Perfection

No Fun At All

Well, I look through a window and I see
Some people lying on strange contraptions
Moving their bodies up and down
A futile struggle to gain perfectionYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah and I wonder
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And I walk down and wonder
How in hell now this could be?And I find it amusing in a way
This pointless waste of human power
You pay to be strapped to a machine
The price you pay to gain perfectionOne time, one more time
You keep repeating, keep repeating
Till you get a cramp until you get a cramp

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