

PJ Harvey, A Perfect Day, Elise

He got lucky, got lucky one time
Hitting with the girl in room five none nine
She turned her back on him facing the frame
Said, "Listen Joe don't you come here again"

White sun scattered all over the sea
He could think of nothing but her name Elise
God is the sweat running down his back
The water soaked her blonde hair black

It's a perfect day
A perfect day, Elise

He got burned by the sun
He's a lucky man
His face so pale and his hands so worn
And the sky
Let himself in room five none nine
As she turned away
Said a prayer, pulled the trigger and cried
Tell me why

It's a perfect day
A perfect day, Elise

Ah oh, It's a perfect day
A perfect day, Elise