

Classic Crime, The "A Perfect Voice"

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I may not have a perfect voice
But I'll still sing at the top of my lungs
Until my days are done
I was once a child with a million plans
Now all I've got is what's in my hands
I don't leave much to chance these days
I may not ever see a dime but I'll be fine
Yeah I still get by
All the time a smile upon my face
You might see me on the corner with a cup someday
And I'll smile and wave
And say "God bless you for your change today"

Whoa oh whoa oh oh oh

I may not be a perfect man
But I'll still stand
Yeah I'm counting on grace
I may not sing your favorite songs
But I don't sing for you
Cause if I did
I would have been gone long ago

Whoa oh whoa oh oh oh

I may not have a perfect voice
But I won't lie
I'll sing until I die
Cause I may not get the chance another night

Whoa oh whoa oh oh oh
I'm gonna sing it out
At the top of my lungs

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