

# A Perfect Voice

## The Classic Crime

I may not have a perfect voice but I'll still sing  
At the top of my lungs until my days are done  
I was once a child with a million plans  
Now all I've got is what's in my hands  
I don't leave much to chance these days  
I may not ever see a dime but I'll be fine  
Yeah, I'll still get by all the time a smile upon my face  
You might see me on the corner with a cup someday  
And I'll smile and wave and say  
"God bless you for your change today"  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
I may not be a perfect man but I'll still stand  
Yeah, I'm counting on grace to win this race for me in the end  
I may not sing your favorite songs but I don't sing for you  
'Cause if I did I would have been done long ago  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
I may not have a perfect voice  
But I won't lie, I'll sing until I die  
'Cause I may not get the chance another night  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

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