

Michael McGuire "Hungry Blue Heat"

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HUNGRY BLUE HEAT

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The heat is like some kind of pressing demon, and it
takes away even

more than I have to give, my hands look like there
three lifetimes old,

and I mostly die everyday so that I can barely live, I
dream of cool

waters and freedom, from rolling this stone everyday,
and when I see a

keyhole of light IÂ'm going to blow, and I pity anyone in
my way.

I wana pay it off but the debt just grows, a mans only
worth what he

owes, donÂ't wana end up being another victim of the
street, sweating

in the hungry blue heat.

When opportunity knocks I just get suspicious, I mean
why would it

want to kick in the door, with paranoia on my breath I
sharpen the

night, till IÂ've had just enough to want a little more,
IÂ'm a victim but

IÂ've got a killers pride, and IÂ'll get even with a sailors
luck, and you

your just dressed up garbage, youÂ've done worse
than me just to make

a buck.

The best man is the one who keeps his mouth shut, or
you wind up in

the ally with your throat cut, so you just learn to play the
loser if you

get beat, you canÂ't stay cool in this hungry blue heat.

The best you can hope for is understanding, the worst
you can get is

forgiveness, but you can bath in the agony of your sins,
until your

clean and painless, and sorrow is the price you pay, for
believing

anything is free, just turn your head the other way, if
your the type that

believes everything you see.

It will turn you into something you didn't know you
were, you'll lose
her love and then you'll lose her, and you'll revel in
your past and
thrive on your defeat, if you get burned by the hungry
blue heat.
You come to the intersection and you just can't stop,
you blame on the
bankrupt electronics of some traffic light, and there's
music angels and
omens in the air, but that just makes it easier for wrong
to feel right,
and at the center of the spin of indifference, you wait
an eternal instant
for clarity, you want the hangman's faith the judge's
proof, but you
have to try to make it on random bits of charity.
You see I just couldn't find a way to make the little
things matter, I
wanted to eat my words off a silver platter, from a
sacred cow to just
another piece of meat, swallowed by the hungry blue
heat.

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