

My Fire

John Trudell

After every thought is thought after all is said and done if you don't like my smoke, then stay away from my fire.

I'm not asking anyone for permission to be me so don't be asking questions that I have to answer. I'm not in control and I never will be, so the realest I can do is to influence my part in my need to be alive. That addiction to live before and when their was no one to hold me.

Think what you want to think, do what you have to do, say what you need to say I'm not listenin anyway.

A little mistake here a little mistake there the reflecting reality of nobody's perfect, nobody's perfect.

The happy's and the miseries do their circling dance, the forgivers and the forgiven do they really stand a chance. When nothing turns out right, well if nothing is right it must mean nothing is wrong. Now what can that mean?

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Lyrics submitted by Bill Teuthorn.

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