

Anthony Sanders

"Plastic Perfect"

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I'm not asking you to save me
I'm not asking you to tame me
Just make this death alittle sweeter
Dig alittle deeper
It's all a stain on the dress of yesterday
If you're plastic, then you're perfect
If you're average, then you have to WORK IT!

When everything is breaking apart
You try to be the glue
You try to get a clue
But there's nothing to do
Something's wrong and the calm
Before the storm is ending
And I'm fending for myself
I'm here for me
I'm here for me
And you know I have needs
When you're dead
People think that you're perfect
But when you're living you gotta work it

There's something wrong here
Someone's thinking for us
Breathing for us, watering us
And leaving us to rust
Now we're just shit on a canvas
A whore on a xanax
Just relax and appreciate what you have
You're not perfect, you're worthless
Time to find someone new to worship
Applause please, start up the sign
Get in line, I have no problem
This isn't a crime
This isn't a crime
It's just designed to tear at your heart
And claw at your mind

What can be sold?
Flower vase roles
Commercialized?

Celebrity status
Dilute the masses
To fill the holes
Sustain the mold
Bought and sold
Do what you're told
You go with the flow
I'm not asking you to save me
I'm not asking you to tame me
Just make this death a little sweeter
Dig a little deeper
It's all a stain on the dress of yesterday
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If you're average, then you have to WORK IT!

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