

Lucksmiths, The

"The Perfect Crime"

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The sun is on the hilltop
Casting shadows on things below
The afternoon has left the valley cold
I raise my eyebrows and grip the dashboard
You take the bends like you built the road
This is the road you travel
Every time you come home

The vision awe-inspiring
Reception is very poor
We listen to tapes rewinding slow
This is always exciting
When we happen to get along
But we seem to end up fighting
It's just an hour or two too long
Too long

This is the perfect crime
When the creek is high
On poplar trees the turning leaves
Pass the time

We're always asking questions
Casting doubts on the things we know
The afternoon has left the valley cold
If this is a lesson in life
If this is a test of love
I'll circle letter D - all of the above
Because that's close enough
Close enough

This is the perfect crime
When the creek is high
On poplar trees the turning leaves
Pass the time

You left your sentence open
You left without a sound
The words we kept unspoken
Bury them in the ground

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