

# Faith No More, The Perfect Crime

Girl listens to mom  
So she lights a match and pretends to sleep  
While everything burns

Man drives nowhere  
So he pressed the pedal, hit a few dogs  
And felt good

Boy hears teacher's words  
So he closed his eyes and stepped in front  
Of a train  
Woo!

Woops!  
Sorry 'bout that  
It's just an accident

Revenge  
Nobody forgets  
Chop it into bits

The bitterness is hard to hide  
It smells like homicide  
Just nod and say it's O.K.

I can hear your voice echo  
O.K. I lied-it's really the voice  
Of the guy who kicked your head in

Look in the mirror  
It seems you're drinking, miniature  
And soon enough your gone

Woops!  
Sorry 'bout that  
It's just an accident

Revenge  
Nobody forgets  
Chop it into bits

The bitterness is hard to hide  
It smells like homicide  
Just nod and say it's O.K.

No one saw the perfect crime  
I can't wait for the next time

The bitterness is hard to hide  
It smells like homicide  
Just nod and say it's O.K.

You try to make the moment  
Last you sold it right in half  
You die and have a nice day

Woops!  
Sorry 'bout that  
It's just an accident