

## Perfect Timing

Hurts

Dead and buried in an open grave  
In a backstreet bar on the champs elysees  
A face in the middle of a broken frame  
Looking back at me

And I don't know where I belong  
But I feel like moving on

And I saw your face through the night  
We were in the wrong place  
But it was perfect timing  
In this dark room, you led me to the light  
We were in the wrong place  
But it was perfect timing

Caught in the middle but you came my way  
Locked in a prison of my own mistakes  
Dumbstruck by a riddle but you came to solve it  
With your style and grace

And I don't know where I went wrong  
But I feel like moving on

And I saw your face through the night  
We were in the wrong place  
But it was perfect timing  
In this dark room, you led me to the light  
We were in the wrong place  
But it was perfect timing

Perfect timing  
In the wrong place at the right time  
In the wrong place at the right time

And I saw your face through the night  
We were in the wrong place  
But it was perfect timing  
In this dark room, you led me to the light  
We were in the wrong place  
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