

## Perfect

Ultraspank

Clinging to a hope  
Dust that makes me choke  
A tiny piece of dirt  
Happiness assured  
Can't be too far  
Can't be too hard  
Traction having slipped  
I think I've lost my grip  
Mine  
But not for long  
Mine  
Think I'm losing pressure  
Think I'm losing ground  
Think I'm losing pressure  
Think I'm losing  
Ground down  
Falls down  
Hurts me  
Much less  
So good, so good  
So perfect like  
How could, how could  
How could you try  
What for, what for  
What better life  
Once more, once more  
It all slips  
By me...again  
By me  
Think I'm losing pressure  
Think I'm losing ground  
Think I'm losing pressure  
Think I'm losing  
Once more  
Put it in a package of perfect like  
Leave it in package of perfect size  
Never opened up and it can't slip  
By  
It all slips by