

Tangerine

The Union

Hold my candle of pachouly, in my mind I feel the Jones
I can smell it rose and water, I guess it's time to roll the bones
Life ain't always black and white, kaleidoscopes are coloring my way
Fading pictures of wrong and right, my signature is written with your sage

Can you tell me what it means
Searching for my tangerine
I can't find my tangerine

Holy water bag of mojo, cross my fingers say a prayer
Burn the incense kissing sunshine, tie a feather in your hair
It can't be what it wants to be, I close my eyes and see right through the end
I hear the words screaming in my head, the melody is flowing from my pen

Can you tell me what it means
Searching for my tangerine
It's almost never heard or seen
I can't find my tangerine