

The The, Three Orange Kisses From Kazan

When my body gets up out of my bed
I'm always singing in my head
I am lucky
There are people doing what they do best
Simply cleaning up the mess for the rest
I'd say their lives are not in their hands
They're just doing what their bosses demand
I'd say take your boss in your hand
And squeeze it until you hear this sound
I was always having trouble keeping body & soul together
I would bury my chin in my chest
But no one would ever dig it out
And so put my mind at rest
Why do people never say what they mean?
Why do people just repeat what they read?
I'd say are lives are not in our hands
We're doing what our guts demand
I say take our guts in our hands
Before they turn the earth into sand