Kaleidoscope

Michael G. Cunningham

She hangs wind chimes from her ears
But I still can't tell which way her moods blowing
The shades of her eyes well don't
Let them fool you now 'cause naive is not her middle name
She's a kaleidoscope, a new shade for each new way
In which she draws you close and then stumbles on your name
She is a battlefield, except your fighting with yourself
To keep your heart of steel from melting to the ground
She is in a kaleidoscope
She is in a kaleidoscope
A moat surrounds her fortress
Her long Technicolor hair she dangles almost to the ground
So that my fingertips always fall short of
The light that glows so sweet and blindly guides without a care
She's a Kaleidoscope, a new face for shade new day

In which she draws you close and then stumbles on your name
She is an astronaut dancing freely through the air
Between each telescope that tries to catch her if they dare
So try to catch her if you
Oh, she comes and then she's gone
To the eye so kind for the heart so wrong
Oh, she comes and then she's goes
To my eye so kind, that's the one thing for sure she knows
Oh kaleidoscope, a new shade for each new way
In which you draw me close and then you stumble on my name
You are a battlefield, leaves me fighting with myself
To keep my heart of steel from melting to the ground
She is in a kaleidoscope
She is in a kaleidoscope

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