

Michael McGuire

"Middle Man"

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MIDDLE MAN

The very light that trains your eye to see, is, only shows
what is not
what could be. up here in the pulpit it's a party all the
time, it's just a
way to make the unreasonable rhyme, it's not
personal you know it's
just business man, it's just the politics of an
arrhythmic heartland, the
back scratching of this suspect symbiosis, the drop
dead dow of the
diagnosis.

Divide and conquer statesman with a demographic
memory, tell them
exactly who to be, opinions; the hollow words of a
parrot's talk, this
educated ignorance only walks the walk, it's a little
more than a shame
a little less than a scam, they don't give a fuck if you
give a damn, he
turns every one into an us or them, he doesn't want
you to vote he
wants you to vote for him.

You talk like you'd sell your very own soul, to give
your very own devil
control. so dogmatically duped you think your the
answer, yeah you
think your the cure but your really the cancer, there is
no doubt left
when you can be this right, your man has a vision; you
don't even have
hindsight, it's a law of nature this unnatural crime,
trying to go in two
directions at the same time.

I am a left handed middle man, all I do is the best we
can, if I ran for
president would you vote for me, if I could look could
you see.

