

Practice Makes Perfect

Cute Is What We Aim For

So sweet I can hardly speak due to such trauma in my teeth
But your body language is telling me that you're worth the pain

So weak I can hardly keep, shaky legs holding up my feet
But your body language is telling me that I'm not to blame

Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense

I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done a few things I regret
But practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense to me

Wake up, first light hearing you calling out
For your criminal clothing that fled the scene
Upon being ripped free
Conversation ensue
And I wanna do so many things to you
Sip after sip, you insist you're a hit.
Sip after sip, yeah I swear I can feel it.

Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense

I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done a few things I regret
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done what a mother wouldn't want, what a mother wouldn't want in a son

Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense

I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done a few things I regret
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done what a mother wouldn't want, what a mother wouldn't want in a...
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense to me