

Marcus Very Ordinary "Misery. Emily, Mi Amore"

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Every day she's in search of a scandal,
Or, some excuse to fly off the handle
Daddy's girl she's got her mama's taste
Long hair, fawn eyes, and a size 0 waste
Porcelain, but nothing can break her
Killed her dreams, still no one can wake her
That tar stick stays firm between her fat lips
Only moves when the bottle gets hit
Hurt me once, but, Jesus I love her
Hurt me ten times, now there's no other
Girl I'd rather be there for
Misery. Emily, mi amore.

What's next, the sun rising in the west?
The world spinning backwards and off it's axis?
I guess. Nothing is making sense.
How could something so fragile make such a big
mess?

She's a crack in a stain glass window.
She could shine but she chooses a dull glow.
Crooked fingers, with a seraph smile
Opens her heart but it's always hostile
Every word, I take it as gospel
Every look, I dissect with a scalpel
I'm off the radar, but I'm in her sites
Should cut the cord, but it doesn't feel quite right.
Always thumbing my bruise when it's tender,
I don't mind. She's the queen of her gender.
Is this love? Is this war?
Misery. Emily, mi amore.

What's next, the sun rising in the west?
The world spinning backwards and off it's axis?
I guess. Nothing is making sense.
How could something so fragile make such a big
mess?

Walloping. Short and sweet.
Customary, my defeat.
I need a Renaissance to wake me up
Or maybe cyanide in my coffee cup

It's the torment she lends, I adore
Misery. Emily, mi amore.

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