  
And I wonder why it gushes life through my heart  
as it pumps thoughts into my brain  
And when ever I dream myself beneath  
the hungry limbs of sturdy trees  
I see no swinging rope  
No protest  
Nor saddled horses  
Only a young boy  
I held his hand and said  
Make it work child  
Make it work  
Travel your matter nomad  
Manifest what and who can be had  
Your compass is lopsided  
And your destination is shadowed  
Search while you can  
Dreams are made for sleeping  
So make it work