

THE BLIZZARDS - PERFECT ON PAPER

I've been searching for a long time
I've been losing all my best friends
Now I'm rotting in a wasteland
I sleep with people that I can't stand
Now I'm not saying I'm a simple man
No remedy or backup plan.
And can't take me over, Can't take me over
Cold cold is to shoulders

She's perfect on paper
So dear God, why do I hate her?
She just slides away, She just slides away
Another one slides away

She's perfect on paper
So dear God, why do I hate her?
She just slides away, She just slides away
Another one slides away

I'm really fine but I'll crash land
You pay the price of a cheap brand
I keep trialling you on dry land
I don't expect you to understand
She's a lightening super nova
But I'm darker than a blackhole space
I don't wanna drag her under
So I've found myself a hiding place

She's perfect on paper
So dear God, why do I hate her?
She just slides away, She just slides away
Another one slides away

She's perfect on paper
So dear God, why do I hate her?
She just slides away, She just slides away
Another one slides away

You've got a quick mouth for a girl so pretty
I'm just a poor man's wallet turned mini
I can paint a pretty picture of the world outside
Inside you know that my head is fried.
I've got such a bad name in such a small city
I've been Running 'round love and I'm getting
so dizzy
But I've got a past, I can testify,
As long as I'm lonely that I know that I'll be
alright

THE BLIZZARDS - IN AINM IS A BHEITH FOIRFE

Táim tar éis a bheith ag cuardach
Tar éis mo chairde is fearr a chailliúint
Táim ag lobhadh i bhfásach
Luím le daoine gur fuath liom
Nílím ag rá gur amadán mé
Gan réiteach nó fiú plean
Ligim buairt mé a shealbhú
Déan neamhaird orthu siúd

Tá sí in ainm is a bheith foirfe
Cad ina thaobh gur fuath liom í
Imíonn sí uaim
Imíonn sí uaim

Tá sí in ainm is a bheith foirfe
Cad ina thaobh gur fuath liom í
Imíonn sí uaim
Imíonn sí uaim

Táim go breá ach ní bheidh mé
Íocann tú as d'eachtraí
Táim ag bá fiú ar talamh
Nílím ag súil go dtuigfidh tú
Is splanc thintrí í
Ach níos dorcha ná dubh atáim
Níl uaim í a thabhairt liom
Is agamsa atá áit folaigh

Tá sí in ainm is a bheith foirfe
Cad ina thaobh gur fuath liom í
Imíonn sí uaim
Imíonn sí uaim

Tá sí in ainm is a bheith foirfe
Cad ina thaobh gur fuath liom í
Imíonn sí uaim
Imíonn sí uaim

Is cailín greannmhar tú do dhuine chomh
dathúil
Is leagan dona mé de Walter Mitty
Is féidir liom ligean (orm) go bhfuilim go breá
Ach taobh istigh, ní mar sin atá
Tá droch-chlú orm i gcathair chomh beag
Tar éis a bheith ag rith ón ngrá táim braon de
Ach tá stair agam, geallfad duit
Agus mé uaigneach tuigim go mbeidh mé go
breá

She's perfect	'Sí fairfe
she's perfect	'Sí fairfe
She's perfect	'Sí fairfe
she's perfect	'Sí fairfe
She's perfect on paper (she's perfect on paper)	'Sí fairfe
She's perfect on paper (owaoh)	
She's perfect on paper (she's perfect on paper)	Tá sí in ainm is a bheith fairfe
She's perfect on paper (owaoh)	Tá sí in ainm is a bheith fairfe
	Tá sí in ainm is a bheith fairfe
	Tá sí in ainm is a bheith fairfe
Now love is lost in the city tonight	
But sometimes somebody's worth the fight	Níl aon ghrá sa chathair anocht
She is perfect, she is perfect	Ach is fiú an troid don duine ceart
She's perfect on paper	'Sí fairfe
	'Sí fairfe
No(w) love is lost in the city tonight	Tá sí in ainm is a bheith fairfe
But sometimes somebody's worth the fight	
She is perfect, she is perfect, she is perfect on paper	Níl aon ghrá sa chathair anocht
	Ach is fiú an troid don duine ceart
	'Sí fairfe
	'Sí fairfe
	Tá sí in ainm is a bheith fairfe