

## Depeche Mode "Sweetest Perfection"

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The sweetest perfection to call my own  
The slightest correction couldn't finely hone  
The sweetest infection of body and mind  
Sweetest injection of any kind

I stop and I stare too much  
Afraid that I care too much  
And I hardly dare to touch  
For fear that the spell may be broken

When I need a drug in me  
And it brings out the thug in me  
Feel something tugging me  
Then I want the real thing not tokens

The sweetest perfection to call my own  
The slightest correction couldn't finely hone  
The sweetest infection of body and mind  
Sweetest injection of any kind

Things you'd expect to be  
Having effect on me  
Pass undetectedly  
But everyone knows what has got me

Takes me completely  
Touches so sweetly  
Reaches so deeply  
I know that nothing can stop me

Sweetest perfection  
An offer was made  
An assorted collection  
But I wouldn't trade

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The slightest correction couldn't finely hone  
The sweetest infection of body and mind  
Sweetest injection of any kind

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