

Next World Girl

[Michael McGuire](#)

Oh I can only fumble my lyric,
When it comes to a song of you,
The poet in the man undone by your beauty,
And the treasure of all you do,
I feel I have spent my whole life in your praise,
And still not broached your worth,
The atmosphere is perfumed by your presence,
You are the rock and the heat of my earth. My strangers soul you took and made real,
I don't know what I'd be sans your love,
My love you seem the only women to me,
The corpus of all time would not be enough,
I strain my throat for I want so to sing,
Some beautiful rhyme that captures you true,
But what matter the show my sweet,
My tongue can find better ways to please you. I couldn't take anymore without breaking apart,
Looking to your never ending eyes,
In your arms I discover my own true self,
Escape the world and all it's whys,
A summer bride for the winter of all discontents,
A lover in any storm or season,
Anytime I take your flesh to my soul,
I swear you out rhyme all wonders of reason. I don't think a library could chronicle those lips,
That have brought a miracle with every kiss,
Those that have put such songs on my own,
And whispered some meaning to all of this,
I thank you above all of the few I could thank,
For loving my right and forgiving my wrong,
I owe you my life love sex and my joy,
You are the flower and very seed of my song.

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