

## Lloyd Cole "Perfect Skin"

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I choose my friends only far too well  
I'm up on the pavement, they're all down in the cellar  
With their government grants and my i.q.  
They brought me down to size, academia blues  
Louise is a girl, I know her well  
She's up on the pavement, yes she's a weather girl  
And I'm staying up here so I may be undone  
She's inappropriate, but then she's much more fun and  
When she smiles my way  
My eyes go out in vain  
She's got perfect skin  
Shame on you, you've got no sense of grace, shame on  
me  
Ah just in case I might come to a conclusion  
Other than that which is absolutely necessary  
And that's perfect skin  
Louise is the girl with the perfect skin  
She says turn on the light, otherwise it can't be seen  
She's got cheekbones like geometry and eyes like sin  
And she's sexually enlightened by cosmopolitan and

When she smiles my way  
My eyes go out in vain  
For her perfect skin  
Yeah that's perfect skin  
She takes me down to the basement to look at her  
slides  
Of her family life, pretty weird at times  
At the age of ten she looked like greta garbo  
And I loved her then, but how was she to know that  
When she smiles my way  
My eyes go out in vain  
She's got perfect skin  
Up eight flights of stairs to her basement flat  
Pretty confused huh, being shipped around like that  
Seems we climbed so high now we're down so low  
Strikes me the moral of this song must be there never  
has been one

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