

Decemberists, The

"The Perfect Crime #2"

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Sing muse, of the passion of the pistol
Sing muse, of the warning by the whistle
A night so dark in the waning
A dawn obscured by the slate sky raining, oh oh

Five and twenty burglars by the reservoir
A teenage lookout on the signal tower
The mogul's daughter in hog-tie
The mogul fingers the wrong guy, all right

It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect
crime
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect
crime

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

It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect,
the perfect, the perfect crime
It was a 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 plastique on the safe was blown away
And we all gazed from eye to eye
As we mouthed our silent goodbyes

The valley's sleeping like a bastard
It stinks of slumber and disaster
Two words are spoke on the tap wire
The agent's ploy finds a sure-fire backfire

It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect,
the perfect, the perfect crime
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect,
the perfect, the perfect crime

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