

# Sweetest Perfection

Depeche Mode

The sweetest perfection  
To call my own  
The slightest correction  
Couldn't finely hone  
The sweetest infection  
Of body and mind  
Sweetest injection  
Of any kind

I stop and I stare too much  
Afraid that I care too much  
And I hardly dare to touch  
For fear that the spell may be broken  
When I need a drug in me  
And it brings out the thug in me  
Feel something tugging me  
Then I want the real thing  
not tokens

The sweetest perfection  
Things you'd expect to be  
Having effect on me  
Pass undetectedly  
But everyone knows what has got me  
Takes me completely  
Touches so sweetly  
Reaches so deeply  
I know that nothing can stop me

Sweetest perfection  
An offer was made  
An assorted collection  
But I wouldn't trade

The sweetest perfection  
Takes me completely  
Touches so sweetly  
Reaches so deeply  
Nothing can stop me