

# Perfect

Chris Miles

Enjoy the small things  
The world spins fast while you don't feel nothing  
Every now and then I wanna crawl in the crawl space  
And cry like a crow without a crumb in the corn maze  
All day I spend time in my mind just pondering  
It feels like that my life is awkwardness  
Silent moments, lots of focus  
Tryna work up on my craft like an artisan  
Man, I got too many worries to worry about a thing  
I go through shit so you know I gotta vent  
I tell every girl I meet that my songs about them  
And every single one believe me, my bad, yeah, my bad  
Will they ever call back or will they forget  
I don't know now  
Everybody I see is see through so I do not care for  
These people who claiming I sold out  
Bitch, it's me myself and I, we some pronouns  
They say I'm too real, that's just how I'm programmed  
Got some new deals, but I'm still the old kid  
That I was once was back up when I had that old sound  
Tell her take my hand, we could slow dance  
I see you feelin' insecure and I know that  
Sometimes I feel the same, no lie  
Then I wonder why I'm tryna be perfect

I'm not perfect, you're not perfect  
We're not perfect, what is perfect?  
Don't believe that you're not worth it  
Just keep asking what is perfect?

They tell me pray to God for God's sake  
Guess I'm close-minded if I don't like your way  
Ain't my fault, I like to sleep on Sunday  
I like my clothes folded, but I don't like folding  
I wanna have faith, but it's hard to believe  
But I'm not perfect  
I could never look myself in the mirror with ease  
But I'm worth it  
I like to sing, but I can't really sing (no no)  
They tell me I should rap more  
I try to smile without worrying bout my teeth (no no)  
My happiness backward  
Makin' mistakes because this life a crash course with trap doors  
Feel like Mr.Jones chasin' gold with mad boulders  
I hate liars, but lies I have spoken  
I put it on life that life is not so golden  
Every now and then I feel blue, well, how far is Gargamell?  
I'm still afraid of death like  
When ya life ends and ya carcuss smell?  
None of us picture perfect, but you know that I notice  
Man, I got insecurities physically mixed with emotions  
I see that people got problems, probably hating is coping  
So come together as one and let it out of yours lungs like what

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We're not perfect, what is perfect?  
Don't believe that you're not worth it

Just keep asking what is perfect?