

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Picture Perfect Misfit"**

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PICTURE PERFECT MISFIT

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So you just swallow your drink, call it a cure for this  
highway, grinding  
gears of misery think, the future could happen today.  
And your faith hits the ground with a thud, the red of  
her lips looks  
just like blood, the sugar coated rain bleeds the flood,  
your egos horse  
is a stud. Close your eyes and count the bankers, the  
numbers of  
speech divide the stutter, spilled by evenings oil  
tankers, the engine of  
night; hear it sputter. Her high heels make a clicking  
show ghost, your  
tongue makes a bane of it's boast, time parades from  
calendar to  
coast, heavens are mapped from the hype to the host.  
It must be  
further out than it is in, traveling with Cain and his  
pocket sin, feed  
these fundamental beliefs with supplemental  
fantasies, to set the bait  
in the mousetrap of vanities, contort the rage into an  
eleventh hour  
joke, put a fix on that leak till it's as good as broke,  
like a lawyer  
defending a criminal, the broken bone of a handshake  
is seminal, but  
it's about as tangible as an atom in a cannonball, the  
logic of banging  
your head against a wall, so you feel so at home with  
this alien ache,  
reality dialed up in degrees of sanction fake, you  
betray your faith in  
yourself and masturbate, put the blame on that bi\*\*\*  
time for making  
you wait, with the moon in your voice and the stars in  
your vocabulary,  
you stumble into focus searching for sanctuary. It's  
easy to hide a pain  
that doesn't really hurt, glass is breakable; but why

bother; you can see  
right thru it, with all the virtuosity it takes to button your  
shirt, you  
pretend that you didn't know how to undo it.  
Let darkness define your losses, words expressed fuel  
the pollution,  
proud martyrs bare their crosses, gods of problem  
and solution.  
A virgin of your lust; she goes unknown, to be a bride  
to the church of  
the bone, her image is just the myth of a loan, her  
voice rumored  
current of the phone. Sunsets and alarm clock rising,  
limp to the stand  
with an erection, the laughs and the jibes; not  
surprising, it's just the  
blood of beauty's affection. The colors of a picture  
perfect misfit, all  
that's lost he's determined to find it, he seeks  
justice determined to  
blind it, though the contract of fate he's already  
signed it.  
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