

## Michael McGuire "Junglehead"

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Detailed noise; ambitious fatigue, women; slit dress;  
exposed need,  
draining the core; angel nest, dirty ambience; purified  
pest.

Man who smells like he hasn't bathed in three weeks  
combs his hair to  
perfection in reflection of restaurant window.

Got the jungle in my head, got the jungle in my head,  
the living wrecks  
the petty dead, got the jungle in my head.

Business stomach; asphalt digest soul, casual  
impatience; high heels;

manhole, corrupt integrity; symbolic structure yield,  
erotic friction; day  
work build.

Woman in a designer dress stumbles out of towering  
office building

crying out loud, tears freely falling, people pretend not  
to notice.

Got the jungle in my head, got the jungle in my head,  
the living wrecks  
the petty dead, got the jungle in my head.

Just where is the shape of my being, in the schematics  
of this accident, I

feel like a ghost nobody's scared of, I move thru this  
scene of oblivion

and light, I am focused like a shadow on it's source,  
with nothing in my  
head that feels like me.

Venomous pity; brick laid plans, reasons rush  
automated; epic lunch,

parking lot paradox; suicide drop, titans predators;  
game en masse.

A sound at first puzzling then recognized, saxophone,  
man plays from in

front of bank plaza the sound incongruous adds some  
kind of undeserved

dignity to the dirty ambience, I look into his face as I  
drive slowly past, he  
is not like me he is not one of us.

