

Michael McGuire "Six Easy Payments"

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Well I once had a dream but these days I can hardly
even sleep. I once
said show me the mountain now the molehill is to
steep, and the days go
by with their soul stopping boredom, and all those
people with a clean
conscious I don't know how they afford 'em.
And I feel like a memory, and I walk like a clock, I'm a
candle wax
destiny, an electric morning motor shock.
Will I spend my whole life wondering why I wasted my
life, I used to think
it was romantic just to survive the strife, I never I am I
was and will be, till
death has the nerve to finally bend down and kill me.
A spider web moonbeam, a cosmetic sunday, a church
steeple's
daydream, an Einstein monday.
How much of not enough can anyone take, it's all in
the pageant of how
much reality you can fake, and the rusty sky and the
formula of atoms
haunted house, Dr. Frankenstein couldn't turn a better
man into a mouse.
A side effects payoff, a catastrophe in drag, a
desperate heavens day off,
a soul soaked rag, that is used to wipe the small spot
of your life up off
the floor when your finally out of steps so the people
who mean
something the people who are fooled into thinking they
are going
somewhere and you are just one more thing in their
way wont have to
look at your little spot and be reminded that they are
making a hell of a
f***ing mess of things.

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