

# Poets Of The Fall, Miss Impossible

She can see about four satellites  
Every minute of the hour  
And find a four leaf clover  
Where you never saw a flower  
She's habitually paradoxical a parallel perpendicular

Barefoot in nightgowns  
That's how she dances in the rain  
Sundown to sundown,  
Like she was washing way her pain

As she is beautiful, she's unpredictable  
Damned irresistible, is it plausible to hate her  
She is my common sense, revels on decadence  
But what's the difference, it's impossible to bait her

She can really be a handful  
Like the brownies that she bakes you  
It can be a tad hysterical,  
But never quite the breakthrough  
She's some kind of an epitome,  
The sea of intransquillity

In flimsy nightgowns,  
Barefoot she dances in the rain  
Sundown to sundown,  
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