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Curt Smith "Perfect Day"

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Black velvet, Elvis is dead Looks down his crown on the bed As he's lead to the edge of town

September pardon the son The hardest part is the one That you hold in your hands dear

This is the perfect day to blow myself away This is the perfect time This is the perfect way and everyone will say Hey, it's a perfect day

Sunday king's out for a drive I'm taking leaves from the fire As the gold in his eyes screams

Forecast is lookout below Slow dances crashes and God only knows Where he goes to

This is the perfect day to blow myself away This is the perfect time This is the perfect way and everyone will say Hey, it's a perfect day

This is the perfect day to blow myself away This is the perfect time This is the perfect way and everyone will say Hey, it's a perfect day

Hey, it's a perfect day, hey, it's a perfect day Hey, it's a perfect day, hey, it's a perfect day Hey, it's a perfect day, hey, it's a perfect day

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