

Perfume

Old 97's

When you explode into the room,
all I can smell is your perfume;
and the cigarette jazzing up the atmosphere.

You think it's fine, I know it's broke.
You think it's all some kind of joke,
but how can I laugh when I'm locked up in here?

And it's a beautiful day outside.
And it's a beautiful day outside.

I press my nose against the glass,
I steam it up, but it don't last.
I am a man after all and I'm dying here.

I had it good, now I get none.
I had all but those days are done.
Now I get to watch you run around down there.

And it's a beautiful day outside.
And it's a beautiful day outside.

There's all these girls outside wrapped up in winter clothes,
my imagination grows, I can't convince my eye to close.
You're on the town again and I'm downing in your bed,
you're perfume it's in my head, and it's driving me,
driving me, driving me, driv-ing me.

And it's a beautiful day outside.
And it's a beautiful day outside.
And it's a beautiful day outside.
And it's a beautiful day outside.