

# Irons In the Fire

Teena Marie

People say I've got my hands in too many things  
Keeping time with paupers just as well as kings  
I toss my hat up to the silver sky  
And then I sigh  
Look at all the blessings in my life Here I am your Piscean holocaust  
Born in Venice Harlem with some sweet and sour sauce  
I close my eyes and still somehow I feel  
You're here with me  
And you are such a blessing in my life  
Here I am, I'm just a fragment of my God  
Heavenly father, hear me  
Sometimes life gets so hard  
With you as my desire  
Spirit's gonna build me higher  
I've got to keep my irons in the fire  
Got to keep my irons in the fire

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