

Armor For Sleep, Kind Of Perfect

Can I just be something,
Somewhere in your room,
That you won't notice.
Maybe I'll be paper,
Or books thrown on your floor,
Move me when you want to.
I'll live where you put me,
In your VCR,
If I become a cassette.
Or on top of your computer,
If that's where I would fit,
Then so be it.
But things can't be perfect,
All the time, that I know.
Sometimes we just have to let some things go.
I will not say one word,
I'll just hang around,
I won't annoy you at all.
When you move out I'll stay,
Until I'm thrown away,
But then it won't matter.
Things can't be perfect,
All the time, that I know.
Sometimes we just have to let some things go.
Because things can't be perfect,
All the time, that I know.
Sometimes we just have to let some things go.
I promise to stop now,
To stop now.
I promise to stop now,
To stop now.
But things can't be perfect,
All the time, that I know.
Sometimes we just have to let some things go.
Things can't be perfect,
All the time, that I know.
Sometimes we just have to let some things go.
Letting go is my life,
I'll be on my way..