

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 yo
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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