

Cantus Firmus, Perfect Town

Three houses down, theyve got it made theyre living fine
How did I miss this, when living right was so close to mine
I think I will try to look inside

Inside their house, this isnt what I thought Id find
They hate each other but they know theyve got to look right

In our perfect town, our neighbors frown on breaking unsaid rules
If you mow your lawn on Sundays, well take your kids out of school

Four houses down, three kids living in a broken home
Their parents screwed them over and its all that they know
They tried to make this work so theyd look good for the neighborhood

They tried and failed for selfish reasons, they thought they could get away with treason
To the family that they made, together in this perfect place

Were all marching to the same drummer
The beat in our head keeps us much dumber
Than the rest of humanity and still we try to be
Perfect at our best, forget the rest of them

We know how to live, you keep it all inside until you blow up
Its better this way and well never change even if it doesnt make sense