

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
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This is the perfect way and everyone will say
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This is the perfect day to blow myself away
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This is the perfect way and everyone will say
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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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