

Michael McGuire "Fate Borrows Time"

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FATE BORROWS TIME

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The judge handed down my sentence, so I went to
commit my crime, I
drank away two fifths of my guilt, then went back to
serve my time,
Iâ€™ve sat under the hangmanâ€™s tree, watched my life
fall like a leaf, I
didnâ€™t rejoice when I had a winning hand, because I
know you cant
beat this ancient thief, I stood tall when I felt like
crawling, the wolves
always howling at the back door, I knew what I had to
do but I never
knew what for, my lady she tried to sooth my fever,
and only made it
that much worse, I couldnâ€™t embrace her evil
blessings, and she
couldnâ€™t lift this holy curse, even if tomorrow could
have saved me,
even if today had passed me by, if I hadnâ€™t tried so
hard for the truth, I
might not have got caught up in this lie, too some folks
sad things are
kind of funny, I must admit Iâ€™ve laughed at a few, but
you cant feel
nobodyâ€™s pain, and nobody can feel your pain for you,
and when your
at odds with this world, seems like you were born to
lose, blinded by
this obligated worship, I built an alter for these blues,
nothing seems
to make things easier, Iâ€™ve had money and been poor
as dirt, Iâ€™ve never
really known how to handle happiness, but I sure know
how to hurt,
but this gravity never did a job on me, Iâ€™ve stood here
struggling with
this weightlessness, not sure whether or not to cut this
anchor, and
confused further still by this faithlessness, but these
doubtless demons

spur me on, but in concentration I lost my thoughts, till I
scorned my
virtues, and I praised my faults, seemed like there
could be no better
way, and these gloomy gods seemed so divine, so I
gave them my best
prayers, and I drank their self righteous wine, it took a
while to get
used to this intoxicated state, so with my head kind of
cloudy, I didn't
fall for the trap but I feel for the bait.
When your hanging in the balance, your scared to
move at all, cause
either way you go, there's bound to be a fall, but I
long just like a
sailor, for some land beneath my feet, but the minute I
hit the harbor I
already miss the sea, the spirit becomes so weak, and
the flesh
becomes so strong, you cant recognize the right, so
you familiarize
the wrong, where the angels rush right in, I so fear to
tread, where
most look with anticipation, I look so with dread, these
white washed
dreams give way, to this nightmarish waking sense,
the once dormant
nerves of hunger, rise up sharp and tense, then the
innocence you use to
innocently lean on, melts into a block of ice, and you
become a man
with a future, you become a man with a price, and the
answers come
so easy, it's the right questions that are hard to find,
it's only when
there aren't any choices, you cant seem to make up
your mind, for
years time made the difference, now the difference
has been made,
used to just carry the weight, never worried about how
much it
weighed, I cant believe all has come to this, but this
has come to all,
what once seemed so immense, has grown to be so
small, but I've
never looked back, though my memory serves me well,
the story has
been told, and there wasn't that much to tell, I never
did get anywhere,
but somehow I guess I went to far, I started out staring
at the moon,

and ended up wishing on a star, now there's a ghost
in my head, that
haunts my dreams in a rage, and there's a skeleton in
my closet, and a
broken sparrow in my cage, and one more thing before
I go, oh baby I
don't want to make you cry, just be sure you don't
forget me when I
go, and don't put a rose on my grave until I die.
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