

# Kansas

The Wolfgang Press

Who shot him in the back, peacetime  
Who took him by surprise, tippy toes  
You can't bury that door 3 times, hide my eyes 4 times

I'm gonna sink my teeth into Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas  
Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

I reach a higher plain when I speak so slow and hardly breath  
They're gonna run out of shapes when they fetch my family  
I, I must confess I'm gonna see that man again  
I'm gonna turn back the clock and set the foot in Kansas

I'm gonna Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas  
Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas

I'm gonna shoot him by the clock, peace time  
I'm gonna shoot him in the legs, peace time  
You're gonna bury that door, meantime  
You're gonna pick him off the floor, 3 times

I, I, I'm a man and I, I, I'm alive  
I I must confess I'm gonna carry that man  
I'm gonna shake him by the hand  
I'm gonna sleep in foreign lands

I'm gonna turn back the clock  
I'm gonna Kansas in the spring  
I'm gonna Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas  
Kansas, Kansas, Kansas, Kansas