

Inga Liljestrom

"Almost Perfect Correct"

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Maybe her eyes are just a little bit red
Almost all the time
Maybe her hair, it smells like cigarettes
When I climb into bed with her at night

she don't wanna try
but this just feel so right

She's almost perfect
she's so close to being everything
she's almost perfect
But she's not, She's not

Maybe she knows she drives me crazy
Just bats her eyes like she's my baby
Maybe she's quick to let her tongue fly at me
She's not the most proper lady

She's almost perfect
She's so close to being everything
She's almost perfect
But she's not, She's not

I'm the one to blame
I'm responsible for this crash
So now I wollow around in this mess
Into this lake of sour mashed
Through my head the notion that

Maybe shes not quiet honest with me
Almost all the time
Maybe I know theres someone else in her life
When I climb into bed with her at night

She's almost perfect
She's so close to being everything
She's almost perfect
But shes not, She's not

She's almost perfect
She's so close to being everything

She's almost perfect
But she's not, She's not mine

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