

# Just Perfect

Tracy Bonham

One day  
You're a dove  
And then the next day  
You're a hawk circling above  
Up where  
There's a shortage of love  
But somehow you get by  
How do we get by

One day  
You'll be fine  
And then the next day  
You'll be trailing behind  
By way  
Of a faulty design  
But somehow it works out  
Somehow it works out  
Somehow it works out

You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
For the imperfect world

Sometimes the world turns  
On its side  
A rollercoaster  
And you're sick  
From the ride  
And the laughter  
Has you shrinking inside  
But somehow it works out  
Somehow it works out

You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
For the imperfect world

This big old world  
Where noone  
And everyone  
Is beautiful

You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
For the imperfect world

You're just perfect  
You're just perfect  
You're just perfect

Whooooahhhh  
Perfect  
You're just perfect  
You're just perfect

You're just perfect

Oohh ahhh