

Irons In The Fire

Teena Marie

People say I've got my hands in too many things
Keeping time with paupers just as well as kings
I toss my hat up to the silver sky
And then I sigh
Look at all the blessings in my life
Here I am your Piscean holocaust
Born in Venice, Harlem with some sweet and sour sauce I close my eyes and still somehow I feel
You're here with me
And you are such a blessing in my life
Here I am, I'm just a fragment of my God
Heavenly father, hear me Sometimes life gets so hard
With you as my desire
Spirit's gonna build me higher
I've got to keep my irons in the fire
Got to keep my irons in the fire

Songwriters

Brockert, Mary C Published by

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