

Just Perfect

Tracy Bonham

One day
You're a dove
And then the next day
You're a hawk circling above
Up where
There's a shortage of love
But somehow you get by
How do we get by

One day
You'll be fine
And then the next day
You'll be trailing behind
By way
Of a faulty design
But somehow it works out
Somehow it works out
Somehow it works out

You're just perfect
You're just perfect
You're just perfect
For the imperfect world

Sometimes the world turns
On its side
A rollercoaster
And you're sick
From the ride
And the laughter
Has you shrinking inside
But somehow it works out
Somehow it works out

You're just perfect
You're just perfect
You're just perfect
For the imperfect world

This big old world
Where noone
And everyone
Is beautiful

You're just perfect
You're just perfect
You're just perfect
For the imperfect world

You're just perfect
You're just perfect
You're just perfect

Whooaahhhh
Perfect
You're just perfect
You're just perfect

You're just perfect

Oohh ahhh