January Song

I'm so tightly wound intention Feels just like a guitar string Waiting to reveal emotions Touch me and you'll hear me sing!

I'm so tired of being wild But there's so much that I have to do Tidy up the place for Monday When she's buried in her dancing shoes!

My journey has me so hard lately Been having to get out and push Left me standing on the sidewalk Talking to a burning bush.

Politicians selling freedom Bumper sticker 50 cents. Asking what they want to be free from Answer don't make any sense!

Somewhere on the far horizon Gonna wash away my sins Turn around and chase tomorrow This is how the end begins!