

## The Perfect Crime #2

### The Decemberists

Sing muse, of the passion of the pistol  
Sing muse, of the warning by the whistle  
A night so dark in the waning  
A dawn obscured by the slate sky raining, oh oh

Five and twenty burglars by the reservoir  
A teenage lookout on the signal tower  
The mogul's daughter in hog-tie  
The mogul fingers the wrong guy, all right

It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime

The bagman's quaking at the fingers  
The hand-off glance a little lingers  
A well-dressed man in the crosshairs  
A shot rings out from somewhere upstairs

It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime

It was the perfect crime

It was like a ticker-tape parade  
When the plastique on the safe was blown away  
And we all gazed from eye to eye  
As we mouthed our silent goodbyes

The valley's sleeping like a bastard  
It stinks of slumber and disaster  
Two words are spoke on the tap wire  
The agent's ploy finds a sure-fire backfire

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It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime