Kootch's Song

James Taylor

She is frenzied to the point of pain.
She is counting up her list again.
She won't satisfy another man.
You understand.
You can't cross the boundry beyond which she stands.
He's disposed of all his inner mind,
Donned his mask and left the world behind.
He has cancelled all the checks he signed,

So why be kind this time?
You can't see the picture of you in his hand.
(really wicked danny kootch jazz solo ala john coltrane)
Now they've thrown out all the undesired,
Morbid dreams behind a gay attire.
They won't talk about the morning fire,
So why aspire?
You don't want to be what they think is a man.

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