

The Decemberists, The Perfect Crime No. 2

Sing muse of the passion of the pistol
Sing muse of the warning by the whistle
A night so dark in the waning
A dawn obscured by slate sky raining

Oh

Five and twenty burglars by the reservoir
A teenage lookout on the signal tower
The mogul's daughter in hog-tie
The mogul fingers the wrong guy, alright

It was a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect crime
It was a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect, a perfect crime
It was a 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

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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 spoke on the tapwire
The agent's ploy finds a surefire backfire

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