Perfect

Atmosphere

Fall from the sky just to learn how to fly
Don't even gotta put me in the dirt when I die
I'm not perfect, I try
Tryna free my hands, grab the day by the throat
Gotta get a grip but I'm at the end of my rope
I'm not perfect, I know, I know

And if I had a spare moment
I'd probably loan it to somebody who needed to hold it
Life's indecisive, might slice you open
And show compassion and throw you back into the ocean
I'm tryna keep my faith on a path
But the landscape's full of danger flags
You can change your name and still live in the past
Daddy was the face on a package of zig-zags

Fall from the sky just to learn how to fly
Don't even gotta put me in the dirt when I die
I'm not perfect, I try, I try
You might fade away, you might burst in flames
Ain't no reason you should even try to search my name
I'm not perfect okay?

I'm a father and a son of a Southsider
Mouth full of hot dish, pop lifer
And this little piggy squealed like a cop's tire
When I set the AUX on fire like it's a box of spiders
You the opposite of truth, you overproduced
You gotta grow more toes, you wanna fill these shoes
You gotta make love like there's nothin' to lose
You wanna wake up the world but there's a button for snooze

Fall from the sky just to learn how to fly
Don't even gotta put me in the dirt when I die
I'm not perfect, I try, I try, I try
We gotta work it out cause I ain't turning around
The same person that I was when the curtains were down
I'm not perfect, what now? Huh, what now?

Some say that I pass, none say that I'm passive
White trash with a fraction of Blackness
My mathematics got Native blood too
But no matter where I stand, either way it's fuck you
I've never been a victim of police harassment
And I knew what they seen when I turned job absent
Irish name, Scandinavian frame
I'm a Rubik's cube, I'm the American dream
Check it out...
I'm a feminist, I'm also a misogynist
Spit like an arsonist, dick like an obelisk
And I promise if you ever hear me contradict myself
It's not a sign of the apocalypse
I've been an asshole before it was fashionable
And when it's out of style, I'll be the last to know
And if Illuminati listenin', I don't wanna plateau
Who I have to blow to play the halftime show, huh?

Fall from the sky just to learn how to fly
Don't even gotta put me in the dirt when I die
I'm not perfect, I try, Lord knows I try
On the day of death, may you deserve respect
Don't ever forget that it was worth your breath
I'm not perfect, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet

I'm not perfect but I'm this, that and this

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