

A Bag of Gifts

Peter Lipa

A bag of gifts
I full of tears
Happy years
Or torture gears
A bag of gifts
I full of veils
Running rails
And waiting sails

Loosers and winners and saints and all sinners
They have, a bag off gifts

We bear that bag
And pull gifts up
One by one
It will never stop
And at the end
When you wake up
You figure out
There's a new run-up

When you suffer
When you fear
Ain't no buffer
Nothin's clear
Use bottomless
Bag of these
Strong, unearthly
Privat, secret gifts