

In My Perfect World

Words and Music: Graeme Connors

In my perfect world there's a shack on the river
water lapping at the door
I throw a line from the deck crack a beer sit back
and let myself get lost in the moment
and of course you're there in frayed shorts and tee shirt
your hair tied back and your head on my shoulder
watching the sunset on hills in the distance
in my perfect world

In my perfect world there's a cabin in the mountains
log fire glowing in the dark
I wake at first light in the middle of snow country
flakes gently brushing the frosted panes
and of course you're there in your flannelette pyjamas
with a dreamy smile and come back to bed eyes
we breakfast at ten on fried bacon and tomatoes
in my perfect world

I've got a good life as far as good lives go
I'm about the luckiest man I know
no shack no cabin
just my imagination
and you

In my perfect world there's an apartment in the city
with a view of the harbor
a million stars above us a thousand street lights below
it's like we're walking on air
and of course you're there like some Venus de Milo
light from the full moon glowing on your skin
as young and as willful as the first day I met you
in my perfect world

I've got a good life
as far as good lives go
I'm about the luckiest man I know
no grand apartment
just my imagination
and you

no shack no cabin no apartment
baby just you