

Another Perfect Day

Motörhead

Out to lunch, speak your piece,
Good and drunk, back on the street,
What you see is what you get,
No matter what you say,
No time for anything,
To take the pain away,
You sure ain't the chosen few,
You sure turned a trick or two,
You pulled the deuce this time,
Another perfect day.

Golden boy, take your chance,
You're a clockwork toy, you're a dime a dance,
The truth is only black and white,
No shade of grey,
It's easy answers babe,
But it's hell to pay,
You know it's just the same for you,
Ain't nothing you can do,
No chance to change it now,
Another perfect day.

Total war, blow your stack,
Say no more, you know you can't go back,
You're acting dumb babe, you don't know,
The places you can go,
You know you tell the truth,
In a different way,
No court of law would find for you,
No matter what you do,
Could be the perfect crime,
Another perfect day.

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written by KILMINSTER, IAN FRASER/TAYLOR, PHILIP/ROBERTSON, BRIAN
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