Impossible

The Clientele

Impossible, raw women
I know you're all too hard to please
I can help you
If you only ask me kindly
Don't make me get down on my knees
God bless these hungry women
Impossible to ever keep
Your breath has never tasted as sweetI don't need you to need me, to need my freedom
My freedom is a vision you seek
And the place you disappear to is a place
I wish to be
I beg you, instill you
Don't treat it like some kind of joke
This song is, kind lady, my only hope
You can't kill an idea 'cos it's raining
Keep it in the family, keep it in the kids
You know, they're all handing out free tickets
This big, old boat is-a-startin' to sink
The whole world is getting hungry
And it ain't memories you need from me
And if memories are all you need from me
You're a hard act to please
She will fool you
Destroy you
Disappear
Without so much as a smoke
This song is, cool lady, my only hope
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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