

Waterdeep, His Perfection

Paul kicks up trash on a dirty street
A few pages dance away in the wind
They cause a deep breath and a lusty sigh
when he compares them to his Rosalind

Early on Roz was a sight to behold
and she always made him feel like a man
But Paul thinks times's been cruel to her form
the way the ocean wears away at the sand

CHORUS:

His perfection is a neon light
It stains his flashing eye
And the after-image in his head at night
is nothing but a lie

He wants his world to be a perfect one
says she no longer fills his needs
so he crams her into iron clothes
and gives her steel bread dough to knead

CHORUS:

His perfection is a neon light
It stains his flashing eye
And the after-image in his bed at night
is nothing but a lie