

Cole Lloyd, Perfect Skin

i choose my friends only far too well
i'm up on the pavement, they're all down in the cellar
with their government grants and my i.q.
they brought me down to size, academia blues
louise is a girl, i know her well
she's up on the pavement, yes she's a weather girl
and i'm staying up here so i may be undone
she's inappropriate, but then she's much more fun and
when she smiles my way
my eyes go out in vain
she's got perfect skin
shame on you, you've got no sense of grace, shame on me
ah just in case i might come to a conclusion
other than that which is absolutely necessary
and that's perfect skin
louise is the girl with the perfect skin
she says turn on the light, otherwise it can't be seen
she's got cheekbones like geometry and eyes like sin
and she's sexually enlightened by cosmopolitan and
when she smiles my way
my eyes go out in vain
for her perfect skin
yeah that's perfect skin
she takes me down to the basement to look at her slides
of her family life, pretty weird at times
at the age of ten she looked like greta garbo
and i loved her then, but how was she to know that
when she smiles my way
my eyes go out in vain
she's got perfect skin
up eight flights of stairs to her basement flat
pretty confused huh, being shipped around like that
seems we climbed so high now we're down so low
strikes me the moral of this song must be there never has been one
speedboat
julie said we drink far too much coffee
wine and cigarettes and we never get no sleep
i first met them at a riverboat party
both of them were speeding i would say
i lived on the edge of all this indulgence
taking notes and trusting in prudence
julie said to jim why don't we jump in
while the water is cool and we are still friends
some say that they o.d.'d on leonard cohen
well i can see that river whenever i think about them
the river is cruel and the water is deep and blue
i was working then on my great unfinished novel
"please let introduce myself my name is ronald"
i was okay there until i lost my cool
now let me introduce you to the rest of the crew
it wasn't my style to find surf in my eye
it was much more my style to find sand in my eyes
though there is absolutely no truth to be discovered
albeit truth then is nothing to be found
we academics are not easily discouraged
lloyd you know wits they come three to the pound
julie said to jim look at the state we're in
it was never her intention to conclude anything
it wasn't my style to find surf in my eye
it was much more my style to find sand in my eyes
it was just not my style to find surf in my eye
it was much more my style to get sand kicked in my eyes
sand in my eyes