Perfect

The The

It's a chilly english winter
And solitude is never easy to maintain
Except when it rains
So I hang an empty smile beneath my empty eyes
And go out for a walk
The wet morning sun reflects off the paving-stones
While a little dog barks it's head off
In the distanceOh, what a perfect day
To think about my silly world
My feet are firmly screwed to the floor
What is there to fear from such a regular world?
Passing by a cemetery
I think of all the little hopes and dreams
That lie lifeless and unfilled beneath the soil
I see an old man fingering his perishing flesh
He tells himself he was a good man and did good things
Amused and confused by life's little ironies
He swallows his bottle of distilled damnationOh, what a perfect day
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He swallows his bottle of distilled damnationPeople turn around with unseeing eyes
They're looking for something that doesn't exist
The world you once knew is being eaten up by rust
No-one has time for the past, but still, in God they trust
The future is now, but it's all going wrong
Bodies good for nothing, but it's to nothing they belong
People say prayers and some work hard
If you give them all your money, they'll give you their hearts
This town ain't getting like a ghost town
It's getting like hellOh, what a perfect day
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