

Watchtower

"His Perfection"

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Paul kicks up trash on a dirty street.
A few pages dance away in the wind.
They cause a deep breath and a lusty sigh
When he compares them to his Rosalind.

Early on Roz was a sight to behold,
And she always made him feel like a man,
But Paul thinks time's been cruel to her form
The way the ocean wears away at the sand.

CHORUS

His perfection is a neon light.
It stains his flashing eye.
And the after-image in his head at night
Is nothing but a lie.

He wants his world to be a perfect one,
Says she no longer fills his needs.
So he crams her into iron clothes,
And gives her steel bread dough to knead.

CHORUS

His perfection is a neon light.
It stains his flashing eye.
And the after-image in his bed at night
Is nothing but a lie.

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