

Matisse

"Hit And Miss"

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Things are gonna get better for her
No doubt about it
As she's so particular in her tastes
She's so very cautious
In the game of fantasies
Always self aware in her game of hopes

Fascist parades remind her in her dreams
While on her forehead grows
A pitch black rose
To be alert disposing the garbage
He might be close

Inside Out, Upside Down

You see the wrong side out
You see upside down
You wait for your other half
Is he from this town?
And is he an old flame?
How does he kiss?
Is he your new aim
To hit or to miss?

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