

## Intwine "Perfect"

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Wouldn't it be nice if my words were sticks and stones  
So they would definitely hurt you or even better  
Make your mother never birth you  
Just make her feel like me aching she sits and bleeds  
Thinking is this what she really needs

So what the hell if I'm not really perfect  
Nobody ever said I had to be  
And If I wasn't really perfect  
You'd give an arm and a leg to be me

You just wanne be me  
Don't you really really wanna be me  
Pretty like me

Wouldn't it be nice to take a little trip over some ice  
And make you frees like you did to me  
So maybe freezin wasn't such a bad idea  
But knowing my luck you'd float backup  
And make the freezin stop, isn't life such a breeze  
Seems like Jezus took a trip to the fucking Antilles

Oh, you know it's time  
You can't deny it  
Closing doors before you even try it

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