

# 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

Songwriters

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