

Perfect Timing

Hurts

Dead and buried in an open grave
In a backstreet bar on the champs elysees
A face in the middle of a broken frame
Looking back at me

And I don't know where I belong
But I feel like moving on

And I saw your face through the night
We were in the wrong place
But it was perfect timing
In this dark room, you led me to the light
We were in the wrong place
But it was perfect timing

Caught in the middle but you came my way
Locked in a prison of my own mistakes
Dumbstruck by a riddle but you came to solve it
With your style and grace

And I don't know where I went wrong
But I feel like moving on

And I saw your face through the night
We were in the wrong place
But it was perfect timing
In this dark room, you led me to the light
We were in the wrong place
But it was perfect timing

Perfect timing
In the wrong place at the right time
In the wrong place at the right time

And I saw your face through the night
We were in the wrong place
But it was perfect timing
In this dark room, you led me to the light
We were in the wrong place
But it was perfect timing
We were in the wrong place
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