

The Perfect Mess

Blood Red Shoes

So you got everything
(that you can count on one hand)
But your spirit grows weak
(and you feel like the better man)
You wanted it all, you like to play ball
But you know
Playing a role won't make you whole
No

The perfect mess you're in
It doesn't cost a thing
The perfect mess you've made
Shame

So a life in the breeze
(full of nothing you can recall)
It don't mean shit to me
(and your stories get boring and old)

Cheap kicks wear off no love is lost
And you go along for the ride
Keep what you find.

The perfect mess you're in
It doesn't cost a thing
The perfect mess you've made
Shame

Go on and disappear
yeh

Give and you take the more times you fake
Will leave you with a hole
That big wide space you know so well
And I can't save you
theres nothing waiting for you
You had your chances a credit that you blew.