

Building The Perfect Beast

Don Henley

The power of reason, the top of the heap
We're the ones who can kill, kill baby
The things we don't eat
Sharper than a serpent's tongue
Tighter than a bongo drum
Quicker than a one-night stand
Slicker than a mambo band
And now the day is come
Soon he will be released
Glory hallelujah
We're building' the perfect beast
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
It's Olympus this time babe, Olympus or bust
We have met the enemy, and he is us
And now the day is come
Soon he will be released
Glory hallelujah
We're building the perfect beast
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
Ever since we crawled out of the ocean
And stood upright on the land
I know there are some things that we just don't understand
Relieve all pain and suffering
And lift us out of the dark
Turn us all into Methuselah
But where are we gonna park?
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
The secrets of eternity
We've found the lock and turned the key
We're shakin' up those building blocks

Goin' deeper into that box
Wouldn't like it
And now the day is come
Soon he will be released
Glory hallelujah
We're building' the perfect beast
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
(Building, building)
All the way to Malibu from the land of the talking drum
Just look how far, look how far we've come

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