Perfect Situation

Deborahe Glasgow

What's the deal with my brain?
Why am I so obviously insane?
In a perfect situation
I let love down the drainThere's the pitch, slow and straight
All I have to do is swing
And I'm the hero
But I'm the zeroHungry nights, once again
Now it's getting unbelievable
'Cause I could not have it better
But I just can't get no playFrom the girls, all around
As they search the night for someone to hold onto
I just pass throughSinging
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho whoa
Singing
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho whoaGet your hands off the girl
Can't you see that she belongs to me?
And I don't appreciate this excess companyThough I can't satisfy all the needs she has
And so she starts to wander
Can you blame her?Singing
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho whoa
Singing
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho whoaTell me there's a logic out there
Leading me to better prepare
For the day that something really special might comeTell me there's some hope for me
I don't wanna be lonely
For the rest of my days on the Earth, ohOh ho, ho ho, oh ho whoa
Singing
Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho whoaSinging
Oh ho, whoa oh
Whoa oh oh, whoa, whoa ohWhoa oh oh, whoa oh oh
(Perfect situation)
Whoa oh oh, whoa oh ohWhoa oh oh, whoa oh oh
(Perfect situation)
Whoa oh oh, whoa oh oh
Whoa oh ohPerfect situation

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