

Badless, The

"Queen Of Perfection"

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(alexander/badlees)

Well, i take off my shoes
When i walk in her door
And try my best to levitate
'cross her living room floor
'cause you can't leave tracks
When you're on hollowed ground
She'll just make you sweep 'em up
Like you're being hunted down

(chorus)

She's the queen of perfection
Everybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection
And she's soon gonna die

She says, "your body is a temple, boy
You ought to 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 by meal
And works on my hygiene
Against my will

(chorus)

Well, marie antoinette, she 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
Knowin' that her coffee's laced
With mr. clean

(chorus 2x)

