

Jana Mashonee

"Out In The Rain"

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Landed in jail, couldn't pay my bail
Yes sirree, I guess I'm free
On a blacktop roof with a pine cone
Virtuosity, that's jealousy
If I can be free, you won't see me
In a million years with a bag of tears
Liver in my cup
Sliver in my veins
And a flowerpot out in the rain
Kind of mean
Just fourteen
And a high brochure, you can be sure
Of a foreign land out in the sand
Down by the way of a sunshine ray
Yes you can live but you can't tell
The fortune of our blinding love
It's in the skies you know
Where you must go

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