

EMF, Perfect Day

I asked my friend I.D.

If he could recall

The last 24 hours and the tv on the floor

Shopping with bricks

In the name of fun I'd take it back officer

But I don't know what I've done

I've had it all like raindrops in the ocean

Like shadows in the night

The devils in my head have gone away

It's a perfect day

So we turned it on, tuned it in

Got ourselves a beer

Sat down, began to watch

Everythings clear

Things degenerated we began to sing

Bart Simpson says to us "Elvis was king"

I've had it all been swimming in emotion

Been swallowed by the night

The devils in my head are here to stay

It's a perfect day

In a sort of pathetic way

I always run away from the things I cannot see

But when you see double, which one do you believe?

I tried to get some help, I called for my man

He popped up on the tv in a baked bean can

I've had it all, like drowning in devotion

Like waiting for the night

The devils in my head have gone away

It's a perfect day

In a sort of pathetic kind of way

But fuck it

It's a perfect day

In a sort of pathetic kind of way