

BREAD

From the album *The Time Has Come*

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She's a video vixen, a mall muffin
Tongue of Teflon, she's a tough one
TV and movies much too much
She's in tune but out of touch
He's a Birkenstock Bubba, drinks Blue Sky Cola
Sucker of soy beans and granola
Plans appointments by the moon
He's in touch but out of tune

They met at a moving picture show
He said "hi" she said "lo"
He was on foot, she offered a ride
He thought "no" and got inside
Sat out and talked 'til late
He was tired, she's wide awake
He said, "I think it's time for bed"
She said, "It's time to make some bread"

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE MAKING OF BREAD

He said, "Let's mill our own grain, it just takes an hour"
She said, "Gimme the bleached white flour"
He said, "Mixing is an ancient art"
She pulled out a Cuisinart
He: "I will not eat dairy"
She: "I like the military"
He: "I am a pacifist"
She: "Look, I've killed the yeast"

So they made a sourdough
She kneads fast, he kneads slow
He says: "It needs a warm place to rise"
She says: "I see it in your eyes"
"Frankly," he says, "you could cook
A loaf of bread with just your looks"
She says, "Ha ha, funny man,
Grab your stick, grease the pan"

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE BAKING OF BREAD

He pulled out the herbal teas
She said: "Coffee – high test please"
She offered him a cookie, he declined
Because the sugar was refined
He: "I follow chiropractic"
She: "I like allopathic
Cut 'em up and medicate"
He said, "Time to meditate"

"Watch the breath and count to ten"
She said, "When you're done, say 'when'"
"When," he whispered, "Now," she sighed
"The time has come to look inside"
Steam rising in the air
Sweet aroma everywhere
There's the bell, now the oven
Door is open let the love in

THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE BREAKING OF BREAD

From the center to the ends we
Celebrate the feeding frenzy
As the breaking of the bread
So the breaking of the bed
Mix the wet with the dry
Let it rise so high
Now the kneading, not too much
Stay in tune keep in touch

But the touch was out of tune
Blame the altitude, blame the moon
She says, "Hard bread feeds my soul,
But I gotta date with the Super Bowl"
He says, "Take half the sourdough starter
I'll take heart if you'll take part
Our residue is in them both
Our love will live in every loaf."

THE TIME WILL COME FOR THE MAKING OF BREAD