Tom Milsom, Imperfections

Your imperfections make you beautiful
In ways that only you could be.
The world moves on but you stand still
You say there's always time to kill
When there's a thousand pretty things to see.

Your imperfections make you beautiful
In ways that only I can see.
I love you more than words can say
But you keep pushing me away
For somebody who loves you less than me

His imperfections make him beautiful to you
Each sorrow puts him deeper in your heart,
And every time he almost dies
I die a little more inside
As you and I drift slowly more apart

Your imperfections make you beautiful
In ways that only you could be
And it turns out my biggest imperfection
Was dreaming all the time of you and me