

Depeche Mode, Sweetest Perfection

The sweetest perfection
To call my own
The slightest correction
Couldn't finely hone
The sweetest infection
Of body and mind
Sweetest injection
Of any kind

I stop and I stare too much
Afraid that I care too much
And I hardly dare to touch
For fear that the spell may be broken
When I need a drug in me
And it brings out the thug in me
Feel something tugging me
Then I want the real thing not tokens

Things you'd expect to be
Having effect on me
Pass undetectedly
But everyone knows what has got me
Takes me completely
Touches me sweetly
Reaches so deeply
I know that nothing can stop me

Sweetest perfection
An offer was made
An assorted collection
But I wouldn't trade

Takes me completely
Touches so sweetly
Reaches so deeply
Nothing can stop me