

Jana Mashonee

"Desert Voice"

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Well if the moon don't getcha tonight
If the graveyard's still in sight
If you're moving a little too fast
Just slow down, put a stop on your nerves
Use a blotter for your energy
And you'll see that it's been 110 degrees
And the sunspots you're knowing
Carrying the dreams away
You can take a louder voice
In the desert
Is crying out your name
And you ain't getting younger
And you ain't getting older
Your shoes just freeze the same
And it looks like
You just like that name
You just like that name

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