

Michael McGuire "Mars De Milo"

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MARS DE MILO

she just plays the diagnosed victim, he just plays
nobodies
fool, so proud of the way she tricked him, so proud of
his
stage fright tool
it's a match made in hell, it's the love that just has to
be, it's a secret she can't wait to tell, it's a light that
only she can see
hell denies what heaven knows, dress the wound in
brand new
clothes
he just pretends to understand, all he is is all he can, he
is
just her idea of a man, a friday night f*** and a
wedding
band, opposites love to attract, make a theory of the
fact, she
needs more than the little lacked, in her mind his bags
are
packed
all that could be more absurd, is left to the time clock of
reason, and every breath that forms a word, is weighed
against
the bulk of treason
the study of his only wish, a thousand dinners of his
favorite dish, be the ocean to catch the fish, read the
lips
of his kiss
love that arouses a talk show host, the husband father
and
lovers ghost
when you wish upon a star, make sure it's not the
headlight
of a car, if you go nowhere and that's too far, just
average
your disgust to find your par, want it bad enough and
any lie
is true, make an old world order spin like a new, make a
family value a devil's due, make a seeing eye dog your
point

of view
she dug up her chance out of this risk,she don't want
soul
searching just someone to frisk,she just loves to fill his
stomach between her legs,he's the chicken that lays
the
golden eggs
she just turns her discontent into a shopping
spree,turns
the writing on the wall into a spelling bee,she just
learns
to love a real good fight,she just learns to cry herself to
sleep at night.
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