

Tears, The "Imperfection"

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You grow your nails too long
There's scratches on your arms
You taste like orange chocolate and
You always put your hands in my pockets

Your teeth are not quite straight
Your mood swings oscillate
Your language is appalling and
You play with my hair in the morning

Your imperfections are so beautiful
I can't control my animal soul
Your imperfection has got me on a chain
Can't concentrate
I'm a sucker for your beautiful mistakes

And sometimes when we kiss you touch my fingertips
Synthetic words can't hide me
Passion creeps death inside me

The moment we become one
We stick like chewing gum
I want your language to be appalling
I want you to play with my hair in the morning

Your imperfections are so beautiful
I can't control my animal soul
Your imperfection has got me on a chain
Can't concentrate
I'm a sucker for your beautiful mistakes

Your imperfections make you what you are
My defective star, my inelegant love
Your imperfections are so beautiful
I'm out of control
A sucker for the defects in your soul

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