

## Jana Mashonee

### "Phoenix"

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Said goodbye, San Francisco  
Got to go, Arizona  
Said why'd you leave me, Denver  
I don't even have a chance  
Guess Ohio's got my number  
Rhode Island's got my name  
Snap, the wood makes you dance  
The music's in its chamber  
The door is locked and sealed  
The weight is on your shoulders  
The past is at your heel  
Guess the plight is in your fancy  
When you rip out though the door  
The rest is how you feel  
We're not gonna take it out to the farm, lest you leave  
The rest is how you make it  
Gentle as the sun come up in the mornin'  
As the moon goes out this evenin'  
Open the shade  
The night time's gone away  
You'll have my love if you say  
I dreamed a fellow took your arm  
Led you to his ???  
I woke up shattered in the night  
Frozen feelings up on their way  
A shaking hand in me today  
I left the San Francisco Bay  
I dreamed a dream that wasn't right

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