

## Perfectly Happy

Alisha's Attic

I'm perfectly happy with life  
My lips 'mind me these real words  
But they feel like they are wide and ajar  
I'm a doll stuffed with life, just sitting upon a shelf here  
Hailing a taxi, get me out of this freak show

Oh, it's just over the rainbow  
'Cause I'm just trying to get home  
Oh, everything's crowded in my face  
Even when I sit here alone

Perfectly happy with life  
My lips cry happy words  
And it feels like they're blue tacked in the soul  
Like someone's blowin' dust, coverin' up the rust  
Keeping me dazed as the lines take their toll

Oh, for just over the rainbow  
'Cause I'm just trying to get home  
Oh, everything's crowded in my face  
Even when I sit here alone

Oh my love  
For all these mad illusions  
Oh my love  
For being sane but with mad intentions

Perfectly happy with life  
I just fall over words  
Like I'm bare feet in a pair of high heels  
All I really want, for my tired feet is to walk  
Or to fly me to somewhere that is real

Oh, for just over the rainbow  
'Cause I'm just trying to get home  
Oh, everything's crowded in my face  
Even when I sit here alone

Oh, for just over the rainbow  
'Cause I've been trying to get home  
Oh, everything's crowded in my face  
Even when I sit here alone