

## A Villa In Portugal

### The Pursuit Of Happiness

[lyrics by Jules Shear]

I never sought perfection, I loved her for her flaws

Someday you've got to do something nice for someone

and not wait for the applause

I started pluralizing my sentences I guess I skipped a verse

The moment I relied on her everything got worse

Oh no I could not say

She could mean to be so cruel

But the proof is on this postcard

>From a villa in Portugal

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She had the face of an angel mixed up with gypsy's hands

Her emotions blow to pieces, man she doesn't care where they land

She was going to a movie, a friend was gonna pick her up

She didn't say she was going all the way to the Iberian Peninsula

[chorus]

I never sought perfection, I loved her for her flaws

So I'm left her to wonder how the spell I was under

Is effect without the cause

It doesn't take a doctor with tools made to dissect

To smell in the air that hangs around here

Faith dying of neglect

[chorus]