

Breathe, Mississippi Water

I try to paint pictures drawn from my world,
A song is my canvas, brush strokes are words,
But do I portray love that is just my ideal,
Like sculptures of stone that can never be real.
For I am a man with romance, in my soul,
Do I cry for the moon as I reach for my goal.
Looking for a perfect love, looking for a perfect love.
Born of such innocence, how little we save,
Our spirits are tempered from cradle to grave,
If one drop of virtue can somehow survive,
from oceans of doubt all our dreams can arise.
For I am a man with a child in his soul,
I live on my hopes as I follow that road.
Looking for the perfect love, longing for the perfect love.
A thirst for perfection is in every heart,
Like the painter who won't be content with his art,
For those who drink deeply, all dreams heavy wine,
Look for heaven on earth, see a world more divine.
Looking for a perfect love, looking for a perfect love.
Looking for a perfect love, longing for a perfect love.

Submitted by Michael Hack