

# Vonda Shepard, Mischief Control

There is a fire within all of us  
There is a river flowing in your soul  
To put out the fire when it gets out of control  
There is a stranger in all of us  
That we try to get to know  
There is a wise woman in there, too  
She's trying to run the show

I can not escape the constant equipoise  
In between the mischief and control  
Swinging from the pendulum of desires  
In between the mischief and control

There is a painter in all of us  
She knows exactly which brush to choose  
She knows exactly where to make a stroke  
But there's an army of voices  
She might have to get through

There is a writer in all of us, yeah  
He knows what to say and he knows when it's done  
But then there's this twenty-foot blank page  
You gotta fill, darling  
Or you think your life has no meaning

I can not escape the constant equipoise  
In between the mischief and control  
Swinging from the pendulum of desires  
In between the mischief and control

Excuses piling up like junkyards  
We never want to sort through  
Efficiently we hide our needs  
And all along a voice is calling out please, please  
'cause I'm so hungry and I'm so tired  
I feel so lonely, I feel so wired  
I need my angel...where is my angel