

# 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 perfection Yeah, 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 perfection One time, one more time  
You keep repeating, keep repeating  
Till you get a cramp until you get a cramp

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