

## **Ben Lee**

### **"Blemish"**

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I go out of my way to not dress up  
So you can make a scene  
You say I should have combed my hair  
Or worn some nicer jeans  
You've got spaghetti on your chin  
While you curse me cause I'm not tucked in  
My minds made up that I'll try hard  
To fit in with your friends  
With their cleanest pants and their dirty jokes  
They drive me round the bend  
Just let me hold this job  
And prove you need a slob  
I'm gonna tell that one bad joke  
Be like a pimple on your face  
I'll be the blemish in an otherwise perfected place  
If you're perfect, you don't matter  
Cause there's nothing to achieve  
So I'm your blemish and for that you can be pleased  
I'll go out of my way to irritate  
I'll try to get a rise  
I'll pull the chair out from under you  
And tell you stupid lies  
But I'm the best you'll get  
Although you don't know it yet  
My mind's made up, my mood is down  
I'll leave you on the shelf  
I'll give you someone good to blame  
If you don't wanna blame yourself  
' Cause I'm happy, a mosquito  
Irritate you, while I eat you  
I'm gonna tell that one bad joke  
Be like a pimple on your face  
I'll be the blemish in an otherwise perfected place  
If you're perfect, you don't matter  
Cause there's nothing to achieve  
So I'm your blemish and for that you can be pleased  
So I'm your blemish and for that you can thank me

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