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 beAnd 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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