

Lambretta, Perfect Tonight

In my hood
There's a boy
Making girls breathless
Serving tea down on 39th street

And today
Even though
It may seem hopeless
I'll go down on my stumbling feet
And ask him out - oh yeah

And if tonight
Turns into this "perfect tonight";
Then have a little mercy on my soul

And if the moon
Just lights up his devilish smile
It's gonna take a lot of manners to stop me from this:
Steal his precious first-date kiss

I'm so ashamed
I am weak
What a big failure
Couldn't speak, couldn't feel my own tongue

I'm such a fool
What can I say?
But today - trust me!
I will do a little better this time
And ask him out again

And if tonight
Turns into this "perfect tonight";
Then have a little mercy on my soul

And if the moon
Just lights up his devilish smile
It's gonna take a lot of manners to stop me from this:
Steal his precious first can-only-give-it-to-someone-special kiss

And if tonight
Turns into this 'perfect tonight'
Then have a little mercy on my soul

And if the moon
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