

Hobos, The "Perfect Solution"

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Short cut to the way back
Wound up down the street where
Intoxicated bums kissed your bride

True love was supposed to beat
The tambourine in a church where the monks swayed
But now they're gone

You're sold out, you're broken down
With your hands against your own monument

Would you recognise
Your fathers smile in your president's eyes?
And would you die?

Die for hatred long born
Prison clothes never worn
And would you cry?

When you're sold out, you're broken down
With your hands against your own monument

Its a perfect solution

So you climb through time up to cloud number nine
But your stuck or stopped
And noone knows that your fucked up

But your arms are so warm, can do me no harm
wanna ring the bell in hell of charm

You're sold out, you're broken down
With your hands against your own monument

Well it's a perfect solution
It's a perfect solution

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