

## Michael Kiske

# "I'm Don't Fine Crazy Man"

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Thunder, flash and lightening is working on my back  
The tables in the kitchen are tryin' to break my neck

All the late night memories are leaning in my shoes  
My mother's old grey leather gloves are singing loud  
the blues

I can taste what's in the sun  
No time to waste 'cause there is none  
When I feel blue I see it shine  
But still it's true I'm doin' fine

You can't see me 'cause now I'm all free  
Now you know I'm through  
And all that's not new

Sitting on a paperback 'cause I don't know what really  
cracks  
I'm tryin' to climb my pencil to get high

No one tells me what to do 'cause no one knows what  
I've been through  
You don't know a thing but you can learn

It's time to touch the sky  
My mind is free I fly

I can taste. . .

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