

# The Decemberists, The Perfect Crime #2

Sing, muse, of the passion of the pistol  
Sing, muse, of the warning by the whistle  
On a night so dark in the waning  
A dawn obscured by slight sky raining  
Five and twenty burglars by the reservoir  
A teenage lookout on the signal tower  
The mogul's daughter in hogtie  
The mogul fingers the wrong guy, all lies  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
The bagman's quaking at the fingers  
The hand-off glance a little lingers  
A well-dressed man in the crosshairs  
A shot rings out from somewhere upstairs  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
It was the perfect crime  
It was like a ticker-tape parade  
When the plastique on the safe was blown away  
And we all gazed from eye to eye  
As we mouthed our silent goodbyes  
The valley's sleeping like a bastard  
It stinks of slumber and disaster  
Two words are spoken on the tap wire  
The agent's ploy finds a surefire backfire  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime  
It was a perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect, the perfect crime