

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Song In First Person"**

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SONG IN FIRST PERSON

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I sit waiting for the train to pass looking at the  
commemorative plaque,  
something about the first steam engine in Tennessee  
in eighteen fifty,  
I wonder someday if all our achievements will be seen  
as mere  
mistakes, as we create a thousand victims and one  
planet for every  
single beneficiary, but some days Iâ€™m so full of love I  
can see the  
beauty in every ugly little detail, most days so full of  
rage I can barely  
see at all, I just feel a little forsaken I guess much like  
most everyone  
else, which leads to forsaken by whom and I always  
dismiss every  
answer that comes to mind, yet I know the answer is  
this land; this  
America; this work.  
I drive down Jefferson street there is a house that is no  
more than  
broken down shack, a women in the front lawn  
trimming the hedges  
as if were the work of the lord, I smile and it sends a  
shiver down my  
spine and Iâ€™m not really sure why, itâ€™s just like  
Springsteen said people  
always find some reason to believe, they continue to  
believe even when  
their back is broken by the wheel of their labor, I have  
seen people  
struggle; win; lose and even watched them die, I have  
stood at there  
sides; shaken there hands and nearly broke down  
when they confessed  
their fear, strangers yet brothers; Iâ€™ve always been so  
unplugged but  
oh how I have felt connected, itâ€™s a vapor like  
realization of equality  
that brings out this true compassion, but it can be so

hard in the face  
of all the petty little indecencies, people pull off these  
little games of  
advantage that wont do half the good and twice the  
damage, and I  
don't really know my place in all this except maybe to  
sing this song,  
but as I sit trying to frame all this in words I think how  
the calculation  
of art can seem so cold, but I truly feel somehow  
warmed by it all  
though many days I struggle to remember this, and  
I'm no patriot this  
is simply my home; America land of opportunity and  
doom, I may  
never be a believer but I will get up every morning and  
lay my fingers  
on the pulse of this land.

Nov00

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