

Best Coast

"Portrait Perfect"

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We sit on top of this blue tower
And watch the fog talk to each other
There's more traffic out here than on the 405
But we're flying
We're flying higher than the clouds tonight

So do I...
So do I...
So do I...
So do I go and expect to return?
So do I...
So do I...
So do I go and expect to return?

The second hand counts two for every second, one
While the music screams for a fistfight
Against my eardrums and the volume knob
There are not tap-outs tonight

We'll lay our heads against the wall
And wait until they begin to bruise
Because the blackest nights could use some blue
To paint the portrait perfect image that fills our eyes.

This was the first time but we're remembering the last
The most perfect things are anything
At least for tonight

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