

Almost Perfect

Ingram Hill

Maybe her eyes are just a little bit red
Almost all the time
Maybe her hair, it smells like cigarettes
When I climb into bed with her at night

She don't wanna try
But this just feels so right

She's almost perfect
She is so close to being everything
She's almost perfect
But she's not, she's not mine

Maybe she knows she drives me crazy
Just bats her eyes like she's my baby
Maybe she's quick to let her tongue fly at me
She's not the most proper lady
I'm the one to blame I know I caused this crash
So now I wander in this mess
Int this lake of sour mashed
Through my head the notion that

Maybe she's not quite honest with me
Almost all the time
Maybe I know there's someone else in her life
When I climb into bed with her at night