

# Practice Makes Perfect

## La Toya London

So sweet I can hardly speak  
Due to such trauma in my teeth  
But your body language is telling me  
That you're worth the pain  
So weak I can hardly keep  
Shaky legs holding up my feet  
But your body language is telling me  
That I'm not to blame  
Practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense  
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son  
And I have done a few things I regret  
But practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense to me  
Wake up at first light, hearing you calling out  
For your criminal clothing that fled the scene  
Upon being ripped free  
Conversation ensued  
And I wanna do so many things to you  
Sip after sip, you insist you're a hit  
Sip after sip, yeah, I swear I can feel it  
Practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense  
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son  
And I have done a few things I regret  
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son  
And I have done what a mother wouldn't want  
What a mother wouldn't want in a son  
Practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense  
Practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense  
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son  
And I have done a few things I regret  
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son  
And I have done what a mother wouldn't want  
What a mother wouldn't want in a son  
Practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense

Practice makes perfect  
Practice makes perfect sense to me

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