

Michael McGuire

"Days Of Swine And Locusts (highway Philosophy)"

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DAYS OF SWINE AND LOCUSTS (HIGHWAY PHILOSOPHY)

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I wrote a song yesterday that I can't sing today, days
of wine and roses

never matter much anyway, I dropped that four leaf
clover down in the

dust, I know there's no way I can but try I must, but
it's to close to the

beginning to be the end, you've been my enemy for
to many years for
me to ever call you friend.

This is the highway philosophy, this is past tense
prophecy, I see so

many things I want, and leave behind what I really
need, I try so hard

for charity, but all I ever get is greed.

I said my prayers last night but I don't remember what
they were this

morning, my desire came in on short notice and left
without a warning,

but days of swine and locusts always leave there're
mark, left on the

lawn trying to decide was that the nightingale or the
lark, expectations

lead to disappointments but time wounds all heels,
Achilles in his

wheelchair upon his ever turning wheels.

This is the highway philosophy, this is past tense
prophecy, I see so

many ways in, but I can't find my way out, I try so hard
for faith, but all

I ever get is doubt.

I told a lie yesterday that I believe today, the truth is
never known it

doesn't matter anyway, the truth is just another lie
that someone says

they believe, the trick is just to get up and go when you
know it's time

to leave, because yesterday is just tomorrow's answer
for today, and

tomorrow knows it don't matter what you believe
anyway.

This is the highway philosophy, this is past tense
prophecy, I touch so
many threads of bliss, but all I ever feel is sorrow, I try
so hard for
today, but all I ever get is tomorrow.
march 86

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