Queen Of Perfection

Badlees

Well, I take off my shoes
When I walk in her door
And try my best to levitate
'Cross her living room floor
'Cause you can't leave tracks
When you're on hallowed ground
She'll just make you sweep 'em up
Like you're being hunted down
She's the queen of perfection
Everybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection
And she's soon gonna die
She says, "your body is a temple, boy
You ought to treat it well
But you trash the place and rent it out
Like it's some cheap motel"
Then she takes away my plate
Before I've finished my meal
And works on my hygiene
Against my will
She's the queen of perfection
Everybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection
And she's soon gonna die
Well, Marie Antoinette, she said,
"Let 'em eat cake"
While she should have been planning
Her own damn escape
Now I smile 'cross the table
At my lady supreme
Knowin' that her coffee's laced
With Mr. Clean
She's the queen pf perfection
Everybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection
And she's soon gonna die
She's the queen of perfection
Everybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection

And she's soon gonna die

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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