

The Badlees, Queen Of Perfection

Well I take my shoes when I walk in her door
and try my best to levitate 'cross the living room floor
'Cause you can't leave tracks when your on hallowed ground
She'll just make you sweep 'em up like you're being hunted down

She's the queen of perfection ev'rybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection and she's soon gonna die

She says "Your body is a temple, boy, you oughta 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 my meal
And works on my hygiene against my will

She's the queen of perfection ev'rybody knows why
She's the queen of perfection and she's soon gonna die

Marie Antoinette 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
Knowing that her coffee's laced with Mr. Clean

She's the queen of perfection, ev'rybody knows why
The queen of perfection and she's soon gonna die
The queen of perfection, ev'rybody knows why
The queen of perfection and she's soon gonna die
Soon gonna die