

# No Fun At All, Perfection

Well I look through  
a window and I see  
Some people lying  
on strange contraptions  
Moving their bodys  
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

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

One time, one more time  
You keep repeating,  
keep repeating  
till you get a cramp  
One time, one more time  
You keep repeating,  
keep repeating  
until you get a  
One time, one more time  
You keep repeating,  
keep repeating  
till you get a cramp  
One time, one more time  
You keep repeating,  
keep repeating  
until you get a  
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How in hell now this could be