

Cute Is What We Aim For, Practice Makes Perfect

So sweet I can hardly speak
Due to such trauma in my teeth
But your body language is telling me that you're worth the pain
So weak I can hardly keep
Shaky legs holding up my feet
But your body language is telling me that I'm not to blame

Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense

I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
I have done a few things I regret
But practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense to me

Wake up at first light hearing you calling out
For your criminal clothing that fled the scene
Upon being ripped free
Conversation ensued

And I want to do so many things to you
Sip after sip, you insist you're a hit
Sip after sip, yeah I swear I can feel it