

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