

Alisha's Attic, Perfectly Happy

I'm perfectly happy with life
My lips 'mind me these real words
But they feel like they are wide and ajar
I'm a doll stuffed with life, just sitting upon a shelf here
Hailing a taxi, get me out of this freak show
Oh, it's just over the rainbow
Cos I'm just trying to get home
Oh, everything's crowded in my face
Even when I sit here alone
Perfectly happy with life
My lips cry happy words
And it feels like they're blue tacked in the soul
Like someone's blowin' dust, coverin' up the rust
Keeping me dazed as the lines take their toll
Oh, for just over the rainbow
Cos I'm just trying to get home
Oh, everything's crowded in my face
Even when I sit here alone
Oh my love
For all these mad illusions
oh my love
For being sane but with mad intentions
Perfectly happy with life
I just fall over words
Like I'm bare feet in a pair of high heels
All I really want, for my tired feet is to walk
Or to fly me to somewhere that is real
Oh, for just over the rainbow
Cos I'm just trying to get home
Oh, everything's crowded in my face
Even when I sit here alone
Oh, for just over the rainbow
Cos I've been trying to get home
Oh, everything's crowded in my face
Even when I sit here alone