Decemberists "The Perfect Crime #2"

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Sing news with passion of the pistol Sing news of the warning by the whistle A night so dark in the waning A dawn obscured by slight sky raining

Five and twenty burglars by the reservoir A teenage lookout on the signal tower The Moguls daughter in hard time The mogul fingers a one guy, one guy

It was the perfect, the perfect, the perfect The perfect, the perfect, the perfect, perfect crime It was the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect The perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime It was the perfect crime

The bagman's quaking at the fingers
The hand-off glance a little lingers
A well-dressed man in the cross hairs
A shot ring's out from somewhere upstairs

It was the perfect, the perfect, the perfect The perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime It was the perfect, the perfect, the perfect The perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime

It was the perfect crime

It was like a ticker-tape parade When the plastic unsafe was blown away And we all gaze from eye to eye As we mouth our silent goodbyes

The valley's sleeping like a bastard It stinks of slumber and disaster Two words are spoken with tap wire The agent's pull finds a surefire backfire

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It was the perfect, the perfect, the perfect
Perfect, the perfect, the perfect
The perfect, perfect, perfect
Perfect, perfect, perfect crime

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