

Perfect Moments

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Tonight is cold for the lonely
Ones without a place by the fire
Delighted to be the only
One invited to approach the pyre

Silhouette of a slender beauty
Joining hands with a gentleman
Bickering over captured booty
Spoils of their previous master plan

Jealous brooding over wine
Weighing options, planning crime
Maybe a razor blade will bring the answer

He's been waiting, looking for a sign
Perfect moment to be the man of her life

For different reasons than before
He's standing still behind her door
Spying her passion, hearing her joy
He drops the blade, bad loser's ploy
He's been waiting, looking for a sign
Perfect moment to be the man of her life

Useless dreaming, curse of the shy
Wasted moments, never stopped living a lie