

## Perfect

The The

It's a chilly English winter and solitude is never easy to maintain

Except when it rains

So I hang an empty smile beneath my empty eyes

And go out for a walk

The wet morning sun reflects off the paving stones

While a little dog barks it's head off ... in the distance

Oh what a perfect day to think about myself

My feet are firmly screwed to the floor

What is there to fear from such a regular world?

Passing by a cemetery I think of all the little hopes and dreams

That lie lifeless and unfulfilled beneath the soil

I see an old man fingering his perishing flesh

He tells himself he was a good man and did good things

Amused and confused by life's little ironies

He swallows his bottle of distilled damnation

Oh what a perfect day to think about myself

My feet are firmly screwed to the floor

What is there to fear from such a regular world?

People trot around with unseeing eyes

They're looking for something that doesn't exist

The world we once knew is being eaten up by rust

No-one has time for the past but still in God they trust

The future is now, but it's all going wrong

Bodies queue for nothing for it is to nothing they belong

People say their prayers and some work hard

If you give them all your money, they'll give you their hearts

This town ain't getting like a ghost town

It's getting like hell

Oh what a perfect day to think about myself

My feet are firmly screwed to the floor

What is there to fear from such a regular world?