

# This Is Our Perfect Crime

## Von Bondies

There is a place  
That we all know  
It shows its face  
And goes unnoticed  
And chances are  
The crowds will go  
To see the sounds below

I like the beat  
Of a different drum  
The kind of sound  
You can't help notice  
And chances are  
The crowds will grow  
To reel the dirt below

We are the spark  
We are the great  
We keep our cities  
Loud and far  
We keep their ears glued  
To the streets  
We are the underground  
We're like a death  
We can't be told  
The bitter taste

In all that goes  
And chances are  
The crowds will go  
To see the sounds below

A lot of bands  
Will come and go  
Its universe  
All out it grows  
And chances are  
The crowds will go  
To see the sounds below  
We are the spark  
We are the great  
We keep our cities

Loud and far  
We keep their ears glued  
To the streets  
We are the underground  
We are the spark  
We are the great  
We keep our cities  
Loud and far  
We keep their ears glued  
To the streets  
We are the underground

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