

# Miss Impossible

## Poets of the Fall

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 intranquility  
In flimsy nightgowns  
Barefoot, 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 an impossible debate

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