

TEMPORARILY GOLD

She was dancing by fire
They were cutting the cane
flames getting higher
fiddler roving the plain.

They were blowing the trumpet
I was beeping the horn
She was touching the blanket
And she spoke on the phone

Feed this cricket of beauty
In the room full of dust
I'm not here on duty
I must do what I must

*Beads on my itinerary
What's behind you is for sure
Streets of struttin visionaries
What's been paid and sold
Temporarily gold*

**Pretty part time angel
In the fold of the light
Don't you turn your back
You run seek and hide**

