

# A Bag of Gifts

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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