

Angus Stone

"Imperfectly"

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I'm okay
If you get me at a good angle
And you're okay
In the sort of light
And we don't look
Like pages from a magazine
But that's all right
That's all right

I crashed your pickup truck
And then I had to drive it back home
I was crying
I was so scared
Of what you would do
Of what you would say
But you just started laughing
So I started laughing along
Saying, it looks a little rough
But it runs okay
It looks a little rough
But it runs good anyway

We get a little further from perfection
Each year on the road
I guess that's what they call character
I guess that's just the way it goes
Better to be dusty than polished
Like some store window mannequin
Why don't you touch me where I'm rusty
Let me stain your hands

When you're pretty as a picture
They pound down your door
But I've been offered love
In two dimensions before
And I know that it's not all
It's made out to be
Let's show them how it's done
Let's do it all imperfectly

