Yellow, Blue, And Green

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You can call it what you want but I don't know, Why the things in your garden, why they grow, You can call me if you want, But I don't know if I'll pick up the phone

I cut that photo from a Marxist magazine, And I took my pens and added yellow, blue and green, I wish there was an easy way to make this photo, Just a bit more interesting, interesting, interesting

This week goes by much too, much too quick, I thought examples would let some of my ideas stick, But (like my idols) it's been written with love, And it's been sealed with a kick, sealed with a kick

Monday morning won't let me go back to sleep, Telling me what I can and cannot believe, Maybe a handgun will be my last chance, To make that existential leap

J Church