

A Perfect Mess

From First to Last

Well, well look at you
little Miss has to pick the wounds
and that's so literal, and you're so critical
well if you feel like there's cause to be cold you can straddle
the stove
I'm a man not a handbag, a friend not a servant
is it hell being right all the time?

I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Life's bitter-sweet, that's what they say

Well, well, well with a woman like you who needs to get out of
bed
Well, well, well with a woman like you who needs to have any fr
iends
Come whisper in my ear a secret so profound I'll forget to writ
e it down
Now I'm left here with, the memory of the best and worst thing
I'll ever love

I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Life's bitter-sweet, that's what they say
I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Life's bitter-sweet, that's what they say

Aren't we a perfect mess
Aren't we a perfect mess
Aren't we a perfect mess
Aren't we a perfect mess

I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Life's bitter-sweet, that's what they say
I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Life's bitter-sweet, that's what they say
That's what they say
Some things will never change
Some things will never

Aren't we a perfect mess
Aren't we a perfect mess
Aren't we a perfect mess
Aren't we a perfect mess