

411**"Queen Of Perfection"**Visit "[Queen Of Perfection](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(alexander/badleys)

Well, I take off my shoes
When I walk in her door
And try my best to levitate
cross her living room floor
cause you cant leave tracks
When youre on hollowed ground
Shell just make you sweep em up
Like youre being hunted down

(chorus)

Shes the queen of perfection
Everybody knows why
Shes the queen of perfection
And shes soon gonna die

She says, your body is a temple, boy
You ought to treat it well
But you trash the place and rent it out
Like its some cheap motel
Then she takes away my plate
Before Ive finished by meal
And works on my hygiene
Against my will

(chorus)

Well, marie antoinette, she said,
Let em eat cake
While she should have been planning
Her own damn escape
Now I smile cross the table
At my lady supreme
Knowin that her coffees laced
With mr. clean

(chorus 2x)

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

