

## Michael McGuire "The Dreamers Landlord"

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THE DREAMERS LANDLORD

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She's sweeping out the dust that has collected, in all  
the sleepy eyes of  
the mornings apathy, every TV; every mirror has been  
infected, with a  
blindness only first born sons can see, something has  
been forgotten  
and is nagging, like a sock turned under at the toe, like  
the history of  
dreams we've been dragging, it's just something  
your sure you ought  
to know, meanwhile nothing at all is happening  
anywhere else, though  
your convinced it is, we just never know what to do with  
ourselves, the  
focus of the camera's blush; that's show biz.  
Smaller than a gnat; this caretaker of dreams, ah but  
the world is a  
gnat hung in heavens hide, only the void of Virgo is  
what it seems, one  
drop of water lost in the moon fed tide, over in the  
building where the  
landlords lover lives, there's a woman on her back in  
a pool swimming  
meltdowns, she's got the kind of blue only the  
makeup artist gives, she  
and her dildo are busy breeding ghost towns, the  
tongue of the  
satellite stutters in revelation, our hero's gut digests  
the beetle bones,  
and desire mixes with faith to brew desperation, dead  
and dying gods  
prayers and karmic loans. With deadpan significance  
the night chews  
up another day, until time is all that's left of the  
meaning, the landlord  
gives you two choices move or pay, and every building  
he owns is  
leaning, he gets his clothes from the butchers tailor,  
gets most of his  
best sex from his girlfriends mother, he's got the

heart of a prisoner  
and the soul of a jailer, behind your back he's your  
ex-wife; to your  
face he's your brother, there are eleven people  
moving with the eye of  
the hurricane, where the weather is like the hungry  
stomach of a lamb,  
and you have to water your thirst with a fistful of rain,  
but you'd have  
to give everything you have; just to give a damn.  
The sun gives shape to the same old new world  
everyday, that's the  
landlords deceit; he just rents the light, but the  
caretaker; she knows  
the wingless way, and how to separate the yoke of day  
from the egg of  
night, something other than the what could be is  
turning her vision,  
there goes the landlords lover; she hates that bi\*\*\*,  
who moves like a  
piston while she drags her indecision, across the  
aching heap of Virgo  
and the butchers ditch, black and white dreamers are  
being hauled into  
labor camps, it's hard to find a reason to live that  
won't kill you, the  
landlords lover; she dreams false labor cramps, owe  
the price of  
nothing and she will bill you.  
Inside some minds eye in need of a lens, the landlord  
is constructing  
gods and revising sins, incognito seasons build upon  
the arrogance of  
his causality, and elevates this pulp fiction to high  
tragedy, but the  
caretaker she continues; all on a beggars wages, she  
is always crushing  
grapes and building stages, and the blue lady she  
wants to take the  
landlords lovers place, but it will never happen because  
she's got a  
mirror for a face, the landlord he doesn't believe in  
the butchers  
charity, just the blindness of the dreamers clarity.  
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