

Jana Mashonee

"White Knob"

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Well I can see that drawer sitting over there
Moving the same kind of ???
And I see magic in your hair
Your sides are so clear
I look at the buildings and I hear
You on my mind in no particular time of year
Light flowing down breaking in the day
For you to find me in just one of the ways
To make it look like ???
Don't you know that the sun shines alone
Didn't you that I'd be moving along
Oh blessed trees why did you come
Filling times and bothering none
Oh creaming gas you bled the day

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