

## The Lk "Stop Being Perfect"

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I don't know what people are up to  
I may be daft but I had a dream  
When you and I sat down above  
On a frozen cloud  
We sang it aloud  
We never made a sound

I had something real to tell you  
You scribbled on your palm  
I followed your finger  
We looked down to see  
The sails were moving  
The sails were moving

Wake up, the faces are talking  
What's the plan, am I finally shut out?  
I recall talk talking to  
All the shiny mouths  
And sticky black tongues  
The working week's a drag

I had something real to tell you  
You scribbled on your palm  
I followed your finger  
We looked down to see  
The sails were moving  
The sails were moving

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