

6ths, The "Perfect"

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The The

It's a chilly English winter,
And solitude is never easy to maintain,
Except when it rains.
So I hang an empty smile beneath my empty eyes,
And go out for a walk.
The wet morning sun reflects off the paving-stones,
While a little dog barks its head off,
In the distance.

CHORUS (x2)

Oh, what a perfect day,
To think about my silly world.
My feet are firmly screwed to the floor.
What is there to fear from such a regular world?

Passing by a cemetery,
I think of all the little hopes and dreams,
That lie lifeless and unfilled beneath the soil.
I see an old man fingering his perishing flesh.
He tells himself he was a good man and did good
things.
Amused and confused by life's little ironies,
He swallows his bottle of distilled damnation.

People turn around with unseeing eyes.
They're looking for something that doesn't exist.
The world you once knew is being eaten up by rust.
No-one has time for the past, but still, in God they trust.
The future is now, but it's all going wrong.
Bodies good for nothing, but it's to nothing they
belong.
People say prayers and some work hard.
If you give them all your money, they'll give you their
hearts.
This town ain't going like a ghost town.
It's going like hell....

Chorus (x5)

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