

Sneaker Pimps "Perfect One"

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Place your mark on me now
Hang your star on my form
Hold your hope to my arm
Place your faith on my charm
This is our hour
This is our time to tell
This is how we spread over rough things
Found from clipped wings

Look at me now
Look at me now
I have become the perfect one
Look at me now
Look at me now
I have become the perfect one

No such thing as clean water
No such thing as clinical
No such thing as left to chance
No such thing as impartial stance

This is our hour
This is our time to tell
This is how we spread over rough things
Found from clipped wings

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