

Stage, Stage - Perfect

Rubberbands are holding me together
I need the perfect smile for my mother
Look, we've done away with our disease
When I'm dead you'll know me by my teeth
Got my braces off of me this morning
I should have listened to the doctors warning
Change my face, you call me names and tease
When you're dead I'll call you what I please

You're perfect now just smile
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