

Thompson Twins, The "Perfect Game"

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Somebody's crying now
His head is full of pain
Take him to the building
Where they're playing the perfect game
Perfect game
Perfect game
He's standing at the window
To watch the falling rain
No matter how he sees it
The view remains the same
Perfect game
Perfect game
They don't know what to call him
He doesn't have a name
But they still know how to force him
To keep playing the perfect game
A set of perfect criminals
Is hard to criticize
When your watching the perfect crime
Through a pair of perfect eyes
Perfect eyes
Perfect eyes
When everybody else is simply wondering why we
came
Maybe it's because we're all playing the perfect game
Perfect game
Perfect game
They don't know what to call us
Because we don't have a name
But they still know how to force us
To keep playing the perfect game
So if you want to find out why you call someone insane
Just sit inside the building where they're playing the
perfect game

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