Perfect

Ultraspank

Clinging to a hope
Dust that makes me choke
A tiny piece of dirt
Happiness assuredCan't be too far
Can't be too hard
Traction having slipped
I think I've lost my gripMine but not for long
Mine, think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing ground
Think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing ground downFalls down, hurts me
Much less, so good, so good
So perfect like
How could, how could
How could you try?What for, what for?
What better life
Once more, once more
It all slips by me again, by meThink I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing ground
Think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losingOnce more
Put it in a package of perfect like
Leave it in package of perfect size
Never opened up and it can't slip by
It all slips by

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