

Wolfgang Press

"Kansas"

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Who shot him in the back, peacetime

Who took him by surprise, tippy toes

You can't bury that door 3 times, hide my eyes 4 times

I'm gonna sink my teeth into Kansas, Kansas, Kansas,
Kansas

Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

I reach a higher plain when I speak so slow and hardly
breath

They're gonna run out of shapes when they fetch my
family

I, I must confess I'm gonna see that man again

I'm gonna turn back the clock and set the foot in
Kansas

I'm gonna Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

I'm gonna shoot him by the clock, peace time

I'm gonna shoot him in the legs, peace time

You're gonna bury that door, meantime

You're gonna pick him off the floor, 3 times

I, I, I'm a man and I, I, I'm alive

I I must confess I'm gonna carry that man

I'm gonna shake him by the hand

I'm gonna sleep in foreign lands

I'm gonna turn back the clock

I'm gonna Kansas in the spring

I'm gonna Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

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