

Perfect Day

Chris de Burgh

Oh lord, I'm tired, it's time to go to bed,
Way, after midnight, and the wine's gone to my head,
Lying here upon the shore just listening to the waves,
And it's been a perfect day.

Packed up a picnic and set off for the sea,
Taking all the back roads where no-one else would be,
My and you and paul and sue,
How we laughed the time away,
And we had a perfect day.

I brought along my old guitar,
And lying there beneath the stars,
We sang all the beatle songs we knew,
Lord you should have heard those harmonies,
When we did nowhere man and let it be...

My love, if we should break up,
Should we ever part,
And you're searching for some memory,
To help your aching heart,
Forget about the hurtful things,
That lovers often say,
And remember this perfect day.

Then people start coming around the fire,
And I was strumming at my old guitar,
Trying to think of something everybody knew,
And then you said "though it's far away,
A christmas song would really make my day."
And everbody sang...

And all I really want to do,
Is sing songs for you,
Then it's been a perfect day,
Yes it's been a perfect day.