Perfect Time

Archers of Loaf

There is no perfect time too fast or slow, standard versus strong (?)
The truth be told you can't play much, can't play slow.
Forgive me I owe them this swollen joke.
Oozing from your throats that clutters and control.Since you busted every window and knocked down every door
Cut up every alleyway and smoking every whore.
You turn a colder shoulder to the suture we kept close.
You turn a concrete answer into a simple yes or no, no, no, yes, noLet's fall behind in perfect time.
Won't you stay a while? we're counting on you.
So sad to say you've gone away,
Without a trace or two.There is no perfect time too fast or slow, standard versus strong (?)
There is no perfect time. there is no perfect place.
No picture perfect face with picture perfect clothes in picture perfect pose.Let's fall behind in perfect time.
Won't you stay a while? we're counting on you.
So sad to say you've gone away,
Without a trace or two.(repeat)

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