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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