

# Lloyd Cole, 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