

# Badlees, Queen of Perfection

(Alexander/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 hollowed ground  
She'll just make you sweep 'em up  
Like you're being hunted down

(Chorus)

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 by meal  
And works on my hygiene  
Against my will

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus 2x)