

# Modest Mouse, Perfect Disguise

She's got the perfect disguise and you're lookin' o.k.  
From the bottom of the best to the worst, well what can I say

Well you cocked your head to shoot me down  
And I don't give a damn about you or this town no more  
No now I know the score

Well good luck believes in every word they said  
I hope you have enough space in your head, I don't  
No but I know the score

Need me to fall down so you can climb up  
Some fool ass ladder, well good luck  
I hope, I hope there's something better up there

'Cause you cocked your head to shoot me down  
And I don't give a damn about you or this town no more  
No, 'cause I know the score

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