

## The "Three Orange Kisses From Kazan"

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When my body gets up out of my bed  
I'm always singing in my head  
I am lucky  
There are people doing what they do best  
Simply cleaning up the mess for the rest  
I'd say their lives are not in their hands  
They're just doing what their bosses demand  
I'd say take your boss in your hand  
And squeeze it until you hear this sound  
I was always having trouble keeping body & soul  
together  
I would bury my chin in my chest  
But no one would ever dig it out  
And so put my mind at rest  
Why do people never say what they mean?  
Why do people just repeat what they read?  
I'd say are lives are not in our hands  
We're doing what our guts demand  
I say take our guts in our hands  
Before they turn the earth into sand

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