

Ryan Montbleau, Just Perfect

Writing letters, only to keep them in my head.
Chasing my mind around, building arguments.
And it would be easier if you were here to defend,
But I remind myself that that won't happen.
Six more days 'til Sunday and I swear that I won't call.
And I suppose it's about time I took down that picture on the wall,
The one of you and me when we dressed up for Halloween,
And I'm still not sure what you were supposed to be.
What you were supposed to be'

And I know that time heals all things,
But I feel like time kills all things bad about you.
And could it really have been me who said so proudly,
That I'd be better off without you?

Day by day I work myself down to the bone.
And I put your arms around me whenever I'm alone.
And sure, I know that those arms, they aren't real,
But I say that anything is better than the way I feel.

Day by day I work myself and I smile at all my friends
And I say, I know it's just a second love
And surely it don't mean the end.
But when does that name fade?
And when do I stop using it for protection?
And where does one go to from perfection?

And I know you're not perfect, but I built you up that way.
And I know it's been a year, but I can't take another day.
And it would be easier if you were here to defend,
But as it stands, I'm just left with an image of perfection.
An image of perfection.
An image of perfection, whenever I close my eyes.
An image of perfection, and it gets me by.