

## Badlees, The "Queen Of Perfection"

Visit "[Queen Of Perfection](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Well I take my shoes when I walk in her door  
and try my best to levitate 'cross the living room floor  
'Cause you can't leave tracks when your on hallowed  
ground  
She'll just make you sweep 'em up like you're being  
hunted down

She's the queen of perfection ev'rybody knows why  
She's the queen of perfection and she's soon gonna  
die

She says "Your body is a temple, boy, you oughta treat  
it well  
But you trash the place and rent it out like it's some  
cheap motel"  
Then she takes away my plate before I've finished my  
meal  
And works on my hygiene against my will

She's the queen of perfection ev'rybody knows why  
She's the queen of perfection and she's soon gonna  
die

Marie Antoinette said, "Let 'em eat cake"  
While she should have been planning her own damn  
escape  
Now I smile 'cross the table at my lady supreme  
Knowing that her coffee's laced with Mr. Clean

She's the queen of perfection, ev'rybody knows why  
The queen of perfection and she's soon gonna die  
The queen of perfection, ev'rybody knows why  
The queen of perfection and she's soon gonna die  
Soon gonna die

Visit [Badlees, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.