

## Entreat "Perfect Life"

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She has lived a wonderful life  
She had a great father and also a mother  
She wanted to be perfect and have a perfect life  
The goal was high but she was prepared to work very hard.

She used to go to the concerts and she couldn't understand  
Why people don't hear the music she does, the words she does  
She spent nights in her bed thinking,  
She spent nights with her friend talking  
Desperate over her life she bought a chocolate box  
In hope she would find an answer for her life  
So she went to the luna park to cheer herself up  
And she bought a very nice yellow baloon  
But it flew and it blew up like her perfection, her perfect life  
She finally figure it out the world is not just black and white  
No one to worship, no one to blame  
She's all confused now she even doesn't know her name  
Patrischa is her name  
She knows now life is not wrong nor wright  
But just so that everyone can understand it in his very own way  
She is trying to understand and listen  
But everything seems to be so hard  
She tinks: maybe I work too hard, maybe I should just let it be  
And stop thinking what should it(I) be  
She guesses she has to do it by herself  
Without anyone to worship or to blame

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