

From First To Last "A Perfect Mess"

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Well, well look at you
Little miss has to pick the wounds
If that's illiteral, then your so critical
Well if you feel like there's a cause to be cold,
You can straddle the stove.
I'm a man not a handbag,
A friend not a servant
It's hell being right all the time.

[Chorus:]

I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Lifes bittersweet, that's what they say

Well, well, well with a woman like you who needs to get
out of bed
Well, well, well with a woman like you who needs to
have any friends
Come whisper in my ear, a secret so profound I'll
forget to write it down.
Now left here with, the memory of the best and worst
thing I'll ever love.

I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Lifes bittersweet, that's what they say.
I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Lifes bittersweet, that's what they say.

Aren't we the perfect mess
Aren't we the perfect mess
Aren't we the perfect mess
Aren't we the perfect mess

I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Lifes bittersweet, that's what they say.
I wouldn't call this dating
I'll get to know you the hard way
Lifes bittersweet, that's what they say.

That's what they say
Some things will never change
Some things will never-

Aren't we the perfect mess
Aren't we the perfect mess
Aren't we the perfect mess
Aren't we the perfect mess

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