Michael McGuire "All My Life"

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ALL MY LIFE

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IÂ'm standing in line at the bitter end, I search the crowd for the faith of

a friend, I find only the hurt and haunt of loneliness in all, strangers

wrecked by the same flight and fall, empires and intentions all will

come to this, the cold lips of this open eyed kiss.

But there is no weather I have not swallowed, all my life

lÂ've been a

dying man.

Fortunes are kept beneath her shadows clock, and the weight of the

dreaming is the skull of the rock, she screams to the world you liarÂ's

shrunken head, I just pretend I have nothing for what she said, to this

and every nowhere I am debtor, I hoped but I knew it could never get

better.

She has a tease she spent greatly on me, all my life lÂ've been a dying

man.

And the sorrow unstrained from the vine, is the euthanasia of the

wine, the tuning bones of the weathers whine, all the mercy that was

never mine.

I dreamt the map thought somewhere was here, she says let my body

violate the ever clear, if itÂ's me you want god riddle the snake, cant

turn the key for the doorknobs sake, so graveyards shipwrecks and

wall street wishes, sweep the floors milk the math and wash the

dishes.

A blind in one eye scenario typecasts me, all my life lÂ've been a dying

man.

Oh that the light may be delivered in heat, could you

sing the clock of

songs for this feat, she could grace the never with your bleeding, her

definition set for breath and breeding, but the futility of direction is

intrinsic, and desperation is a matter of fact forensic. Never been outside the dictionaryÂ's hard pages, all my life lÂ've been a dying man.

If the day can undo me could this night renew me, from the barstool of

this drunken philosophy, the pennies and the nickels of this de facto

world, is the fortune round which the snake is curled, and I am all

rivers envy dumped into an impotent ocean, lost in the exhaust of this

chronic motion.

Some are born to wreck rivers and unhinge orbits, all my life IÂ've been a dying man. oct 05

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