

Jana Mashonee**"They Told Me I Was A Fool"**

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You got real fancy instincts
But your mouth is so large
I think I see a hundred people in it
I guess you like it that way
Because you're a flop
And there ain't no more wringer washers
To roll your fingers through
I see your insides aren't the same since 1951
You're dying inside a window
I saw your face all cut with glass
And underneath the window
The hands you dug your grave with
You could have built an empire
He would have helped you now you know
You're going to fetch the wind
On a unicorn
Feet all dangling down
Wish them well at the marketplace
I fear a fiery face
Is staring from the future
It's not the way
They told me I was a fool
Well it's your friend and mine
And ???
The sky is black in a blue night
The winter is true or so it may seem
Carnival tricks in the corners
The floor is made of tracks
That follow your footsteps

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