

Perfect Time

Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros

What is a cold blooded mad man to do
With a smile across his teeth and attached full of goo
And it cuts through my junk and smash up my eyes
And sings like a song before you die Sunny day shooting breakfast bedheadings
Lunchtime wartime armageddon
God tell me what to do
It's a perfect time for love
Never a punk
Smile so wide
Never have teeth
Sing so much sky And smash up my junk and screws up my eyes
And sings like a song before you die
Mountaintop chokings afternoon rapists
primetime wartime I can't take it
God tell me what to do
Is it time for love? Whatever colors you wear
They are gonna bleed someday
Some rainbow day
We'll have the perfect time

Songwriters

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