

Imperfect

[JD Natasha](#)

Oh walk into my room, it's in the way, it was two minutes ago
Dirty and unclean, not the way my mother would want it to be
Sometimes I wish I was responsible
But then I can't admit I'm not responsible What if I were perfect?
What if people, schoolmates would appreciate my presence?
What if I wouldn't scream in public? I don't give a damn about the price or brand names
I always write all over my shoes, I never tie my shoelace
Always feeling high, I'm losing sense of time
Drunk off my imperfections I'll never be alright What if I were perfect?
What if people, schoolmates would appreciated my presence?
What if I wouldn't scream in public? What if I were perfect?
What if people, schoolmates would appreciated my presence?
What if I wouldn't scream in public?

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