

Kyss Gypsy

"Make It Work"

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Step back my weary one
Look at what you were and what you've become
Your eyes hang so very heavy
Rest now, for you've today'd all you wanted done
Sleep while you can
Tomorrow is not finished
So make it work
Swirl your oils painter
Prepare your frame and brush
Your vision is still only yours
That only you can feel for touching
Ready all you have
Masterpieces must be finished
So make it work
Still, I feel the blood
As it flows through my veins
And I wonder why it gushes life through my heart
As it pumps thoughts into my brain
And when ever I dream myself beneath
The hungry limbs of sturdy trees
I see no swinging rope
No protest
Nor saddled horses
Only a young boy
I held his hand and said
Make it work child
Make it work
Travel your matter nomad
Manifest what and who can be had
Your compass is lopsided
And your destination is shadowed
Search while you can
Dreams are made for sleeping
So make it work

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