

Jd Natasha, Imperfect

Walk into my room,
It's the same as it was two minutes ago
Dirty and unclean,
Not the way my mother wanted it to be

Sometimes I wish I was responsible
But then I can't admit I'm not responsible
What if I were perfect
What if people, schoolmates would appreciate my presence?
What if I wouldn't scream in public?

Don't give a damn about the price or brand names
I always write all over my shoes, I never tie my shoelace
Always feeling high, losing sense of time
Drunk off my imperfections, never feel alright

What if I were perfect?
What if people, schoolmates appreciated my presence?
What if I wouldn't scream in public? □
Repeat 3x