

# 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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