

## The Perfect Mess

## Blood Red Shoes

So you got everything  
(that you can count on one hand)  
But your spirit grows weak  
(and you feel like the better man)  
You wanted it all, you like to play ball  
But you know  
Playing a role won't make you whole  
No

The perfect mess you're in  
It doesn't cost a thing  
The perfect mess you've made  
Shame

So a life in the breeze  
(full of nothing you can recall)  
It don't mean shit to me  
(and your stories get boring and old)

Cheap kicks wear off no love is lost  
And you go along for the ride  
Keep what you find.

The perfect mess you're in  
It doesn't cost a thing  
The perfect mess you've made  
Shame

Go on and disappear  
yeh

Give and you take the more times you fake  
Will leave you with a hole  
That big wide space you know so well  
And I can't save you  
theres nothing waiting for you  
You had your chances a credit that you blew.