

# Perfect Place

## Madness

Recession - a perfect fit,  
Makes no difference where he sits,  
Not since they cut the ties,  
Put some sadness in his eye.

Promises - come and go,  
Soak the sun in drifts of snow,  
A qualified butt-collector,  
Working for the private sector.

He's seen them go,  
Without a trace,  
This could be it,  
The perfect place.

They took the plans from up my sleeve,  
By an architect, on new years eve,  
There it goes, a new bronze tower,  
Washed away with an april shower.

He's seen them go,  
Without a trace,  
This could be it,

The perfect place.

But, when you've gone,  
I'm still here, the only one,  
My eyes and my ears,  
Will be here 'til I'm gone;

And it's still the perfect place,  
To rest a tired and weary face,  
And it's still the perfect place,  
To lose your soul with a trace.

A lived-in face, with a root,  
Of matted hair, a smiling tooth,  
A dirty hand, a pixies nose,  
Scratches underneath his clothes.

He's seen them go,  
Without a trace,  
This could be it,  
The perfect place.

He's seen them go,  
Without a trace,

This must be it ...

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