

Sub-Urban Tribe, Impossible

I used to be a man of principle
always in a hurry but yet in time
then I met this individual
since nothing's been in rhyme
Breast implants and bleached hair
stilted smile, contact blue eyes
she's more than man could ask for
she's oh so natural
My girl is so impossible
she is so impossible
and not quite intellectual
my girl is so impossible
she is so impossible
she makes me feel so sexual
when she talks with her thin voice
she makes me smile
My girl has no obligations
no schedule, no meetings for the day
she's so nicely irresponsible
laughs at everything I say
Life for her is just a game
head in clouds, feet above the ground
big surprises and coincidents
happen when my girl's around
One day I asked her a question
about life and it's direction
she looked into my eyes
she answered I'm not being very nice
oh yeah?
let's forget it