

This Is Our Perfect Crime

The Von Bondies

There is a place
That we all know
It shows its face
And goes unnoticed
And chances are
The crowds will go
To see the sounds below

I like the beat
Of a different drum
The kind of sound
You can't help notice
And chances are
The crowds will grow
To reel the dirt below

We are the spark
We are the great
We keep our cities
Loud and far
We keep their ears glued
To the streets
We are the underground

We're like a death
We can't be told
The bitter taste
In all that goes
And chances are

The crowds will go
To see the sounds below

A lot of bands
Will come and go
Its universe
All out it grows
And chances are
The crowds will go
To see the sounds below

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