

No Fun At All, Perfection

Well I look through
a window and I see
Some people lying
on strange contraptions
Moving their bodys
up and down
a futile struggle to gain perfection

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
Yeah Yeah Yeah
and I wonder
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
And I walk down and wonder
How in hell now this could be

And I find it amusing in a way
This pointless waste
of human power
you pay to be strapped
to a machine
the price you pay
to gain perfection

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
Yeah Yeah Yeah
and I wonder
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
And I walk down and wonder
How in hell now this could be

One time, one more time
You keep repeating,
keep repeating
till you get a cramp
One time, one more time
You keep repeating,
keep repeating
until you get a
One time, one more time
You keep repeating,
keep repeating
till you get a cramp
One time, one more time
You keep repeating,
keep repeating
until you get a
One time, one more time
You keep repeating,
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One time, one more time
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Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
Yeah Yeah Yeah
and I wonder
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
And I walk down and wonder
How in hell now this could be