# Almost Perfect (Acoustic)

## Ingram Hill

Maybe her eyes are just a little bit red
Almost all the time
Maybe her hair, it smells like cigarettes
When I climb into bed with her at nightShe don't want to try
But this just feels so rightShe's almost perfect
She is so close to being everything
She's almost perfect
But she's not, she's not mineMaybe she knows she drives me crazy
Just bats her eyes like she's my baby
Maybe she's quick to let her tongue fly at me
She's not the most proper lady
I'm the one to blame I know I caused this crash
So now I wander in this mess
Int this lake of sour mashed
Through my head the notion that

Songwriters
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