

# Rebeka, Perfect Man

I'm not sure if I live in my gestures  
I'm not sure if I'm real on the streets  
taking pills, drinking tea in the morning  
changing my eyes into eyes of a stranger  
and I keep watching latest movies  
being all those doubters and believers  
drinking shots to our love  
being present  
I know there's no norm  
do I need it?  
I worship a smile which I give rise to  
that I  
that I give rise to  
so who's the best?  
who beats the rest?  
who wins the prize  
of the perfect man?  
so who's the perfect man?  
tell me who's the perfect man?  
and I swim and swim in the ocean  
and I'm lost and I'm drowned in emotions  
where's the light where is the lighthouse keeper?  
tell me please why there's no fuckin' teacher  
I don't know who I am and who I was  
step by step, I'm composed of new answers  
this world seems to be so so much different  
oh I thought it would be all much easier  
I worship the song which I give rise to.