

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

>From a villa in Portugal

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]